

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

VOL. LXVIII.

OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 4.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

In the July number of this Review Mr. Frederick Greenwood dissects the international situation with enviable dexterity. One hypothesis succeeds another, is cleverly manipulated, discredited, dropped, and again caught up. The skill of the operator is almost bewildering. We follow his movements with the wrapt attention which a professor of legerdemain is able to evoke, and when the performance has ended, we ask ourselves what it is all about.

After careful study of Mr. Greenwood's article, I have arrived at the conclusion that its object is to throw cold water, in a thin and devious stream, upon the idea of an Anglo-American alliance. It is a dream, indulgence in which is fraught with danger to Great Britain and the United States. It is the outcome of a temporary need, which will "fade out one fine day," or be "dropped with a joyful sense of relief." We must speak of it with bated breath lest other Powers should chance to hear. Such seem to be Mr. Greenwood's views, although my hypothesis may evidently be as ill-founded as those which he himself enunciates on one page and rejects on another.

On one point I entirely agree with Mr. Greenwood. A defensive alliance between Great Britain and the United

States is not, at the present moment, within the range of practical politics. Unconditional defensive alliances have fallen out of fashion in the modern world. The fact remains, and is peculiarly significant, that with the United States alone of nations would the British people now consent to form an alliance. This Mr. Chamberlain has recognized and Mr. Greenwood ignores. But, further, alliances have as a rule proved singularly ineffective. Differences of language, divergence of objects, want of a real community of interests, mutual misunderstandings—all these and more circumstances have prevented allied Powers from ever wielding a united force approximating to that represented by the sum total of their resources. An Anglo-American alliance would, for purposes of war, be wholly free from the conditions which enfeebled the coalitions of Pitt, the Anglo-French combination of 1854, or the German league against little Denmark in 1864, which by an easy transition resolved itself into the Prusso-Austrian campaign of 1866.

So much perhaps Mr. Greenwood admits, since he lays stress upon Count Goluchowski's fear of "a 'pan-American' danger to Continental Europe." The phrase, he tells us, "was not clear to ordinary politicians;" but he inti-

mates that an Anglo-American alliance might be a much greater danger to "Continental Europe" than any strictly pan-American combination. Elsewhere, however, he unduly discounts the fighting power of the United States, and whether he intends to suggest that the Anglo-Saxon peoples ought to tremble in face of "Continental Europe," or "Continental Europe" in face of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, is shrouded in uncertainty.

I venture to think that Mr. Greenwood starts with a fallacy which permeates his whole article. The sudden uprising of Japan to the position of a great power was, he writes, "uncomprehended" for months "except in the higher and more silent regions of statesmanship." This is scarcely accurate. The Japanese navy, like that of Russia under Peter the Great and Catharine the Second, owed its efficiency mainly to British inspiration, and there were numerous observers unknown in the exalted regions of statesmanship who were well aware of the naval and military strength of Japan before it had been practically demonstrated on sea and land. Moreover, it is a significant fact that it was not the one Continental Government, "which for generations has surpassed all the rest in watchfulness, sagacity, and resolution," that led the way in abolishing the treaties which placed Japan on a level with China or Korea. It may fairly be said that Great Britain was the first of Powers to recognize the uprising of Japan.

"The first and only thought," writes Mr. Greenwood, "that was caught at here when Japan raised her flag among the naval Powers was that England had found an ally," and he affects to trace here a parallel to the recent signs of *rapprochement* between the Anglo-American peoples. The statement is questionable; the parallel does not exist. It was possible in 1895, and is possible now, that common interests in the Far East might bring the British and Japanese fleets into active co-operation; but then, as now and always, there could be no prospect of a standing alliance. The development of the United States shows no smallest

sign of resemblance to that of Japan, and the idea that the English-speaking peoples may some day stand in need of each other does not, as Mr. Greenwood appears to think, date from the outbreak of "the wretched little war" now in progress. Nearly three-quarters of a century have passed away since, only twelve years after a mistaken and, for the United States, a disastrous war, President John Q. Adams wrote as follows: *

The commercial intercourse between the two countries is greater in magnitude and amount than that between any two other nations on the globe. It is for all purposes of benefit or advantage to both, as precious, and in all probability far more extensive than if the parties were still constituent parts of one and the same nation. Treaties between such States, regulating the intercourse of peace between them and adjusting interests of such transcendent importance to both, which have been found in a long experience of years mutually advantageous, should not be lightly cancelled or discontinued.

Four years later, President Jackson was able to state: †

Everything in the condition and history of the two nations is calculated to inspire sentiments of mutual respect and to carry conviction to the minds of both that it is their policy to preserve the most cordial relations.

And, four more years having elapsed, he could add:

It is gratifying to the friends of both to perceive that the intercourse between the two peoples is daily becoming more extensive, and that sentiments of mutual goodwill have grown up, befitting their common origin.

True that there is here no suggestion of alliance; but the fact remains that, in the first quarter of the century, two American Presidents perfectly realized the existence of special conditions out of which, in a time of need, may arise an alliance of the most formidably effective character. From the days of President Adams to the present time, earnest writers and thinkers, who recognized the unique relation in which Great Britain and the United States stand to each other, have never been wanting. Fourteen years ago I point-

* Second Annual Message.

† First Annual Message.

ed out in an official memorandum that "perhaps the most marked feature in international politics is the growing *rapprochement* between England and the United States—a growth not based merely on race sentiment, but on community of interests." And I can say with truth that to promote an Anglo-American understanding has been one of the greatest objects of my life.

The obstacles have been twofold. In the first place, the political isolation of the American people and the narrow horizon presented to their view, coupled with the travesties of history taught to the masses, have—far more than the dim memories of two wars—tended to estrange them from their "ancient mother."* "Why," wrote Washington, "by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice?" And his words powerfully influence American opinion even now when isolation is no longer possible and fate has ordained what the illustrious first President could not foresee. In the second place, while several minor differences, such as the Alabama claims, the Oregon boundary, the sealing difficulty, and the Venezuelan question, have from time to time arisen to temporarily ruffle Anglo-American relations, there have so far been no symptoms of a common danger, no mutual interests visibly threatened, to unite the two nations. Yet, to the cool observer, the very differences seemingly tending toward rupture have in the most striking manner demonstrated a deep underlying regard which exists between no two other nations on earth. The reception by the British press and people of President Cleveland's message and of the German Emperor's notorious telegram offers a contrast which can scarcely have escaped the attention of the select individuals who inhabit "the higher and more silent regions of statesmanship."

If the English-speaking peoples have so far lacked incentive to co-operation on a national scale, numerous incidents

in many parts of the world have conclusively proved that, at a moment of emergency, the instinct which Mr. Balfour has aptly styled "race patriotism" invariably asserts itself. The guns of a British vessel of war have been served in action by Americans—themselves neutrals. At a time of mortal peril American seamen generously cheered H.M.S. Calliope as she slowly gathered way in the teeth of the hurricane at Samoa, and Admiral Kimberley's simple words—"We could not have been gladder if it had been one of our own ships" *—expressed far more than personal sentiment. After the premature bombardment of the forts of Alexandria, when the scanty landing force from the British squadron was seeking, in circumstances of much difficulty, to establish order in the town, the seamen of the U.S.S. Lancaster at once came to its assistance. These and many other similar incidents plainly indicate that, in moments of difficulty, Americans and Britons instinctively draw together. In this instinct there is latent force which has never been and will never be brought into being by the ephemeral efforts of expert diplomacy.

Mr. Greenwood views recent manifestations of Anglo-American "good feeling" in the light of a "mere accident." The United States, at war with Spain, were driven to contemplate the possibility of European intervention, in which Great Britain would unquestionably decline to participate. At this moment, it chanced that Great Britain also was "looking for a friend." What, therefore, was more natural than a *rapprochement*, which will disappear "as a phantom fades" if the momentary need pass away? Such seems to be the theory, which is not in full accordance with the facts. Writing three weeks before a cloud had arisen in China, I pointed out that "the question of the Far East may yet draw the two peoples together." Before these words were published,† Germany had

* Letter to Captain H. Kane, R.N.

† In the February number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

announced her intention of occupying Kiao-Chau, and the Far-Eastern spectre at once assumed bodily form. It was then, and not at the outbreak of the present war on the 21st of April, that the idea of an important external interest shared with Great Britain first presented itself to the American people,* with the result which I predicted. For the moment China is forgotten across the Atlantic; but the closely allied question of the future of the Philippines has sprung into prominence, and the impulse in the direction of an Anglo-American understanding has gathered strength.

Mr. Greenwood is impressed by the temporary and accidental nature of the recent *rapprochement*. I read the signs of the times differently. It may be altogether premature to speak of "an Anglo-American combination against Continental Europe." The fact remains that the Anglo-American peoples are at length beginning to realize that, as individual writers have frequently asserted, circumstances may easily arise which will demand their joint action. In this realization, in the bare idea that active co-operation in defence of a common cause may become imperative, there are the necessary conditions of a real and an abiding *rapprochement*. The word "alliance" may well remain unsaid till the actual need presents itself; this matters little if the idea takes root among the 120,000,000 people who speak the language of Shakespeare and of Milton. If the need arises, and if a common impulse stirs the Anglo-American peoples, the Atlantic cables will do the rest, and an

alliance such as history does not record will suddenly spring into being.

Mr. Greenwood appears to believe that "the surest way to bring upon the United States the dictatorial intervention of Europe at this moment, is to hold out the likelihood of an anti-Continental alliance between the two greatest trading nations on earth," and that American opinion is influenced by this consideration. National pusillanimity is scarcely one of the characteristics of the United States, and the suggestion that they dare not draw closer to the mother country for fear of arousing the ire of "Continental Europe" will certainly not determine their policy.

The term "Continental Europe," which Mr. Greenwood frequently employs, is vaguely impressive. In the sense in which it is used, it implies only three Powers, two of which have sought a *rapprochement*, partly at least through fear of the third. Russia has enormous Asiatic territories not yet consolidated, and will find in the Far East an ample outlet for her energies during the next twenty years. The so-called colonies of France are failures, directly draining her resources and giving back indirect returns absurdly disproportionate. With an unexpanding population, France has no national need of colonies, and her present policy of imposing increasing burdens on the many for the moderate benefit of the few may not prove indefinitely attractive. From the partition of Greater Britain, assuming it to have been successfully accomplished, what has France to gain? Canada, South Africa, and Australasia will certainly never be French possessions. Would Egypt, with one or two islands and some West African forests and swamps, repay France for the stupendous sacrifices entailed by a war in which the British Empire fought for existence? The colonial ambitions of Germany are loudly proclaimed, and Germany alone of the three Powers which make up "Continental Europe" is able to find colonists if they could be persuaded to settle under her flag. But the few colonies of Germany supply an absolutely insignificant contribution to her rapidly growing commerce.

* This is clearly shown by the speeches of Mr. Olney, Mr. Teller, and other leaders of American opinion. The words spoken by Mr. Olney at Harvard University on the 2d of February last are well worth recalling: "There is no doubt with what nations we should co-operate. England, our most formidable rival, is our most natural friend. There is such a thing as patriotism for race as well as for country. . . . Though sometimes we may have such quarrels as only relations and intimate neighbors indulge in, yet it may be said that the near future will see in our closer friendship a power for good that will be felt by all mankind."

Thoroughly understanding the game of commercial competition, and steadily increasing her "industrial profits," Germany appears to have no marked inducement to lead an anti-British crusade simply because she may consider that "England has more than her share of the world's trade." Nor, seeing the far-reaching results of German enterprise, and perhaps already feeling the effects of German competition, are France and Russia likely to combine in a gigantic struggle where success would probably mean German advantage. Protection or no protection, the markets of the world must be supplied, and in the long run the balance of advantage must sway toward the nation possessing the best industrial organization.

If the three European Powers, one of which has recently arrived at an amicable understanding with us in a difficult and delicate matter, seem "reckless of exciting irritation in England," their general solidarity of interests is not strikingly apparent. It is not clear whether Mr. Greenwood considers that the menace of "Continental Europe" looms darkest over Great Britain or the United States. If, however, as some passages seem to indicate, neither Power is separately threatened, we are certainly given to understand that the bare mention of the possibility of common action by Great Britain and the United States will suffice to enhance the risks of European intervention with the object of curbing the ambitions of the latter. On this point at least Mr. Greenwood appears to be explicit. "The surer way to provoke European constraint upon America is to convince the Governments that an Anglo-Saxon coalition is probable." "A combination of the European Powers to make excuse to strike a blow while American ambition is green and the means of gratifying it are still unripe, would be no departure from historic precedent. It is clear that such precedent is in full force," etc., etc. Russian statesmen might find the "inducement" to intervene "very strong; and these are times when squeamishness in international conflict is a diminishing quantity."

The effect of these periods is not obliterated by Mr. Greenwood's "impression," subsequently declared, that "there will be no such European intervention as America half expects." If this "impression" proves correct, or "if the United States end the war in a repentant mood, declining colonial entanglements and shaking off the temptations of the 'new national policy,'" * Anglo-American relations will at once revert to the *status quo*. "The feeling of friendship," which is said to be "mostly provisional," will disappear. "All idea of the alliance will drop *instanter*," and would be abandoned by Americans "with a joyful sense of relief." On the other hand, should intervention be attempted, "more than 'good offices' and words of sympathy may be looked for" from this country "by the people of the United States; and thereupon, perhaps, the shock of disappointment and its bitterness." All ways, therefore, according to Mr. Greenwood, tend to render a permanent Anglo-American *rapprochement* impossible, and we are left with the miserable alternative of "feelings of friendship," dropped with "a joyful sense of relief," or "disappointment and its bitterness." Can pessimism discover darker prospects than these?

There are, however, other hypotheses to which Mr. Greenwood does not refer. It is at least open to belief that the possibilities of an Anglo-American coalition, in certain contingencies, may suffice to deter "Continental Europe" from dictating terms to the United States. The evident certainty that Great Britain would take no part in such intervention may alone determine European action. The American people may perhaps realize that the attitude of their "ancient mother" is thus an unmixed advantage at the present moment, and the fact may be remembered. Mr. Greenwood considers that we have immensely overrated the strength of the United States. "No conception of America as a giant, but a giant tethered and armed with a club,

* Elsewhere Mr. Greenwood absolutely rejects this hypothesis.

disturbed the minds of our enthusiasts." Every instructed observer was, however, perfectly aware that the United States were unprepared for war in April last, and that great difficulties would be encountered even when Spain was the only opponent. Mistakes have been made, as Americans would admit; but the national vigor already displayed, and the speed with which the resources of a non-military and purely industrial State have been rendered available for purposes of war, may well surprise even the "enthusiasts." The United States, like Great Britain in 1854, have many lessons to learn. They will take those lessons to heart and quickly apply them, as we did not. Even now their naval and military position is completely changed in less than three months, and no other Power similarly circumstanced would have developed strength at comparable speed. "Continental Europe" would find its master in an Anglo-American coalition, and the prospect of initial successes would not compensate for the certainty of ultimate failure. I agree with Mr. Greenwood that such a coalition is not immediately probable, because the need has not yet arisen. It would necessarily be a league of defence, not of aggression, and such combinations only become realities in face of a common emergency. I disagree with his suggestion that British support would not be forthcoming if the United States were attacked by Continental Europe. Setting aside sentiment and the many ties arising from a history undivided till 1776, the national interests common to the Anglo-American peoples enormously exceed those shared by any two other nations. The total annual value of the foreign commerce of the United States is £378,276,000, of which £178,736,000 is made up of trade with the British Empire. Of the sea-borne trade of the United States amounting to £357,256,000, no less than £134,468,000 * is interchanged with the United Kingdom. The loss of this trade would spread ruin broadcast through both countries, and would

render the feeding of our home population impossible. The western farmer in the United States who sends his wheat to Chicago, where it may fall into Mr. Leiter's hands, probably fails to realize that he is dependent upon Great Britain for his market and his existence. He would instantly grasp the fact if the Atlantic trade were interrupted. If "Continental Europe" were to proclaim and enforce a blockade of the seaboard of the United States, even the unrestricted use of the Canadian ports would not suffice to prevent great difficulties and distress in this country. It is difficult to form a correct estimate of the amount of British capital invested in the United States; but the total is enormous. The fact is beyond dispute that serious injury to either nation would react disastrously upon the other. The conditions which President Adams noted more than seventy years ago not only still exist, but have immensely increased in importance. The prosperity of the Anglo-Saxon peoples is interdependent, and although in times of peace their vast mutual interests easily escape recognition, war would bring home the lesson with power to both. Say that sentiment and all other national ties are of no account in determining Anglo-American relations; sneer with Mr. Greenwood at the idea of the "impossibility of England standing by" and so forth; nevertheless the most weighty material considerations in favor of mutual support remain. It is not by chance that the English-speaking peoples have recently been drawn toward each other, and all question of alliance apart, this natural *rapprochement* is of more real significance than the artificial arrangement concluded between Russia and France and consecrated amid hysterical demonstrations in the streets of Toulon and Paris.

The future jealously guards its secrets, and we can but endeavor, in much perplexity, to interpret the signs of the times. One development alone can be predicted with certainty. The isolation of the United States from the affairs of the world is no longer possible. They must and they will assume their

* Figures for year ending the 30th of June, 1897.

rightful position among great nations, with the responsibilities and the difficulties entailed. Mr. Greenwood, after casting aside his "repentant" America hypothesis, comes to the sound conclusion that, "in any case, there is no likelihood of a lasting return to the old American policy." Not the brilliant writings of Captain Mahan, which have hitherto exerted far more influence in the Old than in the New World, but the inherited instincts of the race are forcing the American people onward and outward. The signs of coming expansion could be distinctly seen in the handling of the Samoan question,* and the present war is the result rather than the cause of aspirations that were only latent. Race energy and race attitudes, not blind chances, have made the United States second only to the mother country as a commercial Power. The same forces that have created the British Empire have built up the great Republic, and will irresistibly bring it into the front rank of the States of the world. On this point Captain Mahan writes to me as follows: "The extension of the influence of the United States, territorial expansion, colonies, etc., are so accepted as to be almost a commonplace of thought by papers heretofore steadily opposed thereto. The ground taken by you among the first, and by me afterward, a mere vision six weeks ago, rapidly takes an appearance at least of solidity. Men who could only

see that our Constitution provided in no way for governing colonies, are now persuaded, as we were, that where there is a will the Americans can find a way."

There will, therefore, be a new factor in international politics, and the coming Great Power will be excessively tenacious of its rights while essentially peace-loving. Human freedom of the Anglo-Saxon type, which no other race has yet achieved, will receive fresh impulse which will react upon the less advanced peoples. The common interests of Great Britain and the United States will increase in magnitude and in complexity. There will be trade rivalry such as has long existed without clouding Anglo-American relations.

On the other hand, acceptance of the responsibilities of a great Power will unquestionably exercise a powerful educating and steadyng force upon the American people. Their self-concentration will be mitigated; a sense of proportion and perspective in public affairs, now wanting, will begin to assert itself. In the minor differences which have temporarily clouded Anglo-American relations, the most striking feature has been the ignorance of Americans in relation to other than local concerns. Millions of people in the United States honestly believed in 1896 that they were supporting a free and enlightened Republic—that of Venezuela—against an oppressive and benighted monarchy, that of Great Britain. Political education in the highest sense would render these naïve mistakes impossible, and would lead the masses to a better understanding of the aims, the motives, the polity, and the history of Great Britain.—*Nineteenth Century*.

* But for the action of the United States there is little doubt that Samoa would now be a German possession. Cuba escaped German clutches only because, in 1885, all the American representatives at the European Courts stated that their Government would firmly oppose.



IDEAL LONDON.*

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

Now that you have heard so much of London in the past and in the present, of London a thousand years ago, and of London and its new County Council, of the art, the science, the poetry, the schools, the churches of London, I am bidden to speak to you of "Ideal London," which I understand is—London as it *might* be, as it *should* be, as it *shall* be.

Neither the subject nor the title of this lecture is of my choosing, but I willingly accept the task. And I can imagine that some of you may be saying—Ideal London is an impossible London; an unpractical, unreal, visionary thing; of no use to man or woman; an idle day-dream, which need not be intruded on serious students and laborious research. Do not be too sure of that. An ideal is a standard at which we aim, the hope of things not seen, that which we yearn to make ourselves and our lives, for the things we see are temporal (saith the Apostle), the things not seen are eternal. Without ideals we grow into fossils, drones, brutes. What is the good of study, what is the need of research, unless it be to know, in order to improve, to leave the world better than we found it, to attain to a true and well-grounded progress? And can there be progress unless we see clearly some goal at which we ought to arrive, however slow be our course, however laborious the study with which we prepare it and forecast it. As the poet says:

"We live by admiration, hope, and love." Morality, religion are based on ideals. Without ideals there would be no hope, and without hope, neither religion, nor aspiration, nor energy, nor good work. A true ideal is no dream, no idle fantasy. It is the justification of study, and the motive of all useful endeavor.

If I am asked to speak of London as it might be, my only claim to occupy your attention may be that London is

my birthplace, and for nearly sixty years has been my home; that I have watched the growth and rebuilding of London for two generations, while it has increased its area four or five times and its population two or three times. I have seen the rise of the Houses of Parliament, the Royal Exchange, the National Gallery, the British Museum, the whole of the new towns at Paddington, Kensington, Chelsea, at Maida and Notting Hills, the covering with houses of the vast area west of Belgrave Square and the Edgware Road and north of the Euston Road. I have seen begun the embankment of the Thames and the whole of the railway system out of London. My memory of London goes back to the time of the first epoch of policemen, omnibuses, and cabs, to a time when Tyburnia and South Kensington were market-gardens, when there was not a single railroad out of London, no penny post or telegraph, when no man or woman in working clothes was admitted into Kensington Gardens, and when the people were still buried in City churchyards. May I add that for some years I worked hard in the service of the government of London, as a member of the first and second County Councils, and experience which brought home to me the incessant needs of London reorganization and the enormous difficulties which in practice it has to overcome? I come before you, therefore, as a rather "old London hand," who knows something of the greatest city on this earth, who longs to see it live up to its marvellous history, and one, too, who knows something of the practical difficulties that beset its reform.

Now, in speaking to you of Ideal London, or rather of London as it might be made, I shall keep within the limits of practical statesmanship and possible reform. I put aside any fancy picture of an unsubstantial city in the air—

* An Address given at the London University, June 9, 1898.

what the Greek dramatist called a Cloud-cuckoo-land. I know something of the difficulties which await the Municipal Reformer—difficulties of the legislature, of finance, of vested interests, of law, of opinion, of habit, and indifference. I know these obstacles, and I shall not pretend to ignore them. But I am not bound by limits of time, or by the legislation of this or that Parliament, the prejudices of the present generation, or the tone and customs of to-day, no, nor of to-morrow. London is far older than the Empire, or the monarchy, or the constitution, or the Church, or our actual stage of civilization in any form—and I think it will outlive them all. And Ideal London is not to be “cabin'd, crabb'd, and confin'd” within this or that generation, this or that habit of life, this or that social organization. It should be a city that develops all that ever was good in city life, and all that we can imagine to belong to pure and perfect citizenship.

It is the weak side of modern civilization that it has failed to carry on some of the fine elements of city life as known to the ancient and mediaeval world; and, of all Europeans, we English of to-day take the least pride in our cities, and receive from them the least of inspiration and culture. The historic cities of the world—Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, Byzantium—sum up entire epochs of civilization in themselves. To the ancients, the very idea of a nation, with a national system of life, implied a mother-city as its home and type. And in the modern world the citizens of Florence, Venice, Paris, Seville, Bern, Nuremberg, Cologne, and Ghent have all had far deeper sympathy with their native cities than the Londoner has with his city, at least within the last two or three centuries of its life. This is a definite loss to London and to England. For if we truly estimate the indispensable need to a nation of a great capital worthy of itself, as a seat of its highest culture, energy, organization, and capacity for the multiform sides of civic organism, we shall see that England and the British race are all the poorer in that Lon-

don fails to inspire the Englishman with that sense of sympathy, pride, and example which Rome gave to the Roman world and which Paris gives to the French and the whole Latin race.

To the poor countryman London is too often a place where he may get busy life, variety, and cheap amusement. To the rich countryman it is a place where he goes to buy all things that money can furnish; where Vanity Fair lasts for some three months; and from which he rushes off when his purchases are made, and when the Fair is over. To the dull provincial it is a place where he hopes to pick up “the last thing out”—in the peculiar vernacular he affects. To the ambitious man of business and the aspiring professional it is a place where toil and energy and skill may enable him to make a fortune, and in old age to retire to a rural retreat with an adequate “pile.” And the city suffers, both within and without, from these unworthy aims; and it has the aspect of a place which is valued mainly as a market, an exchange, a warehouse, an office, and a playground. It was not thus that Athens, Rome, Florence, and Venice were looked on by their citizens—nor was London so looked on in the age of Norman and Plantagenet, of Tudors and Stuarts.

Now “Ideal London,” to which I personally conduct you, covers in buildings barely one-third of the London we know. A city which measures on an average some ten miles across, and covers 120 square miles of houses, with streets which end on end would reach straight across Europe, from the centre of which you must walk for many hours before you can see a green field—this is not a city, but a wilderness of houses. It is an old saying that “one cannot see the forest for the trees.” So we may say, “in London we cannot see the city for the houses.” City life is impossible for a crowd of four or five millions of people, and with a hundred square miles of buildings. The city of Edward I.’s time, the legal “city” still, occupied about one square mile; and twenty or thirty such cities is surely the utmost possible area for continuous buildings to cover if true

life is to be lived within them. No inventions in locomotion, trams, railways, or bicycles can do away with legs and feet for ordinary use. And until science has invented wings to fly with, or seven-leagued boots to jump with, men, women, and children will have to walk on their ten toes. And, unless their ten toes can carry them in an hour out into the open, where they may hear the lark, and smell the hay, and feel the open sky above them—the town is no city; it is a prison.

So I hold that the London that is to be will not exceed two million of inhabitants, and would be a happier city if it did not exceed one million, and if its area was less than one-third of what it is to-day. You may ask me, what arbitrary limits are there to put bounds to a city? I reply, the arbitrary limits are those which Creation has imposed on ordinary men and women who cannot comfortably walk more than three miles in an hour, not more than three hours at a stretch, and children, old, and delicate ones not half of that. While our size is limited to some five or six feet, and our powers of physical exertion to a few hours out of the twenty-four, any ideal city life for men must be limited by the physical conditions of human nature; and if men are to live in cities with the highest conditions of civic life, those cities must be controlled by limits of numbers and area.

You may ask me by what means can so vast a change be effected. And I answer that this involves a big set of practical problems with which neither time nor my own powers enable me to deal. I am not here to enter on a series of political and economic problems, nor have I a patented body of devices, bills, and projects to effect such change. As I said at the outset, an "Ideal" is not bound by time, nor by the legislation, prejudices, habits of to-day. It is bound only by the possibilities of human nature and the wide laws of English civilization. All I maintain is, that this change is possible, practicable, within the conditions of modern civilized habits. The population of London at the opening of this century was under one million. At my birth it did

not exceed a million and a half. At that date its area was barely one-quarter of what it is to-day. Why need I think these limits are impossible in the future? Such cities as Rome, Athens, Milan, Marseilles, Lyons, Paris, and London have lived through enormous changes in their population and their area—in some cases exceeding changes of increase by tenfold and of decrease by one-tenth. Why need we regard as hopeless in an unknown future a state of things which existed in London at my own lifetime?

Those who have studied the topography and history of such cities as Paris, London, Rome, Constantinople, Chicago, Vienna, Alexandria, and Cairo—those who can remember, as I can, the London, the Paris, the Rome, the Florence, of some forty or even fifty years ago—can hardly see what bounds need be placed on the physical transformation of great cities under adequate efforts. We have witnessed the densest hives of the mediæval cities of London, Paris, Rome, and Florence swept away to make magnificent avenues or vast open sites, or huge palaces, or public structures. We have seen in London and elsewhere over-crowded centres rapidly depleted, and straggling quarters of small houses replaced by vast blocks of aggregate tenements. This radical series of changes—the emptying of the old effete cores of our cities and the gathering of the population into immense blocks of tenements—is going on at a great pace, and is already beginning to transform London. I am no lover of the "flat" system in itself; I am a warm lover of the old private house system as the normal home of a family. But I see this—that if millions of persons insist on living together in a city, and if they are to live there in a high state of civilized life, some form of the tenement system must be adopted. It is universal in all great European and American cities, and it is unavoidable in all great cities unless they are to grow to unmanageable bulk. It is being done here rapidly. I am far from saying that our actual tenements are what they should be—London, indeed, has no "ideal" tenements.

I do not like tenements; I regret the necessity. But if persons will live in a city of some millions and desire to live a civilized life, to the tenement system they must come. Those who cannot endure a tenement life must be content with the country, and with smaller towns. As it is, nine-tenths of the dwellers in London do to-day live in tenements—only the lodgings they have are in small, rotten, ill-kept, unwholesome, old houses. On an average there are ten persons to a house, while there might well be fifty or a hundred. Ideal London will give the mass of its citizens spacious, airy, lofty, clean, and healthy blocks, provided with common baths, kitchens, lifts, libraries, play-rooms, sick-rooms, and even mortuaries. All that the few now provide for themselves in their private mansions will be available for the many by the aid of wise co-operation.

London properly housed on a scientific system of tenements would occupy one-third or one-quarter of the area now loosely covered with small houses. And this would give an enormous area of new room for gardens, parks, boulevards, and playgrounds, even if the population continued to exceed four millions of souls. But the causes which within this century have raised the population from one to four or five millions, and the area of buildings from five square miles to 120 square miles are really temporary and incidental. Political, economic, and international changes will react in another way within measurable time; and if this fabulous and unnatural growth has taken place in a single century, it will need but a few centuries to undo it. I wholly repudiate the dismal forecast that London is to go on increasing in size and numbers at the rate of the last fifty years; I will not believe Mother Shipton's prophecy that Hampstead Heath is to be the centre of London, or that its population at the end of the next century is to be ten millions of souls. But if its population is to be even two or three millions, and these are to be properly held, the present parks, avenues, and open places ought

at least to be doubled or trebled. With a park, a playground, and a great open ground within one mile at most of every citizen's home, civic life of a high order is possible. Without these things it is impossible.

We have done much in the way of parks within twenty years; but it is only a corner of what we have to do. In the four or five miles of dreary streets which separate Regent's Park from Victoria Park, and in those four or five miles of blackened streets which separate Battersea Park from Rotherhithe, there is a cruel want of fresh air, trees, greenery, and free space. One of the greatest of all wants is good playgrounds, I mean such turf and space as are to be seen at Lord's and at the Oval. A city is not habitable by highly civilized men unless it can offer adequate playgrounds to men, children, and young women within an easy walk of their own homes. The last few years have witnessed a great move in that direction, and what has already been done in Battersea, Regent's, and Victoria Parks, as well as the more outlying greens, is enough to show what we can do. But we do not half use our actual opportunities. No man values more than I do the peace and freedom of Kensington Gardens, few men resort to it more. But I still demand that in all the Royal Parks and all possible public spaces there should be regularly opened playgrounds, with proper regulations and conditions—to keep the youth of our citizens in health—until such time at least as it shall be possible to provide even better playgrounds within a mile or two of every man's doorstep. A city fails to fulfil its functions completely unless it has as much fresh air as Edinburgh, and playgrounds, walks, and gardens as plentiful and close at hand as Oxford or Cambridge.

In those good days the Thames will again run as clear and fresh as it does now at Henley, and it will be, as of old, the great highway of passage from east to west. The bridges over it and the tunnels under it will be just double of what they are now, and the railway viaducts and termini which disfigure it

will be suitably treated. The embankment, finely wooded, will be carried along both sides of the river for the whole length of the city—and where it is necessary to have wharves for unloading, these will be carried into docks, while leaving the embankment clear for traffic, and our noble river at London will be as much in use for healthy exercise by men and women as the Thames is to-day at Richmond and Maidenhead. No doubt we shall be carried up and down the river in electric launches—not in smoky, noisome, puffing, and snorting steamboats. Steam engines of all kinds will be excluded from the city—power being obtained from electric and other non-infecting sources. I need hardly say that in the good time to come no smoke will pollute the air and ruin the vegetation of London. That some millions of house chimneys and ten thousand factory chimneys should be suffered to pour out into the pure air of heaven their poisonous fumes, so that we are all to be choked with soot, our flowers and shrubs stunted, our public buildings, statues, and carvings begrimed with a sulphurous deposit—this to our descendants will seem an abomination and a public crime, to be sternly suppressed by law and opinion. They will hardly believe what they read in history that such things were in the nineteenth century. It will seem to them as strange as it does to us when we read that our savage ancestors ate their dinners with their fingers, wore sheepskin clothes for a lifetime, and went to bed between foul rugs, without any clothes at all.

No doubt the reformers of those days were asked with sneers how the people were to procure so many forks and nightgowns, just as we are asked to-day how we are going to abolish smoking chimneys. Our answer is that it *can* be done—it can be done by science, labor, economy, and public opinion. And therefore it must be done, and the sooner the better. When we stand on the Capitol or the Pincian Hill at Rome, or look down over Florence from the Boboli Terrace; when we survey Paris from Notre Dame, or Genoa from the

Church of Carignano; when we see how glorious and happy is the look of a smokeless city in a bright sky, how refreshing are the terraces, housetops, and balconies bright with flowers and laid out with summer arbors and garden retreats—it makes one boil with indignation to think that in our own cities at home neither house gardens nor arbors are possible, from the gross indifference with which we suffer preventible nuisances to choke us.

In the good time coming rivers of pure mountain water will be carried into London by gigantic aqueducts, as at ancient Rome. We shall no longer run the risk of poison from polluted drains, or of a water famine from the shrinking of a petty river. Our water supply will come from inexhaustible lakes and reservoirs. Ancient Rome, with its fourteen aqueducts, is the true type; it has never yet been surpassed, or even equalled. Already some northern cities are fairly supplied in a similar way. It would have been done for London long ago, but for commercial self-interest, political intrigue, and administrative jealousy and confusion. It is a blot on our modern civilization that the water supply of London is still so scanty, so impure, so uncertain, and so dear.

In the good time coming we shall not buy water of money-making speculators any more than we now buy fresh air, or a ticket for Hyde Park, or a pass across London Bridge. Water, like air, highways, and parks, is a prime necessity of civilized life, and it is the business of the State to supply it to citizens freely, in absolute purity and unlimited abundance. I can remember a time when several bridges over the Thames exacted tolls, and when London was surrounded with turnpikes. It sounds incredible to us that our fathers could endure such a drag on civilization. And it will sound incredible to our descendants that we suffered water to be bought and sold and haggled for in the market. We must go back to the standard of Rome with free and unlimited water, with baths and public wash-houses in every main thoroughfare.

Pure water, unlimited in quantity, accessible to all, fresh air, spacious highways, ample recreation grounds—these things are a necessity of health, and the *health* of the citizens is a primary public concern. It has been the pride of the last half-century that vast sanitary reform has been accomplished. And the proof of it is found in the diminishing death-rate of most great cities, and in the highest degree of London. There are cities in Europe today where the death-rate is double that of London—nay, where it is three times what the death-rate of London has been for whole months within the last year. The normal death-rate of Cairo is nearly three times that of London; 80,000 lives per annum at least are saved in London which would be sacrificed but for the advance of sanitary science and municipal reform. But we are only at the beginning of our task. The rate in London may now be said to be brought well below 20 per 1000. In the good time to come it will be brought down to ten. At this moment there are squares and terraces in the West where the rate is not so high as this. The death-rate of Derby this very week is under ten. And to this ideal limit it must be brought before sanitary reform has said its last word.

That word will not be said until every sewer is as free from poisonous gas and deadly ferments as a scullery sink in a well-found house; until the suspicion of preventible infection and contagion is entirely removed, until the infants of the poor are no more destroyed by unintentional infanticide than are the infants of the rich; until birth, measles, whooping-cough, and scarlatina have ceased to decimate the homes of the careless, the ignorant, and the indigent. As it is, at least a quarter of our present death-rate is due to conditions which if those responsible were not so helpless and so ignorant would amount to manslaughter and even murder. And perhaps a fifth of the death-rate over and above this is due to conditions which are distinctly preventible by science and by organization. In the good time to come the 50,000 or 60,000 lives we slaughter an-

nually in London alone by our stupidity and mismanagement will be told by our descendants as an abnormal barbarism such as caused the Plague and the Black Death of old.

I am speaking, I trust you will believe, by no means at random and by a vague guess, but from long and careful comparison of various statistics. I will give you one striking example. Rome, having become the capital of Italy, set about a vigorous reform of its sanitary condition. Now, the climate of Rome is one of the most dangerous and uncertain in Europe, and the physical conditions of Rome, except for its grand water supply, offer many peculiar difficulties. Yet in twenty years Rome has reduced its death-rate by one-third, in spite of doubling its population. In 100 years the death-rate of London has been reduced by one-half, in spite of its enormous increase. Within the last ten years the deaths of many great cities of North Europe, even under the very difficult conditions of such countries as Holland and Belgium, have been reduced by 10 and 20 per cent. It is a question entirely of science, organization, education. There are spots even now where a death-rate of 8 per thousand has been known. London, when it has a clean Thames and abundant and pure water, will be naturally one of the healthiest places in Europe. Why should its death-rate be 18 instead of 8? For no reason but for bad government, ignorance, and indifference, public as well as private.

The problem of health will take a foremost place in the municipal organization of the future; and a large part of the problem concerns the treatment of disease and death. The hospitals of Ideal London will not be imposing palaces, filling the best sites and endangering the health of the city. All that is a mediæval tradition, maintained for the convenience of the doctors in large practice, and for the advertising aim of being always in public view. Small accident and emergency wards will be multiplied at convenient spots. But the great standing hospitals will be removed to airy suburbs,

reached by special rail and tram lines with ambulance cars of wonderful ingenuity, the hospitals themselves being constantly disinfected, pulled to pieces, and rebuilt, so as at last to get rid of hospital pyemia and the melancholy death-rate of our actual clumsy pest-houses.

The disposal of the dead is an even more urgent problem. I am old enough to remember the dark ages when the population of London was interred in graveyards within the city itself. One of my memories as a child was that of occasional residence in a house which actually abutted on such a burial-ground, and my leisure hours were much absorbed in watching the funerals hour by hour. I am one of those who survived this atrocious custom, which still endangers the health of our city, and for generations to come will continue to be a source of infection. Some fifty years ago the intra-mural graveyards were closed and the suburban cemeteries were formed. But, alas! they are suburban no longer. The ever-advancing city has begun to encircle them, and they are again becoming a new source of infection and nuisance. They are driving us to more and more outlying cemeteries, which can only be reached by a long railway journey, and are to all of us difficult to visit.

The result is this. A city which requires its 80,000 interments year by year is compelled to bury its dead either in cemeteries, overcrowded and practically within the city of the living, or else in cemeteries so far from its city that each funeral involves a fatiguing and costly journey, and visits to the tomb of the departed loved ones become rare or impracticable. If the population of London continues to increase it will soon need year by year 100,000 burials—equal to the whole population of famous cities in old times. Where can these be disposed of with safety, so as not to be put away from us forever, and that only after a wearisome and expensive travel? In this dilemma I do not doubt that London will largely return to the ancient and honored practice of cremation. Cremation affords to the living absolute protection from

infection and poison; to the survivors it spares them the horrible associations of the decaying remains; it solves the problem which awaits us—the appalling accumulation of some millions of corpses in one city in each decade; and it enables the family to place the inurned ashes of those they cherish in a church, or in a cloister, or in a city graveyard, or in any spot, above ground or under ground, public or private, close at hand, and yet entirely void of offence, where the sacred remains may be visited from time to time with perfect ease and peace. It is too much forgotten that cremation is a scientific process for preparing the remains of the dead for such permanent disposal as we please to select, and whether by interment or not. The calcined residuum of the body is no longer a horror and pollution to the living, but may be preserved for ages either in a visible urn in some consecrated spot, or buried in a grave or vault precisely like a coffin. All the sacred associations of the tomb, all the *genius loci* of the grave are retained when the purified ashes are shrined in their urn and set up in monument or niche. So in my visions I see the London that is to be filled with mausoleums and chapels and cloisters, wherein the dust of generations will lie in perfect peace yet in the midst of the living far from all possible danger or offence, yet always before their sight and present to their memory, be it in some consecrated urn, or beneath the sod in the midst, or underneath the pavement that is trodden by generations to come.

The problem of reorganizing London has taken a new phase since the division into sixty parliamentary boroughs. London is being gradually broken up into manageable parts, each of which is a large and rich municipality with its own administration and local institutions and buildings. Some of these, such as Battersea, Chelsea, Poplar, and Westminster, are beginning to show real municipal life. The movement is still in formation. But it opens a vision of the future when, with an adequate central government and a real unity of London as a whole, its component parts

may have their own local institutions, life, and character; their own halls, libraries, schools, museums, playgrounds, parks, and public centres, so that the life of a great city may be offered to all citizens within a mile of their own homes and within reach of their own influence.

The London that is to be, if, indeed, it is to remain with a population counted by millions, will be an aggregate of many cities, each equal in area to Nottingham or Edinburgh, and each possessing a complete city organization of its own, but all uniting in one central civic constitution. The great arteries of communication will be broad and stately boulevards, without the artificial monotony of new avenues in Paris, and without the makeshift meanness of Shaftesbury Avenue and the Charing Cross Road. The traveller who lingers with delight round the Hotel de Ville and the Fountain of the Innocents in Paris; in the Via Balbi and round San Lorenzo at Genoa; in the old Piazzas of Florence and Venice; who strolls along the Corso at Rome, feels his heart sink within him as he returns to the biggest and richest city of the world, and marks how grimy, how paltry, and inconvenient are the streets, and open spaces, and public buildings of London. Neither breadth, nor dignity, nor permanence, nor self-respect (to say nothing of art and beauty) seem ever to have suggested themselves to the tasteless tradesmen who (we suppose) ordered from ignorant carpenters the cheapest and commonest sort of road or hall which contractors could erect. But it is not to last forever. Ideal London will far surpass actual Paris in natural conditions, and I think in free play of thought and aim. The race which built the Abbey, and Westminster Hall, St. Paul's, the Banqueting Hall, and laid out Piccadilly and the parks cannot be wholly incapable of a noble building. Even now, the energy and individuality of our character is asserting itself through the pall of convention and triviality which, since the Reformation and the civil wars, has afflicted us as a nation. London has magnificent opportunities, and

carries within it the germs of noble art. The Ideal London of our dreams—nay, of our descendants—will be one of the noblest cities of Europe, a model of healthfulness, dignity, and convenience.

We want no Hausmanns and emperors here to drive uniform boulevards or rectangular squares through the old city, on the plan of a chess-board or a figure in geometry. The mechanical planning of a city, so dear to the Transatlantic fancy and to the vanity of an autocrat in Europe, does not fall in with English habits and our secular traditions. I hope that the historic streets of London will ever be maintained, and the associations of the Strand, Ludgate Hill, Charing Cross, Bishopsgate and Aldgate, Holborn and Piccadilly may live for centuries yet. I incline to think that is as well that Wren's magnificent, but too geometric and revolutionary, scheme for rebuilding London after the Fire was never carried out. It was magnificent, but it was not practical. It was not practical, in that it would have swept away the history and traditions of London, just as the history and traditions of the old City of Paris in the Island would have been swept away by the Imperial demolitions. No! let us keep the history and the traditions of London, even at the cost of some irregularity, narrowness, and inconveniences in the old streets and retaining infinite variety in the form and style of the buildings along them. Tradition and variety in an ancient city outweigh all the regularity and symmetry of modern reconstruction.

If any one desires to see what has been done of late years, and what it was hoped to do in London improvements, let him study an important new work issued by the London County Council, and prepared by Mr. Percy Edwards, the able clerk of the Improvements Committee. They will see what Wren desired to make of London in 1666, what London was in 1855, what it is to-day, and all the changes made in it these forty-three years. It is a record of many improvements, not a few blunders, many fine schemes ruined by a cheese-paring economy, by political conflicts, by interested intrigues, by

local jealousies, stupidity, bad taste, and lethargy. But, as we study that record of the edility of London for forty-three years, we need not despair of the London that is to be.

We shall not destroy the old historic lines and landmarks of London, which, as an organized city, has an unbroken record of a thousand years since Alfred rebuilt it after rescuing it from the Danes. We shall not sweep away the great lines and landmarks of mediæval London; but the hopelessly rotten and festering slums of the old crowded areas will have to be purified and rebuilt, and the inhabitants replaced in airy and commodious dwellings, at least half of them in fresh and healthy suburbs. But the old lines and lanes of mediæval London are hopelessly congested and need a vigorous treatment. We shall not abolish Fleet Street and the Strand, Cornhill, Gracechurch Street, Holborn, and Chancery Lane; but we shall add on new lines of communication that will relieve the arterial traffic. The heavy traffic of merchandise, stores, and plant passing across London, or along it from line to line, will be carried by deep electric railways underground, and also some light conveyance will be carried by new aerostatic modes of transit. It will be considered ridiculous to send machinery, coals, or heavy goods by the ordinary streets, which will be immensely relieved by the almost universal adoption of automobile cars in place of horse-carriages. I do not mean the horrid, stinking, rattling motor-cars we see to-day, but beautiful and elegant vehicles, which will run quietly and silently by mechanical power. The main needs of London are easy and open avenues of communication from north to south, and across the Thames from Middlesex to Surrey. These in the good times to come will be doubled or trebled, partly by new bridges across our noble river and partly by subaqueous tunnels, fit for both rail, horse, and foot traffic. Especially there will be adequate avenues from the main northern, or Middlesex, railway termini to the main termini on the south, or Surrey side. Of

these the proposed street from Holborn to the Strand (the most urgent of all the London problems) will form but a part. It is a most cheering and curious fact that this indispensable improvement can now be carried out, when treated on lines sufficiently bold and thorough, at a positive profit to the rate-payer, and without any ultimate expense to him at all. This also was done when Northumberland Avenue was made. And these examples prove that a wise and bold improvement in our city is a commercial success, and not a burden to the public purse. The great triumph of war, said the Conqueror, is to make war support itself. And the triumph of the city ædile, who wars on decay and obstruction, is so to make his improvements that, while they immensely promote the health and comfort of the citizen, they shall actually fill his budget instead of laying on him burdens.

In the good days to come, then, our Ideal London, our glorious city of Alfred and the Conqueror, of Chaucer and Milton, of Inigo Jones and Wren, of Johnson and Goldsmith, of Dickens and Thackeray, will be as bright and gay, as full of foliage and flowers, and fountains and statues as Paris or Florence, but without the monotony and the conventional boulevard driving which ruined Paris and have begun to ruin both Florence and Rome. Our vast city will then raise up its towers and steeples into a sky as bright and pure as that of Richmond Park. Coal smoke will be abolished as an intolerable nuisance, as unpardonable as a cess-pit or an open sewer. And I dream in my dreams that Science in the good days to come will invent a new tobacco, which while appeasing the appetite of the smoker will not be poisonous and offensive to those about him. In those days we should need no smoking cars in the trains, and could even sit on the garden seat of an omnibus without the risk of a very foul pipe. It would be ridiculous, if we abolish the nuisance of chimneys, that we should retain the still more noxious effluvia of tobacco. Women, who, I suppose,

in those days will form the working majority of Parliament and the Ministry, will, no doubt, in good time see to all this.

Be this as it may, in the good time to come our city will be as pleasant to live in as are Oxford or Leamington or Bath to-day. The Tower of London, the most impressive and most venerable civic building in Europe, will be cleared and freed from intrusive and dangerous lodgers, and will be occupied only by a military guard. Wren's glorious temple at St. Paul's will rise, white and majestic as the St. Peter's of Michael Angelo, and much more beautiful, thrusting its radiant colonnade and dome into a blue sky, where the golden cross will glitter in the pure air like the spires of Chichester and Salisbury to-day. The pile of shops and ignoble warehouses around it will have disappeared like a bad dream, and the great Cathedral will stand in a vast open space, approached on four sides by stately avenues. So with the British

Museum and our few other fine buildings.

The silver Thames, without a trace of sewage or of mud, will flow brightly between its double line of embankments, covered with shady trees and adorned with statues and fountains. The vast concave curve of the Middlesex side of the river, from Chelsea to the Tower, will give scope to new and varied forms of architectural development. The old intra-mural graveyards will serve as sites for lovely cloisters wherein will rest in graceful urns the ashes of the city ancestors. And around the venerable Abbey—when its thousandth anniversary comes to pass in the twenty-third century—will be a new consecrated temple of peace, reconciliation, and honor, where a grateful people will enshrine the remains of the great dead ones whom it resolves to bury “to the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation.”—*Contemporary Review*.

THE BRAIN-POWER OF PLANTS.

BY ARTHUR SMITH.

EVERY biologist feels the difficulty which confronts him in attempting to draw a line of demarcation between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. This difficulty is clearly shown by the fact that there are certain organisms that are claimed by both zoologists and botanists as belonging to their respective departments of natural science. Yet at first sight nothing would seem to be more widely different from each other than an animal and a plant. But if we consider more attentively the vital phenomena manifested by plants and animals we shall very soon see that there is abundant reason for believing that the differences between these organic productions are not after all so very great.

Every living body, both plant and animal, consists in its embryonic form of a single cell, and not only this but

the lowest plants and the lowest animals are in their full-grown mature state merely minute single cells. From this comparatively neutral starting-point, in the sense of presenting the minimum known amount of differentiation, the most important feature generally stated to be evolved only by the members of the animal kingdom, is the specialization of structure that enables them to feed on organic matter taken into the body in a solid form. But this, as I shall show, is not confined to animals only.

A second supposed mark of distinction is the possession of a nervous system which has culminated in the higher groups of animals in the development not only of special senses but of sense organs. But the possession of a nervous system, sensibility, and even brain-power is also to be found in the

vegetable kingdom. It must also not be forgotten that many of the lower groups of organisms universally classed as animals are entirely destitute of every structural trace of a nervous system.

Although no trace of nerve tissue is present in any member of the vegetable kingdom, yet many plants manifest distinct movements which are responsive to external agencies; these movements agree in important and essential points with similar movements shown under similar circumstances in connection with animals and which in the latter are the outcome of nervous excitement or brain-power. Some will naturally exclaim, "How can plants be possessed of brain-power if they have neither brains nor nerve tissue?" In that case I would reply that certainly no one has yet discovered the brain of a plant, yet at the same time many of their movements and much of their life history point to the fact that they are possessed of a power much higher than instinct, and which seems very close to that faculty of reasoning which no one disputes is found among at least the higher groups of animals.

Including the genus homo, each individual of the higher genera is, in a greater or less degree, the owner of a mass of nervous matter generally contained in the head, known as the brain. This brain is the seat of all its nervous energy, movement, and sensibility. It is divided into centres, each of which is an area for the conscious perception of the different forms of sensory impressions, and also for the transmission of energy to the different muscles. Ferrier, Horsley, and others have mapped out the brain into motor areas and centres.

The term "centre" involves the following mechanism: A sensitive surface; a nerve going to a nerve-cell or group of nerve-cells from which passes a nerve-fibre to a muscle. Every portion of the brain has been proved by experiment to have certain exclusive functions. So the brain may be looked upon as a motor which keeps the wonderful machinery going that produces

all the various movements of the animal frame. But all motors must, in the first instance, be under the control of some power. What then is this power, and where is it situated?

The animal brain is composed of gray and white matter; the former consisting of nerve-cells communicating by numerous fine processes with the latter or nerve-fibres. These cells discharge impulses to, and receive impressions from, the nerve-fibres. But we have just seen that the brain is divided into various collections of these nerve-cells called centres, each centre having nothing to do with transmitting impulses to, or receiving impressions from, any other part of the body than that to which it is connected. Where, we ask, is this power, which gives these cells the faculty of discharging impulses? Science is silent. What it is, is comparatively a question more easily answered. It may be a kind of protoplasm or it may not. Its existence and its effects cannot be doubted; it permeates not only the animal but also the vegetable kingdom. We may describe it in a word as *brain-power*.

The modern student of plant-life no longer regards the objects of his study as so many things that merely demand arrangement and classification, and whose history is exhausted when a couple of Latin or Greek names have been appended to each specimen. On the contrary, the botanist of to-day goes beneath the epidermis and seeks to unravel the mysteries of plant-existence. To him a plant is no longer an inanimate being, but stands revealed as an organism exhibiting animal functions, such as breathing, irritability, circulation of sap or blood, sleeping, and other various complex movements, which are certainly equally as well defined as are the analogous traits in the existence of the animal.

We have seen that these functions in the higher animals are performed by the agency of various nerves, etc., and that there must be a power behind the different nerve-cells of which the brain is composed. The brain itself cannot be looked upon as the source of

all nerve-power, but merely, I repeat, as an intermediate motor which only serves for the more perfect transmission of energy. This motor is absent in plants, but does it follow that the power or force is itself non-existent? Some say this power even in the higher animals, and still more so in the vegetable kingdom, is merely instinct. Instinct, a great authority tells us, is only "blind habit or automatically carried out action." This being so, then instinctive actions only move in one direction, and cannot adapt themselves to circumstances.

It is perhaps sometimes difficult to actually define whether a given action is instinctive or intelligent. Another writer defines instinct as "reflex action into which there is imported an element of consciousness." This element of consciousness is, in instinctive action, very small or practically non-existent. As for example the Lemmings, in their instinct for going right ahead, will drown themselves in the sea. On the other hand, it is not instinct but intelligence which prompts a spider to first cut off the wings and then the legs of a fly it has caught before attempting to carry it away. Nor is it instinct when the sphecius wasps provide fresh meat for their future larvæ by storing insects, caterpillars, etc., which they have first stung in their chief nerve centre, with the result that the victims are not killed outright, but only paralyzed. These instances give some idea of the difference between instinct and reason.

Those acquainted with the habits of plants know full well that they, too, have the power of adapting themselves to circumstances, and have many movements and traits that are the very reverse of automatic and instinctive. Numerous instances could be given in which not only are the signs of sensibility as fully developed in the plant as in the animal, but many phases of animal life are exactly imitated.

As an example of extreme sensibility, take that wonderful plant the Mimosa, sensitive not only of the most delicate touch, but, like several other genera, of the approach of darkness or of

even a shadow thrown upon it, of which the poet speaks:—

Weak with nice sense, the chaste Mimosa stands,
From each rude touch withdraws her timid hands;
Oft as light clouds o'erpass the summer glade,
Alarmed she trembles at the moving shade,
And feels alive through all her tender form,
The whispered murmurs of the gathering storm;
Shuts her sweet eyelids to the approaching night,
And hails with freshened charms the rising light.

Numerous species of Mimosa possess this property, and indeed most of the genera in a greater or less degree. They have leaves beautifully divided, again and again pinnate, with a great number of small leaflets, of which the pairs close upward when touched. On repeated or rougher touching the leaflets of the neighboring pinnae also close together, and all the pinnae sink down, and at last the leaf-stalk itself sinks down and the whole leaf hangs as if withered. After a short time the leaf-stalk rises and the leaves expand again. This trait of the leaves assuming a withered appearance is very analogous to that which is found in many insects, and in fact all parts of the animal kingdom, of feigning death at any one's approach or when slightly touched.

The Mimosa, too, goes to sleep when night comes on, or even a dark cloud passing over the sun will cause its leaves to fold up and the stalk to sink down, and in fact the whole plant goes to sleep. In going to sleep the Mimosa is not, however, at all singular, many species of plants closing their leaves and flowers at night. On the other hand there are some which, like the beasts of the forest, hail the setting sun as a signal for activity. This sleep of plants, which is the same physiologically as animal sleep, does not exist without reason. The art of sleeping is, in the higher animals, symptomatic of repose in the brain and nervous system, and the fact of plants sleeping is one proof of the existence of a nervous system in the members of the vegetable kingdom.

Plants sleep at various hours and not

always at night. The duration of plant sleep varies from ten to eighteen hours. Light and heat have little to do with plants sleeping, as different species go to sleep at different hours of the day. Thus the common Morning Glory (*Convolvulus purpureus*) opens at dawn, the Star of Bethlehem about ten o'clock, the Ice Plant at noon. The Goat's-beard, which opens at sunrise, closes at mid-day, and for this reason is called "Go-to-bed-at-noon." The flowers of the Evening Primrose and of the Thorn Apple open at sunset; and those of the night-flowering Cereus when it is dark.

Aquatic flowers open and close with the greatest regularity. The white Water Lily closes its flowers at sunset and sinks below the water for the night; in the morning the petals again expand and float on the surface. The Victoria Regia expands for the first time about six o'clock in the evening, and closes in a few hours; it opens again at six the next morning, and remains so till the afternoon, when it closes and sinks below the water.

For upward of 2000 years continuous attempts have been made to elucidate the phenomena of sleep without success; many theories have been promulgated, but they have fallen short of explaining it. We know that sleep rests the mind more than the body, or, to put it in another way, the mere physical, as apart from the nervous portion of the organism, can be rested without sleep. Negatively the effect of sleeplessness proves the value and necessity of sleep. And this is seen in a marked manner in the case of plants.

Electric light has been used to stimulate the growth of plants, and, coupled with other means of forcing, a continual period of growth secured, thereby obtaining earlier maturity than would have been the case under ordinary circumstances. In most cases plants treated in this way were prevented from sleeping, the result in the case of perennials being to greatly weaken their constitution, the following year's growth being poor and scanty, and in some cases they were scarcely alive.

The carnivorous plants afford further

evidence of the existence of nervous energy or brain-power in plants, among which the Venus's Fly-trap, *Dionaea muscipula*, which Linnaeus called "the miracle of nature," is the most elaborate, and is the climax of the order *Droseraceae*. The leaves, about four inches long, consist of a spatulate stalk, which is constricted to the mid-rib at its junction with the broad blade. The halves of the blade are movable on one another along the mid-rib. Round each margin are twenty to thirty long teeth which interlock in rat-trap fashion with those of the opposite side. The centre of the leaf bears numerous rose-colored digestive glands, and there are on each half of the blade three sensitive hairs. The blades shut up in from eight to ten seconds, when one of the sensitive hairs is touched.

When an insect is caught or a piece of raw meat is placed on the leaf, the blades close up and the glands immediately pour out a fluid which is practically similar to the gastric juice of the animal stomach in its digestive properties. The matter of the insect body or of the meat is thus absorbed into the substance and tissues of the plant just as the food eaten by an animal is digested and goes to build up its fabric or repair waste.

The animal digestion can only be carried on by the brain-force acting by means of a nerve upon the gastric glands. We may therefore concede that it is the action of the same power in the plant that produces the same effect. The motor is absent but the motion is there. This movement in plants when irritated and the act of digestion is seen also in the Sundew, and there are many species in whose flowers and leaves muscular movement is seen when irritated.

The *Hedysarum* of Bengal is an example of movement without external cause. This plant gyrates the central leaflet of its pinnule. The properties of its lateral leaflets are, however, the most remarkable, for they have a strange power of jerking up and down. This motion will sometimes stop of its own accord, and then suddenly, without any apparent cause, commence

afresh. The leaves cannot be set in action by a touch, though exposure to cold will stop the motion. What is more amazing in the movements of these leaflets is, that if they be temporarily stopped by being held, they will immediately resume action after the restraint is removed, and, as if to make up for lost time, will jerk up and down with increased rapidity.

The power of spontaneous movement is also seen in the seed spores of certain seaweeds and other lowly plants. These spores move about in water with freedom, and the filaments of many of the liverworts exhibit a capacity for extraordinary motion. In the spores of the potato fungus (*Pythoxtora infestans*) we have another well-marked instance of the power of movement according to circumstances. When the spore-cases burst, a multitude of little bodies escape and if these gain access to water—a drop of dew on the potato leaf for instance—they develop a couple of curious little tails, by means of which they swim about after the manner of tadpoles.

Then there are the unicellular plants, the desmids and diatoms, which dart about hither and thither in the water. It is noteworthy that all these movements can be arrested by the application of chloroform or a weak solution of opium or other soporific.

It is not in the fully developed vegetable organism alone that we find evidence of the existence of brain-power, but this power begins to display itself with the sprouting of the seed. In the commencement of plant life we find, as in the case of the pea (to give an easily tested example) that the root emerges at one end of the seed and the shoot at the other. What causes the former to descend and the latter to ascend? If the seed is so placed that the root comes out at the top, the result is the same, for the root immediately turns round and grows downward and the shoot *vice versa*. This cannot be caused by gravitation, although Darwin once thought so, as the force of gravity would have the same effect on the shoot as on the root. There can only be one reason, and that

is the existence of a directing force or brain-power.

There is no structure in plants more wonderful than the tip of the root. The course pursued by the root in penetrating the ground is determined by the tip. Darwin wrote: "It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the tip of the radicle, endowed as it is with such diverse kinds of sensitiveness, acts like the brain of animals."

It is unnecessary to adduce further illustrations in proof of the fact that brain-power can, and does, exist apart from a visible brain. When we see the irritability of the sensitive plant, transmitted from one part to another, exhausted by repeated artificial excitant, and renewed after a period of repose, it is difficult to dissociate it from animality. Still less can we witness certain organs taking determinate positions and directions, surmounting intervening obstacles, moving spontaneously, or study the manner in which they are affected by stimulants, narcotics, and poisons, and yet declare these phenomena to be caused by a different power which produces similar actions and effects in animals. Vital activity is the rule and inertness the exception in plant life; and this fact seems to impress upon us the error of that form of argument which would assume the non-existence of the higher traits of life in plants merely because the machinery is invisible.

It has already been mentioned that the lowest forms of both animals and plants are individuals whose bodies are merely single cells. It is worthy of note, too, that the earliest embryonic state of all the higher animals is merely that of a single minute cell. It is a wonderful fact that the embryonic forms of plants and animals, birds and beasts, fish and fowl, the Mimosa and man are so exactly similar that the highest powers of the microscope are unable to trace any distinction between them. From an evolutionary point of view there is nothing after all so very wonderful in this. If there were no signs of intelligence in the vegetable kingdom the cause for wonder would be greater. If thought is the

product of evolution, it must have had its beginnings. The reason why the intelligence of all living organisms has not reached to the same stage as that of the genus homo, is merely because in them the evolutionary process appears to have stopped. For anything we know it may have taken as many thousand years to evolve the intelligence of the Mimosa as it has of man, although of course the latter is an incal-

culably greater distance ahead. As Professor Drummond says: "Mimosa can be defined in terms of man, but man cannot be defined in terms of Mimosa." This problem of the evolution of intelligence is one to which we are naturally led when considering the intellectual traits of lower organisms, but to consider it even in a superficial manner would be beyond the scope of this paper.—*Temple Bar.*

A PLEA FOR THE BETTER TEACHING OF MANNERS.

BY FLORENCE BELL.

A GREAT deal of time is spent in these days in discussing what is the best equipment for success in life, and those of us who have the heavy responsibility of deciding important issues for another generation pass anxious hours in weighing the comparative merits of such and such branches of learning as preparation for such and such careers. But we contrive to omit completely from that deliberately formulated scheme of instruction the thing that probably matters most—namely, the manner, as well as the manners, in conjunction with which that excellent equipment is going to be used, through which it is going to be interpreted, and on which will almost certainly depend its ultimate success. However well stored your mind may be, however valuable the intellectual wares you may have to offer, it is obvious that if when calling your fellow-man's attention to them you give him a slap in the face at the same time, you will probably not succeed in enlisting his kindly interest in your further achievements. And yet we all know human beings of good parts and of sterling worth who contrive by some unfortunate peculiarity of manner to give us a moral slap in the face every time we meet them, simply because they did not receive any systematic teaching of advanced manners at a time of life when such teaching is most important. There is plenty of excellent grounding in elementary manners to be had in the nursery and the schoolroom. The

extraordinary fertility of invention with which a child will find ever fresh ways of transgressing every human ordinance is kept in check and corrected by those about him, who are constantly saying, "Don't do this," "Don't do that," until, insensibly guided by this handrail of prohibitive maxim, the child learns in a rough-and-ready way to bear himself more or less well at this stage of his passage through the world. Unfortunately, however, the more grown-up faults of manner do not generally show themselves until the offender has passed the age when they might, without loss to his dignity, fitly have been corrected. It is easy to tell a boy of twelve not to annoy other people by drumming with his feet on the floor during dinner; but it is more difficult to tell him when he is twenty not to make himself offensive by laying down the law. That difficulty of admonition increases as the years go on, and it may safely be asserted that the fault of manner which is not cured at twenty-five will still be there at seventy-five. And, alas! in half a century there is time to offend a great many people. Surely it would be quite possible to obviate this danger by timely and systematic instruction. We take a great deal of trouble to impress on a young child certain quite arbitrary rules of demeanor, which are so constantly reiterated and insisted upon that he gradually takes them as a matter of course, and obeys them automatically for the rest of his

life, until it would be utterly impossible for him, arrived at manhood, so to fly in the face of his early training as to tie his table napkin round his neck at a dinner-party, to put his knife into his mouth, or to attack his gravy with a spoon. Why should it not be possible to have a course of second-grade instruction in demeanor, so to speak, which should in its turn be as thoroughly taught as the primary one, as insensibly assimilated and automatically obeyed? But it does not seem to occur to most people that this is necessary. Our usual plan, or rather want of plan, is to furnish the young with some stray, haphazard generalities, and then consider that we have done enough. There are few things more dangerous than the half-truths—necessarily and obviously half-untruths as well—which we thrust into the gaps of our code of conduct in a makeshift fashion, to the exclusion of more complete ordinances. Without a misgiving we proceed to tell young people that "Manners maketh man," or "Good manners proceed from a good heart," and then expect that they themselves should fill in the details for their own daily guidance. We might as well tell them the formula of the law of gravitation, and then expect them never to tumble down.

And so we let them learn by experience—surely the most tedious and painful form of acquiring acknowledgement—at their own expense and that of others. We let them fall into one pitfall after another, and scramble out as best they may, scratching themselves and others in the process, and perhaps making enemies of dozens of their fellow-creatures, who would otherwise have been well disposed. We allow them to try by practical experiment whether it is by being pompous, offhand, or patronizing that you can make yourself the most disagreeable, and how long other people will enjoy talking to you if you are looking the while, with ill-concealed inattention, over their shoulder. And yet these are things which it is important to know, these are things which should be deliberately taught, and not left to chance.

It is a platitude to say that, as re-

gards the average mass of human beings, the question of failure or success in life is almost entirely determined by their personality. I am not speaking of those whose transcendent gifts of any kind must inevitably lift them conspicuously above their fellows, even when accompanied by the drag of an unfortunate manner; but of the average mortal, sufficiently well equipped to carry him through successfully, provided that all the other conditions be favorable, and that he be not hindered by quite unnecessary stumbling-blocks that a little trouble and forethought might have removed from his path. An ingenuous investigator put forth, I am told, some time since a circular inquiring into the causes of failure, a copy of which was sent round to all the people who might be supposed to have good reason to know the answer. History does not say what were their feelings in receiving it. But however plausibly they may have managed to explain why they had not succeeded in doing all that they had desired to do, we may surmise that they did not, in nine cases out of ten, put their finger on the real cause—namely, that of having been afflicted with an unlucky manner, or unlucky manners, which had stood persistently in their way. They had taken, no doubt, a very great deal of trouble to learn many things that they thought would be useful to them, but this thing, that matters so very much, they had left out altogether. Manners may not "pay"—to use that ugly expression—in an examination, perhaps. But once that, by dint of studying history or the classics, the examination has been passed and the career entered upon, a previous study of manner and manners will be found to pay very well indeed. It may mean that the road of life is made smooth instead of rough, easy instead of difficult; that the traveller is helped along it by the encouragement of others, instead of being hindered by their dislike. Such a study, however, but rarely finds its place as part of an accepted curriculum. During the long and frequent conversations on education with which mothers are wont to beguile the time when they meet one an-

other in society—these conversations occasionally take the form of an alternative and competitive recital of the achievements of each mother's offspring—you will hardly ever hear of manner or manners being taken into account in making educational arrangements for Sybil or Dorothy. On the contrary, you will probably discover that such branches of learning as they are pursuing are being acquired under conditions in which manners will probably be entirely overlooked. Dorothy is learning music abroad, living in a family whose absolute respectability has been carefully inquired into, but where it is not likely that there will be much observation, or much criticism, therefore, of the hundred little departures from grace of bearing into which young people are apt to slide. Sybil, who has a stronger mind, is learning the classics at a high school, under the care of a teacher who, excellent though her certificates of knowledge may be, has absolutely no time to turn her own attention or that of her pupils to minutiae of demeanor. But if we were even to hint this in veiled terms to a mother who is anxiously planning how she may do the best in her power for her daughter, she would probably condemn us for attaching importance to the small things of life rather than to the big ones. But it would not be so at all. There is no reason why the earnest study of music or the classics should not be compatible with daily and hourly training in manners as well, if that branch, as well as the others, has been considered in selecting a teacher. Of course we all agree that big things should come before small. Where we are at variance is in deciding which are the big and which are the small; and in my opinion they are not always divided aright. Give a thing a small name and hang it, in fact; and it is obvious that it is, unfortunately, the people who are most entitled to command our respect by the sincerity and diligence of their work and aims who are apt to put aside the deliberate study of the minor graces of life as being the things of the least importance.

It is a matter of regret that the

earnest, the high-minded, the elect thinkers and doers of the world, their energies concentrated on loftier aims, should so often, practically if not explicitly, condemn the "undue" importance—the very word begs the question—given to what they call trifling observances, on the ground that time and energies are thus diverted from the larger issues. I would diffidently point out that none of these small observances are incompatible with lofty aims and earnest thought. On the contrary, I will venture to assert that not only are they compatible with them, but that every form of good and earnest endeavor will be incalculably furthered by attention being paid to certain details of manner which some people consider trifling, although others call them essential. In this case, as in others, the looker-on may see most of the game; and the idler standing by may perhaps realize more clearly than the active and strenuous workers, whose minds are full of wider aspirations, how greatly their possibilities of usefulness may be minimized, how much the influence of their goodness may be weakened, by being presented to the world under a crude and unattractive aspect. It is quite a mistake to think that goodness undraped adorns the most. It should have as many adornments as possible, in order that the outward graces may correspond to the inward, in order that the impulse of those brought face to face with it may not be one of involuntary recoil, first from the unattractive manner, and then, perhaps unconsciously to themselves, from the admirable virtues that underlie it.

I go, for instance, to visit a noted philanthropist. I am not there on business, so to speak, and she is not professionally called upon to love me; it is therefore absurd that it should be a factor in my opinion of her real worth that she should forget to pour out my tea, so busy is she haranguing me in a dictatorial and unsmiling manner. I ought to remember that she would hold a cup of water to the lips of a pauper more tenderly than a cup of tea to mine; I ought to remind myself that the manner so displeasing to me has

been acquired when exhorting and instructing others less favored by fortune than I, whose horizon she may thus incomparably have widened. And yet I confess that I find myself wondering if it would not have been possible for her to combine both forms of excellence, and to be deferential, courteous, solicitously hospitable to the well-to-do, as well as helpful and admirable toward the badly off; and why, when great and noble ideals of conduct were being placed before her, some of the minor graces of demeanor should not as a matter of course have been imparted as well. It is foolish that we should in our intercourse with a fellow-creature be biassed by superficial deficiencies, and thus lose sight of essential excellencies. But we are foolish, most of us: that fact we must accept, however much we should like to think otherwise; and if we honestly search our experience and our memories, we shall realize how much we are liable to be influenced by things which appear insignificant, we shall recall how slight an incident has sometimes produced an unfavorable impression that is never wholly erased. I remember an instance of this which struck me very vividly. A septuagenarian of dignity and position, Sir X. Y., happened to meet at a public gathering Mr. Z., another magnate of his own standing, full of years and of worth. Mr. Z. was anxious to enlist Sir X. Y.'s interest in a certain scheme, and to obtain his co-operation and pecuniary support. And he would doubtless have succeeded, for Sir X. Y., an urbane old man, albeit with a clear consciousness of his own deserts, was entirely well disposed, and advanced with outstretched hand to greet Mr. Z. with cordiality. But, alas! at that moment Mr. Z. happened to see some one else by whom his attention was suddenly diverted, and, all unwitting of his crime, he shook hands with Sir X. Y. without looking at him, thereby losing in that one moment of thoughtlessness the goodwill of his interlocutor, his kindly interest, and his possible help. Mr. Z. had almost certainly been taught in his youth always to give his right hand instead of his left when shaking hands

with people, and he had probably learned it so thoroughly that it would never have occurred to him to do anything else. But he had apparently not been taught also to look his interlocutor in the face at the same time, as if it gave him pleasure to meet him. And yet this supplementary ordinance might have been just as easily and thoroughly taught as the first rule, if it had occurred to any one that it was necessary and advisable to do so. We could all of us, probably, cite many instances of the same kind. Mrs. A. and Mr. B. being both interested in a certain school, Mrs. A. went to see Mr. B. to discuss with him some point in the management of it. Suddenly Mr. B. caught sight of an open letter lying on the table in front of him, and he took it up and looked mechanically through it while she spoke. The result was that, although he was in reality more than willing to meet Mrs. A.'s wishes about the school, his manner, quite unintentionally, produced a feeling of unreasoning resentment in her, and she was far more angry with him for agreeing inattentively with her views than she would have been if he had differed from them after listening to her attentively and courteously. All this means an absolutely unnecessary expenditure of energy. Mrs. A., being given the wrong bias at the beginning of the interview, was then annoyed with herself for being annoyed with Mr. B.; the irritation in her manner communicated itself to his, according to a law of nature as definitely ascertained as that of the propagation of the waves in the ether, and the question they had met to discuss was settled with an incalculable amount of friction, which might have been entirely avoided. It arose purely from Mr. B.'s defective training in manners. He had probably been taught as a definite precept of conduct in his youth, obeyed ever since quite unconsciously without a separate effort of will or intention, to get up when a lady entered his room, and not to sit down with his back to her afterward; but it would have been well for him if he had also been taught not morally to turn his back upon her by reading a letter while she was speak-

ing to him of something else. This is one of the most exasperating and most prevalent forms of bad manners, and it reappears in an infinite variety of shapes.

Mrs. E. went one day to see Mrs. F., who is renowned for the rare gifts of her mind, heart, and intelligence. Mrs. E. was prepared to be impressed by her, to admire her, to be guided by her. But, behold! during the whole of their interview, in which, indeed, Mrs. F.'s utterances were all they were expected to be, she entirely impaired the effect of them by looking at herself in the glass all the time she was speaking. And somehow, however unreasonably, that trifling manifestation outweighed in the mind of her hearer all the brilliancy and charm of her talk, and those few moments of intercourse, so eagerly anticipated, remained in the mind of Mrs. E. as an acute disillusion. Mrs. F. would probably much have regretted this result, if she had known it, for even brilliant and superior people, I imagine, would prefer not to produce an impression of disillusion; and in this case, as in most others, it might quite well have been avoided. Mrs. F. ought to have been taught betimes, as every one should be taught, not to look at her own reflection at the wrong moment; to be able to pass a stray and unexpected glass without looking in it; and, especially, never to watch herself in one while talking to other people. It is not wicked, of course, to look in the glass at the wrong moment. It is merely absurd. But why should we be even absurd if it can be avoided? There is no reason why people should be either ridiculous or unpleasing in their social relations, if they could only be taught, at an age when they are still teachable, to curb the indiscretions of their outward manifestations; if only an onlooker were allowed on occasion to cry "*Casse-cou!*" as in the French game of our youth, when a blunderer whose eyes were bound was about to stumble over some unseen obstacle. I once heard a boy of nineteen, in conversation with a listener of more than twice his age, preface a quotation by saying: "As was well said by a great

and good man, *whose name you may perhaps have heard. . . .*" (The italics are mine.) I longed to cry "*Casse-cou, young man, casse-cou!*" for I felt that in the listener's mind that excellent youth, a devoted son and brother, honest and upright, and inwardly everything that could be desired, was being judged, tried, and condemned forever on account of his condescending manner. For affably to assume that a middle-aged interlocutor might perhaps just have heard the name of a writer with whose works the young gentleman himself was apparently well acquainted was exactly one of the things I would have young people taught to avoid. Indeed, at any age it is a safe rule to follow never to appear to think that a subject of which one is speaking requires explaining, or to assume that a piece of knowledge quite familiar to one's self is not equally so to other people.

Oh, that these things might be taught calmly and urbanely, on general principles! Oh, that it were possible to have a sort of night-school for adults, where certain obvious platitudes concerning the conduct of human intercourse might be learned, without being either given or received with the evil animus of personal application! What a different aspect they would present to the hearer, and how much more ready he would be to assimilate them! For there is no doubt that the personal bearing of the question makes all the difference. It is quite conceivable that even the most universally accepted and revered of general maxims, such as "Thou shalt not steal," say, or "Waste not, want not," would, if levelled pointedly at one's self, take quite another aspect from that which they present when offered impersonally as part of a general code of morals. This bringing in of the personal element, with its unsatisfactory results, is one of the great drawbacks to the direct teaching of manners as at present attempted in the family circle, and neutralizes the effect of it just at a stage when such teaching, if undertaken and carried out successfully, would be of inestimable advantage to the learner. It is obvious that this is likely to be so. Parents, even

those who are more or less alive to the importance of demeanor, content themselves while the child is young in instructing him, as we have said above, with great thoroughness in the elementary rules. That being successfully accomplished, it does not occur to them to consider or discourse upon any wider aspects of the subject, until they suddenly discover one day that, the time of childhood being passed, the manners of the grown-up young man or woman are not all that their fond parents imagined they would be. This deficiency being disagreeably and crudely revealed by some peculiarity or lapse of manners, flying in the face of some idiosyncrasy of the parents' own, is therefore rebuked by them with much more animus than the occasion warrants. For be it said, incidentally—it is a conviction sadly forced upon one as experience ripens—that the parents' standard of their children's wrong-doing is apt to be chiefly a standard of different doing, and it is no wonder that young people should often rebel against so imperfect a code of morals.

This is not the place to enlarge on a subject on which so very much still remains to be said, the best way of bringing about satisfactory relations between parents and children. I will only say that it seems to me that here, too, we are apt to underrate the importance of manner and manners; and that when, a year or two ago, the subject was vigorously discussed in print, the people who were all for having recourse to heroic remedies—latchkeys, Wanderjahre, and separate incomes—were going too far afield for the solution of the problem. I believe that if older people were more careful not to weaken the effect of important and necessary admonitions by a series of daily and hourly minor rebukes, often uncalled for, and arising from irritability as much as from conviction, they would not find themselves nearly so helpless at the moment of essential and inevitable divergence of opinion.

The demeanor of the younger generation is a good deal criticized in these days, and I cannot deny that much of the adverse criticism may be true. I

am ready to admit that the manner of some young men—not of all—is conceited, familiar, totally wanting in distinction and in chivalrous courtesy. But this, perhaps, is partly due to the fact that the manner of some young girls—not of all—is characterized by an unpleasing decision, by a want of dignity and reserve, by an ugly sort of slap-dash assurance, and by a total want of delicate half-tones in the atmosphere which surrounds them. I deplore all these regrettable manifestations. I deplore that there should be sons who come down to breakfast with a scowl, and daughters who contradict their mothers; and I sympathize with the grievance, if not with the clamor, of the people who write articles in magazines and newspapers to complain bitterly of the manners of the present day, and especially of the want of deference shown by the young to older people. At the same time, I fancy that statistics would show that these articles are all written by the generation that is offended by that want of deference. Young people do not, as a rule, write articles on the manners of older ones. That, at least, we have so far been spared. But I fancy that if they did, and put forth their views with the candor with which their own manners are criticized, we should find that they, in their turn, were often very unpleasantly affected by our manner. If they were always addressed courteously and smilingly, never admonished irritably—and of one thing I am quite sure, that the wrong moment to rebuke a fault is when it has just been committed—never silenced, or snubbed, or sneered at, however much their utterances may seem at times to demand such treatment, they would probably in their turn feel inclined to reply more amiably, and we should perhaps not hear of so many despairing discussions and inquiries as to the best way of getting on with one's family. But instead of this, it is too often taken for granted that in the home circle it is allowable, and even advisable, to dispense with the small adornments of every-day courtesy. The influence of such a code on the grace of daily intercourse must necessarily be

disastrous. Some children I once knew, used, whenever they handed a thing to one another, to do so combatively, with a violent push, which invariably succeeded in infuriating the recipient. The same unpleasing effect is produced when children of a larger growth continue the process, and push their remarks or their arguments home with a momentum which arouses an unreasoning fury in their interlocutor. We all know what it is to argue with such people. It is like trying to write one's opinions on sandpaper instead of on a fair white sheet. It is a crime to allow a human being to grow up with such a manner.

If urbanity were persistently taught and practised in the home there would not be so much to learn, and especially to unlearn, with regard to intercourse with the world at large. People would not then have two manners—one to use in public, and one in private. There would be less self-consciousness and less affectation, for these arise from trying to do a thing of which we are uncertain, to assume a manner which we have imperfectly acquired.

I am not saying, of course, that in every respect the code of behavior should be the same at home as abroad—that would be absurd; only, the difference, it seems to me, should lie in the direction of there being less reserve in the family circle than among strangers, but not less gentleness and courtesy. It would not be in the least a fault of manners, for instance, for a child to fling himself on his mother's lap and throw his arms around her neck, although it would be very ill-mannered if he were to do the same to a visitor. But if he were to bang the door in his mother's face, that would be just as ill-mannered and just as inadmissible as if he had banged it in the face of a stranger. Often I have seen a mother—put to shame by her children's rudeness to a visitor in this respect and others—scold them roundly and unavailingly for continuing to do the ugly thing in public that she had tolerated their doing every day in the family circle. I saw the other day a

young girl, gently born and anxiously brought up, coming into a drawing-room at an afternoon party just as a dowager was leaving it. To my amazement, the girl, instead of stepping back and allowing the older woman to pass her, pressed forward with all the impetus of her youthful vigor, so that the departing guest was fairly hurled back into the room, and had to wait to go out until the newcomer had pushed her way past her.

This sort of thing ought not to be possible. And the responsibility for it lies entirely on the shoulders of the parent; for it is evident that if the girl had been taught always to step back and to yield the way to older people, she would have done so on that occasion also, gracefully and as a matter of course, and have thereby made a pleasant impression on the mind of the beholder instead of a distinctly unpleasant one. We are told that in the days of Mrs. Chapone there stood in the courtyard of a boarding-school at Brighton, an empty coach, in order that the young ladies—it was part of their daily course of study—might practise getting in and out of it without showing their ankles. I am not advocating that this practice should continue. I fear that some of the modern pastimes to which young women are addicted necessitate showing a good deal more of their ankles, to put it mildly, than the contemporaries of Mrs. Chapone would willingly have beheld. But I do think it would be an excellent plan, although I fear it might be attended with some practical difficulties, if an empty railway carriage could stand in every courtyard, with a crowd of intending passengers to practise upon. Then people might study the art of getting in quietly, courteously, and in their turn, instead of pushing their way past in order to get in first, declining to make room for other people, and generally indulging in all the numerous forms of bad manners that railway travel seems to induce. Such an exercise would also be found useful as a guide to behavior at drawing-room entertainments and other occasions of the

same kind where the object apparently is to secure the best seats at any cost of manners.

How delightful it would be, though perhaps such a project is only a rosy dream, if a class could be formed, just as classes for learning the minuet have been formed, for instruction in demeanor or in a drawing-room, showing in practice as well as in theory how to move through it with ease and dignity, how to behave when listening to conversation or joining in it, when listening to music, when playing cards or round games! Demeanor at games is one of the things that the best-behaved fall short in, and unless it be taught in the home, where there are countless opportunities of doing so, it will never be learned at all. I have been stupefied sometimes, when watching in a country house some drawing-room game of the kind that has to be decided occasionally by the verdict of the players, to see the people that I have been accustomed to consider the most punctiliously polite develop the most surprising acrimoniousness, rudeness, and self-assertion. If this is not remedied in childhood it will never be cured. One feature of the excellent work known as the Children's Happy Evening Association is, I am told, that it teaches the art of playing together pleasantly and harmoniously to poor children whose only previous notion of a game had been to cuff or abuse the one who got the better of them. I only wish this training could be extended to other circles, and that some of those very people, perhaps, who have been playing with the children at the East End, could, when back in their own surroundings, have people to play with themselves, and to teach them the art of politeness over a game of cards or of letters. Perhaps some philanthropic dukes and princes could in their turn give up an evening a week for that purpose.

In conclusion, then, what we want is some scheme by which a complete training in demeanor should form part of the regular curriculum. The method of tuition, instead of, as at present, consisting of haphazard scoldings, should consist of a systematic course

of instruction in the higher branches of manner or manners, to follow as a matter of course the elementary grounding. It is unreasonable to expect, as we do at present, that young people arrived at a given stage of existence should know by intuition that which we have never deliberately tried to teach them. Let us help them, therefore, to acquire betimes certain general maxims of conduct, which should be contained, like other branches of knowledge, in a book compiled for the purpose. I attach great importance to their being in a book. The mere fact of seeing such maxims—at present handed on to us, if at all, by oral tradition, as if we were Druids, and that in an infinite variety of imperfect forms, according to the transmitter—clearly defined and set down in print, would place them in quite another aspect, would increase our confidence in them, and would be of great help to us in carrying them out. And since there is nothing that teaches a thing so thoroughly as trying to impart it to others, the constant use of this handbook will be, probably, of inestimable value to those who teach from it as well as to those who learn. It must have come within most people's experience to realize the influence that has been exercised by some home-grown precept of behavior that they have been accustomed to hear from early years. How often you hear a man or woman say, when explaining some course of conduct, "My father and mother used always to say . . . ;" and then follows some rule of the road of life, which, from its very simplicity, has been useful where more elaborate exhortations have been forgotten. As an instance of the persistent influence of such a precept—although in this case not very successful—I may cite a most estimable member of society, who would have been altogether delightful if his mother had not impressed on him in his youth that it was very rude ever to leave off speaking. Whatever interesting general conversation was going on, therefore—and it is essential to be able on occasion to take part in general conversation as much by appreciative silence as by voluble

participation—he never suffered silence to reign in his own little corner, but would continue, during the most entralling utterances of some distinguished talker, to pour into the ear of his distracted neighbor some tedious commonplace on the weather and the Academy, feeling, in consequence of his early training, that even this were better than nothing. This was an error of judgment, no doubt, on the part of his mother; but to see the necessity of impressing such precepts at all on the mind of a child is a step in the right direction. And the error of judgment simply shows the necessity of having them formulated with care and discretion. In China, we are told, it is stated in the classics that the laws and rules of ceremony are three hundred and the rules of behavior three thousand. We in this country cannot, I fear, hope for a code so complete, although there is no doubt that we should most of us be the better for a few hundred suggestions on the subject. But, without going even to that length, there is no reason why the laws of behavior should not be as clearly stated as those of golf or cricket, and, presented in this systematic form, as easy to acquire. Most young people know in these days that a golf player must not strike his ball from the tee until the player in front of him is two strokes ahead. That rule, among others, is put up on every golf ground. But they do not know, since it is not put up in every drawing-room, that very much the same rule should be observed in conversation. A golf player would not think of standing quite close to the tee from which some one else is driving off, with his club raised to strike before the other has well played. But when he is playing the game of conversation, he thinks nothing of standing impatiently, with his mouth open, while the other player is speaking, obviously not listening, but waiting to speak himself the moment the other shall have done. He obeys the former rule because he has seen and heard it clearly stated as a rule of the game; he transgresses the latter one because he has not seen or heard it so stated.

These rules, therefore, should be

drawn up and tabulated in a convenient form. The manual thus compiled should, when illustrated by examples and a copious commentary, form a complete code of minor morals, and should serve as a handbook to the gentle art of human intercourse; holding a place between the manual of etiquette on one side, which deals only with immaterial and fleeting details of usage, and the teachings of a wider morality on the other, dealing with the laws and motives of conduct, and not with their outward manifestations. The ordinary manual of etiquette, as we know it at present—we probably all of us smile at the name—is not a very useful adjunct to demeanor, although it is quite conceivable that it might be more valuable if done upon slightly different lines, and with a little more subtlety of discrimination than usually accompanies it. We have yet to be given a book of the higher etiquette, if I may so call it—a book of precepts for every-day conduct done on simple lines, and giving us not only the general outline of what I may call our trivial duty to our neighbor, but also suggestions in detail, which would be most specially useful. We all know how sometimes some quite simple suggestion has enabled us to avoid a pitfall, to remove a stumbling-block of which we were unable to discover the cause. We know how maddening it is when a piano jingles or a machine sticks for some mysterious reason that we cannot discover, and how intensely grateful we are to the person who shows us where the difficulty lies and enables us to remove it. Just as grateful should we be to the person who, when our manner jingles, so to speak, and causes our friends to avoid playing upon it, can, by proposing a simple expedient, put us on the right lines to remedy the defect. And here let me again plead that these suggestions should not ascend to too lofty an altitude. The unfortunate offender in these matters is apt to be approached on the highest moral level, and given to understand that unless he alters his whole nature, and gets him a new heart, he cannot hope to mend the error of his ways. This, if I may be forgiven

for saying so, is a very needlessly heavy and discouraging line to take, for it is much more difficult to alter one's heart than one's manner.

We will suppose, for example, that you have become conscious of the disheartening fact that you fail to please your neighbor; and a deadly fear seizes you that it may be because you have bored him. If you should seek the best way to remedy this state of things, the advice you would be most likely to receive, either from yourself or other people, would be to the effect that in order to please others you should be unselfish, and love your neighbor better than yourself; you should cultivate humility, generosity, charity, and many other virtues. But the result of this will probably be that the unfortunate offender, horribly discouraged at having so vast a field of moral achievement presented to him, and not knowing from which point to approach it, will content himself by endeavoring, as before, to comply in general with all that the code of morals prescribes, while he continues in detail to annoy his fellow-creatures at every turn, for want of some simple rule of behavior quite easy to carry out.

For instance, we are told as a general maxim that we should sympathize with other people's joys and sorrows; and so ready are we to comply with this precept that we all fondly believe we carry it out. So presumably we do, in intention. The mistake is that we do not always translate this intention sufficiently clearly into words. Indeed, we often convey an impression quite opposed to that of sympathetic benevolence. We should probably none of us acknowledge, or even conceive it to be possible, that we should not be sorry to hear of another person's suffering, whether mental or physical. And yet, if an instance of it is brought before us in a concrete form, by the sufferer telling us of a bad night, a chronic complaint, or the misdoings of an unruly servant, what do we do? Do we seem sorry? do we concentrate our attention on the misfortunes of the narrator and pour consolation into his ear? Not at all. The moment his grievance has left his lips we instantly reply by a similar

grievance of our own, for which we demand his sympathy instead of presenting him ours. I think I am well within the mark in saying that on eighteen out of twenty occasions in which one human being says to another, "I woke at five this morning," or "I didn't close my eyes until dawn," the other one will reply, "And I woke at four," or "I didn't go to sleep till the sun was shining." Let the observer whose attention has been called to this topic notice, for example, at a breakfast table in a country house how, if one person says he has been awakened by a thrush at 3 A.M., he will in one moment be in possession of the experience of the entire table, without one word from any one of comment or sympathy on the experience of others. Indeed, the interested observer will probably be conscious that he has to withhold himself by main force from contributing his own quota to the list. Let one of the simple rules to be contained in our book, then, be, never to say how you have slept yourself when your neighbor tells you what sort of a night he has had. Such a rule will be easily remembered and the habit of complying with it easily acquired. It sounds trivial and absurd, no doubt; but I believe that compliance with a score of such maxims, judiciously chosen and constantly obeyed, would make more difference to each one of us than we are well ready to imagine, and would be of incalculable help in oiling the wheels of daily intercourse.

And to make the machinery of life run smoothly is surely well worth doing, instead of daily throwing a handful of sand among the wheels; for it would be as easy to pick up again one by one actual grains of sand so thrown, and reassemble them in one's hand, as to remove the effect of a hundred little crudities of manner and manners with which some people are wont to roughen the path of life for themselves and for others. These are the things which stand in the way of success; not only of "worldly" success and advancement, to use the conventional expression in its most grovelling sense, but of that other success, worldly too, perhaps, but in a higher sense, of making the best of this

world while we live in it in regard to our relations with our kind. Let us realize that this lies a great deal more within our own hands than we are apt to think. Let us help one another to learn the way of achieving it. It means taking a good deal of trouble, no doubt; it means a good deal of deliberation and sustained effort, and, at the same time, it will depend a good deal more on the small things we do than on the big ones. This thought is not necessarily comforting. It is to many people rather the reverse; for in

our hearts we most of us agree with the Eastern proverb, "One great deed is easier than a thousand small ones." But the great opportunity, that we should doubtless so promptly and brilliantly embrace, does not come to us all; and instead of letting so much potential heroism run to waste, we had better employ it in the countless daily opportunities that we all have of winning by the veriest trifles—or of putting away from us, as the case may be—the goodwill of our fellow-creatures.—*Nineteenth Century.*

THE SPANISH PEOPLE.

BY CHARLES EDWARDES.

JOURNEYING not long since, as a third-class passenger from Corunna toward Madrid, I had for fellow-travellers six Spanish soldiers invalided from Cuba, a very remarkable Asturian peasant in a black jacket and knee-breeches, the gloom of which was extraordinarily balanced by a blue satin waistcoat with large gilt buttons, and a young girl, a friend of the Asturian. For hours I was preoccupied by the latter; he had such a strong, quaint face and so rare a nose. He and the girl (a modest creature, with the beautiful, pensive eyes one distrusts so abominably after one's first bull-fight) took it by turns to sleep. Her little head would nestle for an hour on his capacious shoulder and her mouse-like noises (no one could call it snoring) soothed the rest of us. But anon he would shake her off and lay his coarse cheek by hers, as if to make it plain to the world with what a gross proboscis his parents had sent him forth into a world that is not as a rule courteous toward eccentricity.

So it went on throughout the night. The soldiers chattered of their wounds, their aches and pains, and of "accursed Cuba." They were not discreetly clothed, the blue cotton jackets of Havana by no means keeping them fitly warm in the cold morning hours of the exalted province of Leon. But—

and this was the trait in them, after their politeness, that most prepossessed me in their favor—each of the six carried a clean pocket-handkerchief, and indeed seemed as refined in his ways as a nobleman.

Froissart found the Spaniards "envious, haughty and uncleanly;" but then he found the English "vain boasters, contemptuous and cruel," and the Scots "perfidious and ungrateful." It is not for us, therefore, to cast the stone and say that Alphonso the Thirteenth's people are still precisely what they were in the fifteenth century.

And yet some of Spain's villages, to say nothing of the towns, are matchless in their combination of certain modern improvements and a magnificently audacious tolerance of the decrepit and the filthy. The electric light has established itself in many a place where a large proportion of the houses would be condemned as unsafe by the inspector of an English borough, and in which to pass from the door of your inn (such an inn!) to the rough middle of the street, you are compelled either to wade through a black, stinking sewer, or to jump it. Likely as not, too, you may see half a dozen sallow little boys and girls (Spain's hope for 1920), sitting on the banks of the sewer, with their bare toes dabbling in its ooze. The broad-hatted parish priest

in the cool of the evening promenades this same street, uncovering his head to and smiling at such of his flock as show him the like respect. He is the epitome of the locality's culture, and he inhales the peculiar air as if it were a sea-breeze.

This, however, is nothing. If you want to see a very rousing spectacle, you should journey to the country town of Puebla de Sanabria, among the mountains of the Vierzo. The town is far from a railway, but it is the capital of a district, and occupies an impressive situation on a rock in the midst of the narrow valley. When Señor Sagasta gives a banquet, he sends to the neighborhood of this town for trout. Otherwise, it has now no national celebrity; its glorious old castle at the summit of the rock is barred up and left to decay at leisure. But it is the pigs that give Puebla de Sanabria its individuality. The town's main street terraces upward, a thoroughfare of supreme unevenness, and from the valley to the castle door you meet placid, recumbent pigs almost at every yard. They lie about like the cats in the Lisbon streets, and no one interferes. They sit on their hams at the thresholds of the houses, and, when the whim seizes them, stroll into the dwellings, with curious little spasmodic twistings of the tail. They even climb the stairs like the two-legged inmates, and, again when urged by the whim, take the air on the agreeable old balconies above. Thence, from amid hanging creepers and household crockery, their long, slate-blue snouts peer down upon the passer-by with a critical air that is curiously offensive. This, mind you, not in a poor little hamlet like those of Connemara, but in the chief street of a district capital of Spain, with an assuming town-hall close to the swine. And yet no one cares. The air here, which ought to be as sweet and fresh as that of Skiddaw's top, reeks with ordure. In other Spanish hamlets one has to say "By your leave" to the bronzed porkers and tinkling goats which block the thoroughfares; but in Puebla de Sanabria the pigs resent the hint that they are in the way. It is

you who intrude; their grunts, ranging from complaint to challenge, tell you that quite unmistakably if you attempt to stir them either with your boot or your walking-stick.

The old church of this town has for pillars at its portals four life-sized granite figures, two being mailed crusaders and two interpretable at a venture as ecclesiastics. Without wishing to be rude to Spain in the present, one may affirm that when these effigies were worked into their place, Puebla de Sanabria was a sweeter town than it is now. The local baron of those days was bound to be a more efficient administrator than the local subordinate rulers of these days.

It is in such slumberous, foul, human hives of Spain that they still go to the expense of clean glazed tiles for the labelling of their public edifices. A church is thus ticketed "Church," the cathedral "Cathedral," the town-hall "Town-Hall," and so on. There would be a certain amount of sense in putting a ribbon across the back of the mayor for the year, with the word "Alcalde" upon it; but that is not done. If there is a public clock in the place, it is short of a hand, or of the weights, or it insults every one by lying systematically day after day and month after month. There is no apparent energy in the town save at the fountains, and that is woman's gossip. The men share the shade with the more hot-headed of the pigs and smoke cigarettes in silence.

Such in a measure is Provincial Spain. The lottery, the approaching saint's day, the bull-fight of the next Sunday in the nearest town, and of late years the most recent list of recruits for Cuba—these are the absorbing topics of the place and the hour. And the provincial press reflects the tone thus created. These poor little flimsy sheets exist penuriously on advertisements of English sewing-machines, English hair-lotion and English pills. They are ostentatiously free from enlightenment; it is as if they were subject to a censorship which forbade them to be aught but dull and trivial.

And yet the curious thing is that the farther you get in the Peninsula from

Spain's elevated capital, the better as a rule are the roads, and the more cheerful the tokens of national prosperity. San Sebastian, which is well nigh in France, is characteristically Spanish only in the small relic of its older parts. Its tall red and white houses in regular streets and avenues breathe of opulence and perfect cleanliness. To be sure, this is the Brighton of Spain, and no doubt the fact that the court loves it and that the little king rides his bicycle along its well-kept roads stimulates the town's authorities. But also it is much frequented by foreigners, who may, without extreme presumption, be supposed to bring with them a few irresistible civilizing influences.

And as of San Sebastian, so of Cadiz, Corunna and Barcelona; they are all far from Madrid and life pulses in them gayly. The thoroughbred Castilian, if a Spaniard first of all, would scorn to ascribe their high spirits to the zest aroused in them by mere trade; but it must be confessed that it is just in these commercial towns, where the yoke of Catholicism lies lightest upon the necks of the people, that the lament about the nation's backwardness as a whole is loudest. It seems a monstrous thing that their progress should indicate only the more emphatically the obstinate immobility or the regular decline of the bulk of the Peninsula.

The approaches to the capital are sentinelled by such famous dead cities as Burgos, Zamora, Salamanca, Toledo and the like. One and all, these make the sensitive traveller shiver as he gropes among the ruins and the damp, unnecessary (because deserted) churches which take up most of the space within their walls. Of course, it is excellently picturesque—this association of castellated walls, open drains, mouldering church towers, Moorish houses and flower-decked heaps of rubbish. But after a time one has a surfeit of mere sentiment and would fain (almost) cover these desolate areas with rows of houses and tall-chimneyed factories, and animate them with a throng of factory-hands. This would at any rate show the industrial spirit, without which no nation may nowadays

be great. And Barcelona gives us a brave example of a city which can be busy without being as ugly and murderous to enthusiasms as so many of our own manufacturing towns.

Also round about Spain's capital are those tell-tale palaces of the Escorial, La Granja and Aranjuez. What they have meant for Spain, only Spain knows. Even in the time of Philip the Second, when gold was still pouring into the country by the shipload, the people grumbled at the extravagance of that sinister monarch in raising a palace just where no one else would have thought of building one, with a cost proportionate to the strangeness of the site. A century later Philip the Fifth did the same thing at La Granja. Millions sterling were spent in removing rocks and laying out gardens, again at the people's expense. The holiday folk who on saints' days exclaim with admiration amid the fountains and rose-trees of Aranjuez do not, of course, trouble to think how badly Spain's kings in the past have used them. But to the stranger the truth becomes very intimate after a time. The deadliest part of the wrong lies in the chain set upon the nation by its religious guides. These condemned enterprise and activity of thought as sins: orthodoxy and submission were the only virtues; and so poor Spain, prone to grow perforce with the growth of the rest of Europe, has been dosed with narcotics and kept stunted, and to this day is in the main mediaeval in its aspirations and its pride. One reads still on the church-doors many such appeals to the weaker parts of human nature as this, with coarse woodcuts of flame-environed sinners above the money-box for which the appeal is made: *There is no comparison between the torments of this life and the deep agony endured in the mansion of Purgatory. Therefore, mortals, appease the Supreme Judge.*

At Burgos I chanced to see a common-place burial in the cemetery with an affecting and significant sequel. The dead man, in his black and yellow box, was pressed with some constraint into the trench prepared for him, and lay sloping so that the head was less than

a foot below the level of the ground. There were two mourners, both men, and one, after a distressed remark about the grave's shallowness, collapsed into tears on the shoulder of his companion. The grave-digger shrugged and observed that it was not his fault; there were others below; he dared dig no deeper. This said, he began to shovel vigorously at the heap of soil, bones, and scraps of clothing which were to form the deceased's last terrestrial covering. But now, of a sudden, a bystander interfered with passionate eagerness. It was abominable, such carelessness, such disregard for the tenderest feelings of the human heart, such official coldness and so forth. The grave-digger dropped his cigarette, leaned on his spade-handle, and stared. The mourners also seemed surprised. But, with a shrug on his part, also, this amiable champion of the lowly now with equal suddenness apologized for his heat. "It does not matter after all, my friend," he said to the more tearful of the mourners. "You lie quiet with the same ease here, like this [pointing to the tilted coffin] and like that." The *that* was a mortuary chapel with Gothic pinnacles, door of iron and stained glass, and with a neat altar and a carpeted praying-chair inside. Then the amiable bystander went his way, and the grave-digger turned again to his spade. It was a very conventional revolt against the hardness of circumstances, ending abruptly in the conventional murmur of *Paciencia!*

So in Segovia, in one of its climbing alleys, I was one day admiring the shaven buttocks of an ass upon which a variety of careful patterns had been wrought, either by singeing or with a knife. It must have been a most laborious business to turn the ass's hind-quarters into such a work of art—a lace-like device resembling some of the fascinating sculpture of the beautiful tawny cathedral towers. But from a passage now came forth the ass's owner. Down went the poor brute's ears in painful expectation, and the biped swung a bludgeon upon the embroidery. It was blow, blow upon this

pretty pattern all up the alley, until the pair were out of sight.

Remembering this and much else, I could not dissent from the statement of a reasonable native of Talavera with whom I talked at dinner in the railway-station of that ancient and mildewed town. I had just ridden through miles of cork-forests blue with flowers, and was almost drunk on the natural beauty of the land. "Sir," said this gentleman, as he fingered the unripe peaches in a dish, "we are not a practical nation. I am sorry to confess it, but it is the truth. And we must suffer the consequences."

Nevertheless, I had only a little while before paused in the midst of Talavera's broken towers and walls crumbling to the Tagus, and looked long at a massive church of considerable architectural interest, with the bells plain in its belfry and the cross on its steeple. But, coming nearer, I found that the church was now ticketed "Fabrica de Cerillas;" that it was in short a factory of those infamous small wax vestas, the lighted heads of which fall into the striker's hands or on his clothing as if they were meant to do so. For one penny the law gives you precisely fifty of these cunning vestas, which are a government monopoly. Not a practical people, forsooth!

Moreover, at this same railway station of Talavera, the government official who issued the tickets passed me a bad dollar among my change. That, too, was a very practical proceeding, indeed. The notorious politician, Gonzalez Bravo, in apology for his profligate irresponsibility as a statesman, remarked, "Is it not absurd to be always the same?" One must excuse something to a people who can so readily justify themselves to themselves, and who, more than any European people, have played both high and low parts in the dramas of the Continent.

Froissart, in his estimate of the Spaniards, says nothing about their integrity, or their lack of it. The aforesaid incident of the bad dollar recurs to mind. It was neither the first nor the last thing of the kind I received from

government servants in the course of a six weeks' tour in the country. For this pleasing little trait, the nation at large must not be blamed. From all accounts, the disease of peculation still has its centre amid the more considerable personages of the country. This disastrous cancer has not quite killed Spain, but it has been long trying to deprive it of all credit in the esteem of the bulk of Europe.

When gentlemen who wear ermine and scarlet and hold State portfolios do not mind sacrificing their honor and the nation to their own pockets, one can hardly blame the lower orders for not being quite straight. Spain's people are, however, and seem at all times to have been, more respectable than their rulers. There is not that mean pilfering of the stranger here that there is in many parts of Italy. Count Beust, when Austrian Ambassador in England, was much taken with a simple epitaph in one of our country churchyards which declared that the deceased was "as honest as was consistent with his human nature." Upon the whole, Spain is rather more honest than one would expect from its circumstances.

Thrice only, apart from the governmental bad dollars, did I in the course of my jaunt through the land have any reason to complain of my treatment in this respect. Once was at Vigo, where, in spite of the local municipal placard in the hotel specifying the hotel's charges, I was offered an objectionable bill. This was soon put right. I pointed to the placard and, with a smile, they agreed that there was a mistake. The Alcalde himself would have paid the revised bill without a murmur.

The second time was at a country town. Here I bargained with a cultured cobbler that he should take and send to me certain photographs of his native place. He accepted my *pesetas* and my address, and mentioned a saint or two as guarantee of his determination to fulfil his part of the contract. But he has not kept his promise, and he declines to correspond on the subject.

The third occasion was more trivial still. I was riding in the Gredos Sierras with a delightful guide, who

abounded in paradoxes and mirth, and loved wine. Sancho helped himself to my special little comforts, including my more expensive cigars. There were other cigars bought on purpose for him. These he took pleasure in presenting to humble persons or individuals with whom he fraternized for five or ten minutes at village inns. Furthermore, he told the dame at one inn to charge me the same for his bedroom, which was the stable, as for mine, which was the attic; he would be passing that way again some time. He may even have been more iniquitous still, but he made amends for all by terming me *caballero perfecto* to my face in his various gossipings with others, and by laughing with me when I exposed sundry of his indiscretions.

The country which irritates the stranger in his pocket no more than this is not radically depraved. If Spain defaults in her exterior national debts, it is not the Spanish people proper who are to blame, but they who have had the pleasure of spending the money represented by this debt and who are responsible for the honest administration and development of the country.

As touching the haughtiness of the Spaniards, much might be said. Reserve seems a more gracious word for the quality. Lady Burton said of her husband, the late Sir Richard, of remarkable memory, that he was "so beautifully reserved." Thoreau, Emerson, and many another good man, has lauded this same quality, which the average Spaniard, not town-bred, certainly possesses in an unusual measure. He does not cheapen himself by indiscriminate familiarity. It is not given to all people to be hail-fellow-well-met with the rest of the world, and it is not thus given to the Spaniard. And, candidly, this deficiency suits him and is a recommendation of him rather than otherwise.

There is, moreover, a good deal of shyness in this much-desired Spanish pride. "We Spaniards," said to me an estimable provincial gentleman at Pontevedra the beautiful, "are afraid of trying to talk any other tongue than our own, for fear of committing a *ton-*

teria (seeming foolish)." This same gentleman lost himself in superlatives in praise of the adventurousness and perseverance of the English. He made it appear that he thought it condescension in Englishmen travelling in Spain to trouble to speak Spanish. He may have been serious, or merely a prey to the rashness of a shy man whose tongue has run away with him; in either case he showed the breeding of a gentleman.

But to the Spaniard it would seem very odd that an Englishman above all should mention Spanish haughtiness as if it were a demerit. He forms, in fact, just the estimate of us that we have of him. "You must have everything in order, and you are so cold in your manners," was a remark in the mouth of a Castilian that rather amused me. The poker might almost as well taunt the tongs with stiffness.

The remark was made as the pair of us sat on the low wall round a famous conventional church, the architecture of which we were supposed to be studying. The sky was one unclouded blue above the yellow building. Three little acolytes, with white laced surplices over their greasy scarlet gowns, were playing kick-the-stone on the pavement by the church-porch, and at least twenty of the lame, diseased, and blind (a harrowing company) sat like ourselves on this low wall and watched the little choir-boys placidly. In the porch itself two inoffensive persons were eating cherries, adding to the many hundreds of cherry-stones already on the pavement. A large, rosy-faced priest passed toward the church from the road, through the decrepit company upon whom he smiled complacently. He did not disturb the scarlet acolytes, but he cracked a few more cherry-stones with his broad feet cased in thick, buckled shoes, nor did he seem to notice their presence as anything out of the common. Then two men passed us carrying on their heads a blue coffin with gilt paper trimmings to its edges. About a yard of the trimming had got detached and fluttered in the breeze; the men smoked cigarettes while they trotted on with the coffin.

It was altogether a somewhat confused little vignette of life in Spain thus visible from this convent wall. But how much the more natural for its confusion! My companion was right. Relatively, we have, in England, a diabolical love of order. What in the world, for example, would British choir-boys have done if they had been thus caught at sacrilege by their High Church vicar!

There is scope for large treatment of the subject of character moulded, or at least restrained, by climate, as illustrated in our friends the Spaniards. We Britons, in considering these children of the hot South, do not sufficiently appreciate this influence. The sun saps their energies, while ministering to certain of the more unprofitable of their passions. Hence they have never, since civilization came to the land, known anything of that superior sense of free-will and personal potentiality the lack of which keeps them a dwarfed and somewhat pitiable people in the opinion of many Northerners. Italy has tasted the delirious joys of independence, of freedom from the shackles of a millennium, but Spain not yet. Perhaps, however, the majority of us others, if we lived always under Spain's blue skies, would become as limp, listless, and resigned to the control (good or bad) of the more vigorous few, and as indifferent to what we reckon the great material aims of existence, as the most typical of Spaniards.

Civilization does not seem to suit Spain. Only here and there about the country has it taken any root, and even then the effect is somewhat theatrical. This is fine for the mere tourist, who cries out for contrasts and fillips to his own precious self-esteem; but it is unfortunate for Spain, compelled to live either at peace or discord with the other nations of the world. Meanwhile, it is well that there is so much good, old-fashioned muscle, and bone, and virtue in Spain's various provinces. No one can doubt that the Spanish stock, as seen in her peasants, is among the best of its kind anywhere. The tawny gay fellows on muleback who sing along the road; the garrulous, if not

over clean, village inn-keeper, his wife, sons, sons' wives, and children's children, among whom, a vast genial gathering, the stranger may, if he will, eat a good salad and drink wine in the most picturesque of kitchen interiors, perhaps to the tinkle of a beggar's guitar as well as the ceaseless domestic chatter; the little, dark-eyed boys and

girls who shout from their doorways, "*A Dios, caballero!*"—they have come-line and character, even if they are short of education, and, like their fathers before them, believe slavishly in their blue and gold village Madonna and their rubicund, broad-hatted parish priest.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE ROMANCE OF A SCHOOL INSPECTION.

BY NORAH POWYS.

I.

"He's gone with streaming banners,
Where noble deeds are done,
And it's oh, —"

"BESSIE," said the young teacher, "just sing one verse through alone, will you? The others can sit down. I am not quite sure that you are certain of the semiquavers in the repeat 'de-eds a-re done.' It will never do if you sing it wrong to the ogre."

The other three pupil-teachers giggled at this reference to the Inspector, and sat down by the fire. Poor Bessie, the earless and half-voiced victim, was for the hundredth time lectured on the importance of being clear in singing that worrying—

"Te, soh, te, lah, soh, fe, soh."

This singing class was conducted by a dainty, dark-haired girl in the comfortable morning-room of a large country house; books, work, and newspapers lay about in easy confusion; good prints and etchings lined the distempered walls, and a cheery fire of logs blazed on the hearth.

"To-day is Thursday," said the teacher, Diana Fitzgerald by name, frowning her straight black brows together and wrinkling up her drooping white eyelids till nothing could be seen of her sparkling green eyes under their long curled lashes. "Could you come for another practice to-morrow night, or on Saturday? You see I must go away on Monday for ten days, because the

landlord is going to have the drains picked up."

"What shall we do, miss, if the Inspector comes while you are away? Miss Hurst could not play our accompaniments!" Thus respectfully spoke the eldest and pertest of the pupils, a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked minx of fifteen, whose redundant frizzed locks reached her waist.

"It is a horrid plague about this new arrangement to have surprise inspections," grumbled Miss Fitzgerald, twirling herself round and back again impatiently on the music-stool. "Of course, I must come home for it. Don't you think any one will know the day before he comes?"

"No; no one will know, miss: it is kept quite a secret."

"Well, then Miss Hurst must send a telegram out to Shorleigh when he arrives; it is only half-an-hour's drive, and he can't hear you till the dinner-hour, can he? Mr. Herbert has plenty of horses and traps, and can easily send me home at a minute's notice, and I could hire a fly if the worst comes to the worst."

"Then we are to come to-morrow, miss? At six?"

"Yes; and if the songs don't go well we can still have another practice on Friday by turning the French class into singing."

The pupils appeared pleased. They struggled into their jackets (for it was freezing hard that night), said "Good-night," and retired beaming.

II.

"Has Fanny unpacked for you, dear, and shall she help you to dress?" asked Mrs. Herbert, coming into Diana's bedroom on the Monday night. "There are a few people coming to dinner besides the house-party."

"Oh, I can manage all right, thanks," replied Diana, deftly twirling her curly black locks round her shapely head. "I am never long dressing. And oh, Mrs. Herbert, I *must* tell you at once: I may be summoned away at a minute's notice to play the pupil-teachers' accompaniments to their songs for the Inspector."

"Not to-night, surely!"

"No, but to-morrow or any day. There won't be a minute's warning, because it is a surprise visit. I am so nervous. I hope he won't come while I'm here."

"We can easily send you home whenever you want to go," said her hostess, slowly, smiling mysteriously to herself; "but why do you think the Inspector will come now?"

"Because he had not time to hear their songs before Christmas; that was his first visit, and he was very slow. So he said he should come in January, and here we are at the 20th."

"Well, it won't keep you long, will it?"

"Oh, no; not an hour. Each girl has to sing one song out of the five that she has prepared. As I have taught them, I must be with them at the last." Diana spoke in an awe-inspired tone, as if the last judgment were her theme. "Besides," she continued, more brightly, "I could get no one to promise to be my substitute; all the girls said I had much better do it myself, as they might want to go to hockey or out with the beagles, and Miss Hurst can't read new music."

"Well, it's very good of you, dear, to have taken so much of Miss Hurst's work off her shoulders; and you are teaching her French, are you not? Now I must hurry away, as I want to speak to my husband before dinner."

The Herberts, a most devoted couple, came out of his dressing-room on to

the landing at the same minute that Diana emerged from her bedroom. Mr. Herbert was carefully repeating what apparently was some injunction of his wife's.

"I am not to tell Miss Fitzgerald why Campbell is here—Campbell is not to tell Miss Fitzgerald—Ah, there you are, my fair lady!" he cried, seeing his guest for the first time, and shaking hands warmly. Like most elderly men, he dearly loved to have staying in the house a pretty girl with a merry tongue.

Some of the house-party were already gathered in the drawing-room when Diana entered; she was at once introduced to the Mr. Campbell who was to take her in to dinner, a slight, clean-shaven young man, with an eye-glass, and a decidedly quizzical expression on his mobile lips.

"How like he is to Mr. Chamberlain!" was Diana's thought. They had barely exchanged a few words when Mr. Herbert seized on Campbell, and after a hurried conversation between them at the far end of the room, the gong sounded, and Diana found herself going down to dinner with her hand on the arm of her new acquaintance.

"Never seen such a pretty girl in all my life," he was thinking. "Are you staying on here for the hunt ball?" was his first question.

"I am not sure; but I shall be at the ball, anyway, as I live in this neighborhood. I'm certain to stay here ten days—at least," she added, her face clouding, "until I am telegraphed for."

He was glad that she did not say "wired."

"Why should you be telegraphed for?—if it is not inquisitive to ask. You have no one ill at home, I hope?"

"Oh, no!"—with a little grimace—"it is only on account of that beast of a school inspector; when he arrives I shall be telegraphed for."

"Are you—I mean, are you concerned in the management of the Board School in your village?"

"Board School!"—(infinite horror and disgust)—"Oh, dear, no! How could you think it? It is just the other way. I want the Church School to get a better report than the Board School

—we have both kinds in Wigton” (he started, but she did not notice), “and so I have been helping the head mistress for a year to coach her pupil-teachers in English literature and singing. My father is treasurer for the Church schools, and we are friends of the vicar’s—”

“So you wanted to help.”

“I love teaching, and one must do something.”

“But why should the inspection necessitate your return home?”

“Because, of course, I must play the pupil-teachers’ accompaniments, if he will let them have them; but perhaps he won’t, the nuisance.”

To Diana’s astonishment Mr. Campbell burst into a roar of laughter, laughed till his eyeglass fell into his plate. Not until he had carefully cleaned this important article with his napkin and had readjusted it to his left eye, could he control his voice sufficiently to speak.

“Poor Inspector!” he choked, “if only he could hear you!”

“I should not care,” replied Diana, disdainfully, “they are not nice men at all—at least—” She paused, and asked, nervously, “You aren’t friends with any inspectors, are you?”

“Heaven forbid! Far be it from me to consort with such *canaille*.”

“Yes,” she said, “I thought you looked like a barrister.”

“You were right, I was one.”

“And now?”

“Well, having come in for a small property in this county, I am going to live on it.”

Their conversation drifted away to agricultural depression and poultry-keeping; it appeared that Diana knew what she was talking about. To her it seemed a very short time before her hostess gave the signal for the move to the drawing-room.

“I must hear all you have to say about Gorst’s Education Bill,” Mr. Campbell was saying; “it is just those details which you understand so well that illustrate to the uninitiated how the Bill would work.”

But when he approached Diana’s chair in the drawing-room, Mr. Her-

bert was before him, beseeching her for some music.

The young barrister had soon turned over all Diana’s songs.

“I used to sing some of these duets,” he said. “Oh, no! I could not try one with you to-night, I am out of practice. But let’s go through some to-morrow morning, when we can have the room to ourselves, and then we can surprise the others in the evening.”

III.

“You have not got to go on your rounds this morning, eh, Campbell?” shouted Mr. Herbert, genially, as his guest entered the breakfast-room next day.

“No, thanks,” drawled Campbell, looking round the table, frowning slightly, to find what he sought—an empty chair next to Diana Fitzgerald.

Girls with the purest complexions look their best the first thing in the morning: Diana was one of these. Blessed with a skin as clear and delicate at three-and-twenty as at three, she sparkled and glowed in her health and vigor, in a way to make any man’s heart rejoice.

She blushed slightly as Campbell dropped into the chair beside her.

“I have just finished my breakfast,” she remarked, pointedly.

“All the better. It is not good for ladies’ voices to sing directly after a meal. I say, Mrs. Herbert! Shall we disturb any one if we practise in the drawing-room after breakfast?”

“Oh, dear, no! go there by all means. You will have the room to yourselves. I sit in the boudoir in the mornings.”

Diana rose hastily. “Then I must go and write a couple of letters before post-time, if you will excuse my running away like this,” she said; and with a little inclination to her hostess, swiftly left the room.

That morning’s practice was the first of a dozen. Every day Mr. Campbell would ask roguishly:

“Has the telegram come yet?”

“I wish it would, and then I should get that hateful business over,” sighed Diana one day. “The Inspector

weighs on my spirits. You see I ought to be at home practising with the pupil-teachers, instead of amusing myself here. And I do feel so horribly nervous."

"What about?"

"Facing him. You see I have never done it before. He will wonder who I am, what business it is of mine to mix myself up in the school—perhaps he will be rude."

"No chance of that."

"Why not? Perhaps he is not a gentleman."

"Oh, yes! he's a gentleman."

"How do you know?"

"Oh—er—I—er—Herbert knows him."

"Oh! Well, the girls say he is quite inexperienced; this his first start. They don't know his name. Miss Hurst says he looks quite a youth, and she could see from his manner that he knew nothing about his work."

"Very kind of Miss Hurst!"

"And when they are young and inexperienced, they are always so *much* more severe," sighed Diana; "they try to prove how little the girls know, not to bring out what they *do* know. And then—"

"Well?"

"Why, I've heard that they will give a better report to a pretty schoolmistress than to a plain one. Don't you call that *mean*?"

Some unsuitable rejoinder rose to Campbell's lips. He checked the impulse. Diana held him in a certain degree of awe, slender kittenish little thing that she was. There was a determination in her clearly cut aquiline nose and delicate upper lip that was not to be trifled with.

"Do you know," she went on, looking away and laughing softly to herself, "I remember when I was going up for the Trinity College musical exam,—I was nearly sixteen—my mistress surprised me so much the day before, by pressing upon me the importance of looking *nice* at the exam. I was to do my hair well, and to wear my Sunday dress! I was so puzzled. She explained by saying that the examiners were influenced by looks. I thought it

was so funny. So I mean to look as nice as ever I can when the Inspector comes, in order to put him in a good temper—and then perhaps if I play very badly he will forgive me."

Now Diana was longing for a little encouragement; woman-like she tried to gain it in this circuitous fashion.

Campbell, man-like, could not resist the impulse to tease. Hitherto in all his thirty years he had never failed to supply the compliments desired by his lady friends; it had been easier to swim with the stream. But now he had something at stake: he was in earnest for the first time.

"Inspectors are human," he said; "your theory may be sound."

"Well, which of my frocks shall I wear? You have seen them all now."

"You know perfectly well, you will put on the one that you think most becoming."

"No, I won't," she said, quickly, "not if you think something else looks better."

"Will you put on what I like?" he asked with considerably more gravity than the occasion demanded, screwing his unfortunate left eyebrow very hard down on his eyeglass.

They were standing in the cow-house, whither Mrs. Herbert had sent them to see a new calf. Campbell's foot was on an upturned bucket, he was twirling a straw round between his lips.

It was a cold morning. Diana had a red shawl thrown, Irish fashion, over her black head, and held her short skirts high in each hand.

"Put on what you like?" she asked, as if not quite understanding him. "Well—if—"

He kicked over the unfortunate bucket impatiently.

"I knew you wouldn't."

"Well, then, you were wrong," she laughed, "for I will."

"Then put on your red dress with the black sash."

"Oh, no! not that horrid old thing. It is ever so old-fashioned."

"There, now! didn't I say you would not?" he remarked, in an exasperated way; "women always ask advice, meaning to go their own way all the same."

Diana's color rose hotly, unbidden tears welled into her eyes. She turned away quickly and went out into the yard.

Campbell left the cow-house directly after her, and entered the stables. There was a fine hunter in one of the loose boxes, whose mettle he had tested in the field the day before. He stepped into the box to talk to the creature and to smooth him down. Suddenly an oval face popped up over the partition, and a girl's voice cried roguishly—

"I will wear the red dress, Mr. Campbell."

IV.

"Good-morning, miss."

"Oh, dear!" yawned Diana, "what ever is the time?" Fanny was opening the shutters. This was the day after the hunt ball. The girl's sleepy fingers groped under her pillow, and drew out lovingly a limp and crumpled programme.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| 1. WALTZ | <i>Campbell.</i> |
| 2. POLKA | <i>'Campbell.</i> |
| 3. WALTZ | <i>C.</i> |
| 8. WALTZ | <i>C.</i> |
| 9. WALTZ | <i>C.</i> |
| 10. LANCERS | <i>C.</i> |
| 13. WALTZ | <i>C.</i> |

3 Supper extras, C.

General confusion to the end with a capital C.

Unwelcome daylight and reality. Diana's head was still swimming, her pulses were still beating to waltz rhythm; she still seemed to feel a strong arm round her, and to hear a deep voice in her ear.

"Oh, dear, it is all over," she sighed.

"I would not have called you so early, miss," said the house-maid, coming to the bedside with a cup of tea, "but a telegram came for you just now, and Mrs. Herbert said I was to bring it to you at once."

With trembling fingers Diana tore open the fatal orange envelope:—

"Handed in at Wigton 9 A.M. Inspector has arrived—will hear songs at noon."

"It is half-past ten, miss," said Fanny.

Diana bounced out of bed without more ado.

"Is Mrs. Herbert up?"

"Oh, yes, miss. The family had breakfast as usual, and Mr. Campbell he went off for a walk soon after eight, he did."

Diana's heart failed her.

"Take the telegram to Mrs. Herbert, Fanny, please," she said, scribbling a few lines on the back of it. "I shall be dressed very soon, and must go home at once."

It was a washed-out little face that Diana saw in the looking-glass.

"I shall look hateful in the red dress," she pouted, "but after all what does it matter? I don't care if every one thinks me hideous now."

A hurried toilet, a still more hurried breakfast, half-an-hour's drive in the brougham, and before she had really recovered her balance, Diana stood at the foot of the stairs in the girls' school.

The clock was striking twelve. Miss Hurst, the head mistress, hastened down to meet Diana. She looked worried and cross.

"He is such a young gent," she said; "he has started hearing the pupil-teachers' sight-reading now. You can hear if you listen."

Yes; Diana could hear; horrible intervals resounded upstairs.

"He is better than Mr. Clarke," continued Miss Hurst, "he does point to the modulator. Mr. Clarke used to say, 'Now sing ray to te'; hardly fair, you know."

"No," said Diana, absently, beginning to go upstairs.

"I need not really have sent for you, Miss Fitzgerald, if only I had known. The Inspector says the new regulations don't allow accompaniments, and he must hear each of them unaccompanied."

"Oh, dear!" cried Diana, dolcfully, "that will sound horrible; they will never keep in tune! And all the trouble I have spent in practising the piano part wasted!"

"So I told him, Miss Fitzgerald, and he said he should be very glad to hear them all as you have prepared them, if you came in time."

"Oh, very well. Look, there is Besie beckoning; I suppose I must go now."

She walked upstairs and through the empty class-rooms with quaking knees, her color and her courage rising with every step.

"I'm glad I shall see him to speak to," she said to Miss Hurst; "I want him to give me some hints, ogre though he be."

Miss Hurst was slightly scandalized. Diana had reached the glass door that led to the music class-room. The Inspector was sitting at the piano with his back to the door, gently strumming the haunting melody of an old waltz. The tune was familiar to Diana, and so was the outline of the man's head and figure. She pushed the door open, an extraordinary suspicion quickening her steps; her pupils were following her. The Inspector rose and turned at the sound of their entrance, his eye-glass fell from his eye, he laughed sheepishly. It was Mr. Campbell!

V.

Diana gave a little shriek, and dropped all her music crash on to the floor.

He stooped to pick it up for her. Now that she was there in her red dress, flushing angrily, he was ashamed, and glad to hide his face. Diana's chin was well in air, her straight brows were knitted together.

"I hear," she began, in a voice that she did not recognize as her own, "that accompaniments are not allowed, but that you desire to hear the songs with the accompaniments."

He bowed, and readjusted his eye-glass.

"I venture to suggest," he said, "that each pupil-teacher might now sing a different song to that which I have already had the pleasure of hearing."

"As you please," said Diana.

"No, it is as *you* please," he objected.

Then she turned and glared at him.

"You know perfectly well we are under your orders," she snapped.

Never before in his life had Campbell felt so crushed.

"Then will you," he said, vaguely, singling out the tallest of the pupil-teachers, "will you sing—" Then he was obliged to refer to the list of the *répertoire* in Diana's writing which he held in his hands—"Rule Britannia"—very suitable at the present crisis.

Diana sat down at the piano; the stool was too low, but pride prevented her confessing her own want of stature. She started bravely, and accomplished successfully all the runs in "Rule Britannia," and the easier accompaniments of "Hearts of Oak," and the "Right little, tight little Island."

Mr. Campbell let each girl choose her own favorite. At last it came to saucy Minnie Bank's turn. Had she heard the Inspector's name?

"Which will you sing?" he asked.

"The Campbells are comin', please, sir."

"Then," cried Diana, jumping up, "I must have something to sit on, I am too low."

They all looked vaguely round the bare room; nothing was available as a cushion but the inspector's greatcoat, which hung on a peg. He rolled it up for this purpose. "Oh, no!" said Diana, "I shan't sit on that."

"Not as the sign of an armistice?"

Somehow, Diana, ever a tyrant at home, gave in at once to this puckery-faced man; she sat down on his coat, and Minnie sang, "The Campbells are comin'," in fine style.

In the meantime, Miss Hurst had entered. Campbell turned to her. "I must congratulate you," he said, "on the way in which your pupil-teachers have been trained. They all know how to breathe, a very difficult accomplishment; they say their words in a distinct and refined manner; their phrasing, perhaps, is not always quite correct here and there; but they take difficult intervals with ease. This last song in particular, 'The Campbells are comin'," the rise from F to D—Bonnie Loch Leven in the first phrase, Miss Hurst, ray to upper doh, a sixth—is a difficult rise. It is a catchy tune, altogether."

He dared not look at Diana; she was

listening carefully to him. And then she said with unction:

"It is no use having this *vivâ voce*, Mr. Campbell. My aim is to please the vicar; say all this in the written report that you will have to send to him; then it will be printed in the Parish Magazine."

"The vicar?" queried the Inspector, a new idea—a horrid suspicion—dawning on his mind.

"Well, it is all over now," exclaimed Diana; she shook hands with Miss Hurst, nodded to the girls, and ran downstairs.

Outside the playground she found Mr. Herbert's dogcart, the horse being held with difficulty by the groom.

Touching his hat, the man explained. "Mr. Campbell will drive you back, miss, Mr. Herbert said, if you please."

A bounce on the part of "Anak" nearly carried the man off his feet.

"Seems a bit fresh, eh, Wise?" cried Campbell, cheerily, from the doorway, buttoning on his gloves. In Diana's absence he had succeeded in ascertaining from Miss Hurst that the vicar had a wife. He had therefore regained his spirits, and Diana also, confident that, in her allusion to her wish to please the vicar, she had scored one off the Inspector, had recovered her natural gaiety.

Campbell clambered to his seat; Anak made a rush, and had to be dragged back.

"Will you trust yourself to me?" asked Campbell. Diana was standing, dubiously looking at the horse.

She faced him brightly; whether or not her answer were to imply more than her consent to his immediate question, she was sure of her intention, and replied—

"Of course."

With a bound she was beside him. The groom was left behind, but finding a coin in his hand, did not object to walking back to Shorleigh. When once they were fairly started on the high road and Anak trotting steadily, Diana's indignation found words:—

"Well, you are—" she began, but checked herself.

"You have called me a brute so

many times, Miss Fitzgerald, that I accept the title," he replied, with a suppressed chuckle; and then, with a certain intensity underlying his words, he asked:—

"Do you remember the part played by Beauty in the fairy tale?"

"I am not sure," answered Diana, nervously.

"Well—I remember very well. I shall tell you."

He paused. Diana turned away her head.

"Once upon a time there was a merchant travelling in a far country. All his ventures had resulted in loss; he was returning home to his three daughters a ruined man. The two elder had asked him to bring them rich presents, but Beauty, the youngest, had asked for some roses. These he could bring home, though nothing else. Riding by a garden he plucked a spray of roses for Beauty, but a terrible Beast rushed out and seized him. On one condition only would the Beast let the merchant go, and that condition was that he should return with Beauty and leave her with the Beast. This the father did. But Beauty became dreadfully homesick after living some while in the Beast's Palace, and the Beast gave her a magic ring, which transported her home at a wish, only she was bound to return to him almost directly. Three times Beauty used the ring" (Diana was edging away as much as she could; she remembered the story now); "but the third time she stayed away so long that when she returned the Beast was dying. And then the Beast said unless she would be his wife, he should die."

"Oh, no!" corrected Diana, "it was unless she would kiss him."

"It is all the same thing," said Campbell, decidedly.

"I suppose so," faltered Diana, crimson in the face.

"Well, Beauty stooped and kissed the Beast; he was at once transformed into a handsome young prince, and they were married. That is the story. Well, if I am the Beast, Miss Fitzgerald, will you be Beauty?"

She caught her breath, and clasped her hands convulsively, silent.

"Will you be my wife?" he asked, looking away over the hedge.

"You have been so quick; I only just know you," she stammered; then, gathering her courage, turned and looked him in the face. "I must know you as well as she knew the Beast; you must wait as long as he waited."

"And then—?"

A long pause; they were turning in at Herbert House. At last, with a nervous laugh, that was almost a choke, she began:—

—————
A GREAT NATURALIST.
—————

"If you seem as much the Beast to me then as you do now—"

"You will do what Beauty did at the last?"

A stable-boy was at Anak's head. Campbell threw down the reins and seized Diana's hands, but she was not to be caught. She sprang to the ground, and ran up the steps to the front door.

Here she paused for a second before flying. "If you are *still* the Beast," she said, "yes."—*Temple Bar*.

BIOGRAPHIES of all sorts are the craze of the day, but not many of them have the intense human and sensational fascination of these journals and "Episodes" by Audubon, piously edited by his granddaughter.* They come as a tardy sequel to the great ornithological works—like these, they are eminently autobiographical and self-revealing—which won him a world-wide fame some seventy years ago. For his graphic style is always inspired by a delightful and innocently unconscious egoism. The numerous portraits in the volumes give us the measure of the man: his character is stamped upon his face in the most legible of large print. As we see him in his prime, he is something between "Christopher North" and a peregrine falcon. There is the lofty forehead and the aquiline nose, though the flashing search-light in the hawk-like eye is tempered by a mild benignity. By the way, Audubon is an old acquaintance of "Maga"—an intimate in the inner circle of the directorate. During a prolonged residence in Edinburgh, which he loved beyond all European cities, he was drawn to Wilson, not only by congenial tastes and habits, but by previous acquaintance with the Professor's brother, who had devoted himself, like Audubon, to American bird-lore. He was mentioned at a "Noctes" in terms of the highest admiration, and two eloquent eulogies of his works appeared immediately af-

terward in the Magazine.* Like Christopher, he had a constitution of iron, which he never spared; but in one point there was little resemblance between them. Christopher took his liquor like a man, though the potations pottle-deep at Ambrose's were the flights of a poetical imagination. Audubon prides himself on never having tasted wine or spirits before his marriage, although he learned later to carry a flask as a companion in his multifarious and malarious wanderings. For, like Christopher and the peregrine, he was a born rover, with eyes that were ever on the alert for each movement of animated nature. The son of a Frenchman, and Spanish on the mother's side, he was early naturalized as an American citizen. Oddly enough, though his descendants have religiously preserved all memorials of him, the date and circumstances of his birth are mysterious as those of Melchizedek. His granddaughter cannot pretend to fix it within several years; but she strikes the most probable average about 1780. It is certain that he was a schoolboy in France during the Reign of Terror; and while heads were falling under the guillotine in Paris, and Carrier was perpetrating his grotesque atrocities on the Loire, little John James Laforest was playing truant on the lower banks of the river, bird-nesting and collecting eggs and specimens. Already "I had

* "Audubon and his Journals." By

Maria R. Audubon. John C. Nimmo. 1898.
* July and August, 1831.

upward of 200 drawings, all bad enough, yet they were representations of birds, and I felt pleased with them."

He came to America, where his father had good properties, and, about the time of attaining his majority, launched out as a gay young Pennsylvanian squire. He tells us he was extremely extravagant, with neither vices nor high aims. It was but natural that he should be fond of shooting, and lavish money on a costly stud. And as irrepressible genius will break out, it was as natural he should indulge his taste for drawing, in the intervals of the graver occupations of picnicking, music, and dancing. But the man whose daily wear was to be homespun or deerskins was then so finished and fantastic a dandy that he went shooting in satin small-clothes, silk stockings, and ruffled shirts.

A happy marriage with a charming English girl made, reformed, and beggared him. His father-in-law insisted that he should go into trade, and like many another unlucky man of business, he never discovered his true vocation till he was ruined. His partners may have been honest; but they may be excused if they were disgusted and inclined to take advantage of him. They might tempt him to venture his all in risky speculation, but they could never keep him to the inside of the counting-house. He was keen to break away to the woods and fields, as any falcon fettered to the perch. Fancy the feelings of a respectable New Englander, intent on "making his pile," when coming on such a passage as this in his associate's note-books: "Were I to tell you that once when travelling and driving several horses before me, laden with goods and dollars, I lost sight of the pack-saddles and the cash they bore, to watch the motions of a warbler, I should only repeat occurrences which happened a hundred times and more in those days." And the locations in which the speculators settled offered him rare opportunities and temptations irresistible. He was first at the rising township of Louisville on the Ohio; afterward at Henderson, a hundred miles lower down the river. The

woods, the wolves, and the Indians came up to the skirts of the settlement: the country was sparsely dotted over with squatters, who lived chiefly by their guns. What was bred in the bone would come out, and Audubon was always playing truant as when at school, and picking up respectable, but unprofitable acquaintances. The inevitable results followed. The Pennsylvanian plantation was sold, his debts were paid, and he was left without a dollar. "Was I inclined to cut my throat in foolish despair? No! I *had* talents, and to them I instantly resorted." He stood then at the parting of the ways, and immediately he struck into the path which was to lead him to fame and reasonable affluence. In the meantime, however, he had to resign himself to dire extremities. Here is an incident which shows the careless *viveur* of civilized Pennsylvania, the man who was to be welcomed as an honored guest in the most intellectual society of Western Europe, reduced to the condition of the meanest tramp, and with no previous hardening to stoical endurance. It is in an autobiographical sketch bequeathed to his children:

"After our dismal removal, one morning when all of us were sadly desponding, I took you both from Shippingport to Louisville. I had purchased a loaf of bread and some apples: before you reached Louisville you were all hungry, and by the riverside we sat down and ate our scanty meal. On that day the world was with me as a blank and my heart was sorely heavy, for scarcely had I enough to keep my dear ones alive, and yet through those dark ways I was being led to a development of the talents I loved, and which have brought so much enjoyment to us all."

He goes on characteristically:

"One of the most extraordinary things among all these adverse circumstances was, that I never for a day gave up listening to the songs of our birds or watching their peculiar habits or delineating them in the best way I could: nay, during my deepest troubles, I frequently would wrench myself from the persons around me and retire to some secluded part of our noble forests; and many a time, at the sound of the wood-thrush's melodies, have I fallen on my knees and there prayed earnestly to our God."

These touching extracts may serve to indicate the nervous simplicity of his

graphic style. He was no drawer of landscapes, except in pen and ink; but he was equally effective in portraiture with pen, pencil, and brush. As an animal-artist, for truth and spirit he stands unrivalled, except, perhaps, by Joseph Wolf of the Rhineland, and by Bewick in wood-engraving; though in gratitude for our mercies we should not forget our own Thorburn and Mil-lais. Candid almost to a fault in his criticisms as he was frank in his speech, he ridicules the best work of Smeiders, Hondikoeter, and Edwin Landseer, for their fanciful travesties of the truthful reality. At the same time, he expresses his unbounded admiration of their coloring and of the technique to which he dare never hope to attain. Considering that, save for a few lessons, he was virtually self-taught, his presentations of all the animal creation are marvellous. In the meantime, being thrown back, as he says, on his talents, he has to draw the wild creatures for his pleasure and his fellow-creatures for a living. *Où la vanité va-t-elle se nicher?* Happily for him, the rough back-woodsmen and the scarcely less rude *bourgeois* of the rising frontier townships had a *penchant*, and even a passion, for having the family portraits. And they paid liberally, according to their limited ideas, often not only replenishing an empty purse, but giving a surplus to draw upon for weeks of wanderings. So, thanks to these pot-boilers, he kept adding to the collection, which sent him reluctantly to Europe in 1826 to hunt up wealthy subscribers to the *magnum opus*.

The early journals seem to have perished in a great fire at New York, when the premises in which they were stored were blown up to isolate the conflagration. But we do not know that anything was really lost by that, for there is a good deal of technical prolixity in the naturalist's notes. On the other hand, when he "let himself go," no one could write with more spirit or with more vivid originality, and the "Episodes" which nearly fill the second of these volumes reflect all that was most picturesque in the adventurous life, when "he was making himself,"

as Shortreed said of Walter Scott. Incidentally we are forever being reminded of the changes which have been transforming the Union since the beginning of the century. Western Pennsylvania was then as wild as anything to be found now in Oregon or on the frontiers of New Mexico. Now the rich coal-fields of the Lehigh district are blackened with the fumes of the pits and iron-works: they are covered with populous towns and grimy villages, and traversed by railways ingeniously constructed on the stiffest practicable gradients. Then, though the mineral wealth had been suspected, the freshness of the virgin forests was unsoiled; and Audubon lived for weeks in an out-lying mining-camp, the approaches through almost inaccessible defiles being slowly pioneered by the axes of the lumberers. The weekly consignments of bread and pork were lowered into the depths of the gorge by a rope 300 feet long. Then the Ohio formed the boundary of civilization beyond Kentucky, and, as we have said, when he had his homes in Louisville or Henderson, he could make a mixed bag of everything from a bear to a tomit in woods and prairieland coming up to his door. The wandering traders who supplied the stores generally bought a horse for the journey and took pack-mules to carry the goods. There were neither inns nor regular resting-places, and the travellers either hobbled their beasts and bivouacked, or sought the casual hospitality of some squatter's cabin. Even so late as in 1843, describing his voyage on a Mississippi steamer, he treats his compatriots far more cavalierly than Dickens in "*Martin Chuzzlewit*," or the "*American Notes*." It may be worth while quoting a passage or two, to show that the much-abused Englishman's satire was well within bounds:

"Such a steamer as we have come in!—the very filthiest of all old rat-traps I have ever travelled in, and the fare worse, certainly much worse, and so scanty withal, that our worthy commander could not have given us another meal, had we been detained a night longer. . . . Our *compagnons de voyage*, about 150, were composed of Buckeyes, Wolverines, Suckers, Hoosiers, and

gamblers, with drunkards of every denomination, their ladies and babies of the same nature, and specifically the dirtiest of the dirty. We had to dip the water for washing from the river in tin basins, soap ourselves from the same cake, and wipe the whole 150 with the same solitary towel rolling over a pin, until it would have been difficult to say whether it was manufactured of hemp, flax, or cotton."

Audubon objected more to dirt than to discomfort, and to danger in its many forms he had habituated himself. In the woods beyond the Ohio, no man ever parted with his firearms: they were indispensable for personal security as for supplying the daily meals. Ruffians of all kinds had sought a refuge in the wilderness and were next-door neighbors—at a distance of many miles—of honest, respectable, and hard-working settlers. When a wanderer knocked at a door in the dusk, he had to take his chance of his reception. One thrilling escape of the naturalist brought him into touch with the Regulators, self-constituted satellites of the law, who anticipated the constitutional sheriffs. The naturalist was belated and lost in the woods, when, guided by the flicker of a light, he came to a log cabin. He had a gruff greeting from a formidable-looking virago. Appearances at the best were not reassuring, and within was seated a wounded Indian, who made significant signs of warning to the new arrival, whenever the lady's back was turned. Audubon foolishly showed the woman a gold watch, and her covetous glances made him regret his folly. However, he supped heartily on buffalo-meat and venison; lying down under his blanket, he tucked himself in with his dog, and felt that his gun was ready to his hand. But fresh looks of warning from the Indian had kept his senses on the alert. Presently the door opened, and two stalwart youths entered. There was no mistaking the evil meaning of their whispered conversation with their mother; but in the meantime they were gorging themselves with venison and whiskey. The old woman drank freely also, but she was a seasoned vessel:

"Judge of my astonishment when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large carving-

knife and go to the grind-stone to whet its edge. . . . Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons and said, 'There, that'll soon settle him! Boys, kill you — —, and then for the watch.' . . . All was ready. The infernal hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of despatching me, while her sons should be engaged with the Indian."

He was lying with finger on the trigger, ready to fire, when the door opened and two travellers walked in. His tale was told: the Indian "fairly danced with joy": the half-drunk family was secured, when, "having used them as Regulators were wont to use such delinquents, we set fire to the cabin." We should have fancied that to be a delicate paraphrase for stringing them up to any convenient bough. But it appears from the sequel that the mild-mannered Regulators in these parts practised less summary methods. When a habit-and-repute criminal made himself exceptionally objectionable by repeated atrocities, they led him into the solitude of the forest, searched the woods, and surrounded them with a mounted cordon, and then flogged the victim within an inch of his life—or beyond—in the certainty that no one would hear his yells. If he survived, it was a broad hint to be off—the rather that they had proceeded to burn his cabin. If he took the hint, good and well; if not, and he were charged with offences again, the bare suspicion sufficed to hang him.

These Regulators were law-enforcing folk, but naturally the naturalist often found himself in more doubtful company. Before he associated with *voyageurs* and mountain-men on the upper Missouri, he had made acquaintance among others with Florida wreckers, Tortugas turtlers, and Labrador eggers. The business of the wreckers lay among those keys and creeks in the Mexican Gulf of which we shall hear more in the next few months, now that war has broken out between the Union and Spain. Shoals, reefs, and shallows make the coast perilously dangerous, and those wreckers drove a thriving trade, though it could scarcely be called an honorable industry. But they did not, like the Cornishmen or Bretons,

lure ships ashore by false lights; they only plundered the vessels that had already come to grief. Audubon found them a very decent set of fellows—eager to welcome him on board as a passenger, and keen to assist his zoological collections. To his surprise, their vessels were swift, clean, and commodious: they seem to have resembled our fruiterers of thirty years ago, which used to run between the Channel and the Azores. He speaks very differently of the eggers of Labrador; but two of a trade can never agree. The eggers followed a legal business, but they were unmitigated ruffians and inveterate drunkards. Their ill-found sloops were as sea-worn and filthy as any whaler that has been cruising for years in Antarctic waters, without putting into port. They made descents on the breeding-places to freight their barks with fresh eggs—which might have been legitimate enough. But what roused Audubon's indignation was the ruthless brutality with which they smashed every egg they came across, and trampled the helpless fledglings underfoot. The stench of those breeding-places at the best is bad; but after a visit from those marauders it was simply pestilential. It was some comfort that in their jealousy and by retributive justice, when two gangs met, they invariably fought, making use of their guns as well as cudgels. Yet the warfare generally wound up with a debauch which made the drunkards the best of friends for the time being. The chapter on the turtlers takes us to the Tortugas, renowned in the annals of pirates and buccaneers, and gives us the most vivid account we have read of the haunts and habits of the turtle. Monsters that ran to several hundredweights were turned by several men with the help of hand-spikes, for the sake of the valuable shells. They would have been ignominiously rejected at "The Ship and Turtle" in Leadenhall Street, and even in Tortugas the flesh sold for less than that of the delicate 30-pounders. One curious fact is recorded. The turtles when surprised invariably made a scramble for the sea, and fought and snapped viciously when intercepted.

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But when the lady-fish, as Tom Cringle calls her, is depositing her eggs by the score, she lets nothing interfere with that important business. Apparently she must finish her *accouplement coûte qu'il coûte*, and so she falls an easy victim.

The naturalist's outfit for those wanderings in the woods was of the slightest, and characteristic. No wonder that the backwoodsfolk who saw him unpack his bundle of a night were puzzled as to his objects. It contained a shirt, a few powder-canisters, some pounds of shot, a package of drawing-paper, and a box of colors. In all circumstances, unless it were raining hard, he would sit down to sketch, and then sit up of a night over the smouldering log-fire to write up his journal or preserve a skin. Beside the risks he ran from outlaws and Indians, his hairbreadth escapes were innumerable from the accidents and convulsions of the wilderness. Repeatedly he went astray in the woods, when the game had seemed perversely to elude him, and he was brought to the verge of starvation. He fled before forest-fires, entangled among pitfalls and fallen trees, till the distant crackling and subdued but ominous murmur had swelled into an appalling roar, and the fiery blasts from the furnace had become almost intolerable. On one occasion he just intrenched himself in time behind a lagoon, to escape scathless except for scorched skin and burned hair. There are companion pictures of hurricanes in the woods and on the water, which are filled in with extraordinary force, for the scenes seem most realistically to present themselves. In the former case, the hurricane had swept by him, almost within gunshot, following a narrow belt as clearly defined as the track of the cholera-demon through an Indian cantonment. The tornado that cracked the strongest timber like pipe-stems carried with it "a mingled mass of twigs and foliage that obscured the view." When all was over, "the mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust was whirled onward like a cloud of feathers, and on passing disclosed a wide space filled with fallen trees, naked stumps,

and heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest."

Even more impressive, perhaps, is the description of the Florida storm which fortunately surprised him when within half a cable's length of the beach. "The waters drifted like snow: the tough mangroves hid their tops among their roots, and the loud roaring of the waves driven among them blended with the howl of the tempest." Then, by way of contrast and before taking leave of these varied episodes, we may turn to the softer poetry of a forest sunset, for the naturalist has the true inspiration of the poet:

"The sun was setting with a fiery aspect, and by degrees it sunk in its full circular form, as if giving warning of a sultry morrow. Myriads of insects, delighted at its departure, now filled the air on buzzing wings. Each piping frog arose from the muddy pool in which it had concealed itself: the squirrel retired to its hole, the crow to its roost, and far above, the harsh, croaking voice of the heron announced that, full of anxiety, it was wending its way toward the miry interior of some distant swamp. Now the woods began to resound to the shrill cries of the owl; and the breeze, as it swept among the columnar stems of the forest trees, came laden with heavy and chilling dews."

In short, he makes us understand and sympathize with no little of the fascination of swamp and forest for the born woodsman. There could hardly be a more startling change of habits when most reluctantly he came over to Europe to tout for subscriptions for his great ornithological work. But Americans, at once cultured and rich, were few, and there was no help for it. Doubtless he was partly actuated by honorable ambition, but it was chiefly by a grave sense of duty. In some respects he was an indifferent husband. His wife could never tie the rover to her apron-strings, and as for sticking to the desk and counting-house, that was altogether out of the question. Nevertheless, he was the most affectionate of husbands and the most doating of fathers. Now he saw his way, though a very disagreeable one, to making satisfactory provision for them. We are safe to say it needed more constancy, if not more courage, than all the perils and hardships he had faced in the

woods. He came to England, whither his fame had preceded him, with good introductions, which were hospitably honored. He found a host of congenial spirits in amateurs, artists, and men of science. Wherever he went, almost without exception, he was offered a home, and he need seldom have put up at a hotel or dined alone in his lodgings. Moreover, he found generous friends and patrons, nor had he any of the unpleasant experiences of Johnson in the anteroom of Lord Chesterfield. But never was man more heartily homesick: he even looked back with fond longing to the pestilential Floridan lagoons, where alligators were the stepping-stones and water-snakes the foot-snares. The deerskin shirt was easier wear than the swallow-tail coat; if there was one thing he did detest, it was a ceremonial dinner; and he looked forward with the apprehension of a shy schoolboy to meeting a statesman or even a great nobleman. Yet there was not a touch of vulgarity in that: it was merely a want of familiarity and the imaginative dread of the unknown. Audubon was intensely imaginative and emotional: the nerves that never failed him before savage or bear were tremulous in the horrors of ceremonious society. But he kept these inner secrets for his private note-books, and was stoical in society to appearance, as an Indian at the stake. Frequently there was the surprise of delightful reaction. Like Roland Græme when ushered into the presence of Murray, he had much dreaded a visit to the descendant of the Regent's trusted ally at Dalmahoy, for Lord Morton had held high office at Court. He was greatly relieved to find that the veteran courtier, confined to his bath-chair by rheumatism and gout, was an object of compassion rather than terror. Yet it would be a mistake to fancy that he ever shewed awkwardness. He had all the easy grace of his French parentage, and the stately dignity of his Spanish blood. And he had the dignity, besides, of a self-respecting man, with a discriminating sense of his own gifts and superiority. He knew well where he excelled, as he was equally alive to his artistic shortcomings.

We have spoken of his "touting" for subscriptions, and the trivial expression is at once applicable and misleading. Needless to say that he never stooped to humiliation, still less to servility. But, on the other hand, he experienced the mortifications, the disappointments, and the delays which always await those who must stoop to make attacks on other men's purses. Rich squires and stately nobles who were free with their dinners and their wines were slow to come forward as subscribers. Curators of museums and college librarians, eloquent of praise of his drawings, regretted the narrow means which compelled their institutions to severe economy. Subscribers who had signed engagements in moments of expansion, shamelessly repudiated them. On the whole, he did fairly well in that travelling business; but sometimes a sojourn in such a town as York was a dead loss, and he was detained in Paris for many weeks waiting the good pleasure or the caprice of royal patrons.

The impressions which the England of seventy years ago made on a quick-sighted American are curiously interesting. On the long voyage, delayed by baffling winds and protracted calms, he had beguiled the time by studying the habits of sharks, porpoises, and dolphins, of sea-birds and migrants. But he was heartily tired of it all when he sighted Cape Clear, and his soul was gladdened by the hedgerows of Wales, as the vessel tacked up the Irish Channel. Landing at Liverpool, he found himself at once one of the family in the hospitable households of the Rathbones and Roscoes. In their houses he made useful and agreeable acquaintances; but the first of his meetings with really illustrious Englishmen was that with Lord Stanley. His feelings before it came off are eminently illustrative of his temperament. His lordship was the statesman and future Premier; but he seems to have been nearly as enthusiastic a naturalist as his father, the thirteenth Earl, who made the famous collections at Knowsley. "My head was full of Lord Stanley. I am a very poor fool, to be sure, to be troubled at

the idea of meeting an English *gentleman*, when those I have met have been in kindness, manners, talent, all I could desire." When his lordship entered the room, "my hair, and I have enough, stood on end, I am sure." Lord Stanley cordially shook hands, saying easily—as might have been expected—"I am glad to see you;" and "the words and manner put me at once at my ease." A few minutes more and the dreaded visitor was kneeling on the carpet, turning over the drawings. "He is a great naturalist; and in an instant he was exclaiming, 'Fine!' 'Beautiful!' . . . I forgot he was Lord Stanley. I knew only he too loved nature." Indeed Audubon was a very singular compound of nervous modesty and innocent vanity. He reminds us of Fanny Burney over the *début* of "Evelina," in the sensitiveness to criticism, unaffected in his ease, and in the voluptuous modesty with which he eagerly reports all the civil and flattering things that were said to him.

Liverpool and Manchester were made tolerable by cordial welcomes and by sojourns in rural mansions in the neighborhoods. But during his long stay in the British Isles, Edinburgh was his residence of predilection: Scott himself scarcely expresses greater affection or admiration for "mine own romantic town." Indeed Audubon came to it steeped in adoration of Scott, for he had been under the spell of the Magician since his boyhood. He stood up on the roof of the Hawick mail, vainly stretching his neck for one glimpse of the chimneys of Abbotsford. He wishes patriotically that he could have transplanted the Wizard to Kentucky, to have immortalized in romance its semi-tropical woodlands, with the magnolias and the deer, the eagles and the songsters, before they are swept away in the rising flood of industry, commerce, and agriculture. Nor can we have a more striking proof of the intellectual lustre of the Edinburgh of that radiant day than in the constellation of remarkable personages that sparkle in those journals. There is nothing to compare to it in the writer's reminiscences of London or Paris,

though undoubtedly that may be due in some measure to the more concrete society of the smaller northern capital. There the illustrious stranger was launched at once in an intellectual world, where he saw all that was worth the seeing. We make a few selections and extracts which should have special interest for Scots, though we should be glad to quote the journal almost *in toto*. Comfortably established in lodgings in George Street, his life-long enthusiasm for Scott sent him straight to the theatre to see "Rob Roy." We presume that Murray was personating the Bailie, and that Mackay was playing in the part of the Dougal Creature. At any rate, Audubon was delighted: the Highland drama was put on the stage just as he had imagined it; he protests that "Rob Roy" should always be seen in Auld Reekie as "Tartuffe" at the Français. Next day he goes to leave a letter for Jeffrey: being Sunday, Jeffrey was probably at Craigmicro. But he was shown into his sanctum, where he was staggered by the masses of books and letters, the beautiful paintings, and, above all, by the piles of unopened parcels addressed to the editor of the *Edinburgh*. "What have I done," I thought, "compared to what this man has done and has to do? I much long to see the famous critic." When he did see him, he was disappointed. "His looks were shrewd, but I thought his eyes almost cunning. . . . He never came near me, and I never went near him, for if he was Jeffrey, I was Audubon." And he was annoyed besides, because as Basil Hall, who was contemplating his American tour, persistently turned the conversation in that direction, so Jeffrey always adroitly diverted it to indifferent subjects. But Audubon had been one of the victims of the *Edinburgh* reviewers; the men had no love for each other. While he worshipped the romantic genius of Scott, he had little sympathy with the cold intellect of the critic.

In an important interview he made the acquaintance of Lizars, who first undertook the engraving for him, though subsequently their relations were strained or interrupted. "I

slowly unbuckled my portfolio, and with my heart like a stone, held up a drawing. Mr. Lizars rose from his seat, exclaiming, 'My God, I never saw anything like this before!'" Next came James Wilson, that other American ornithologist, and Sir William Jardine and Mr. Selby—with the two last he had much friendly and ornithological intercourse—and afterward "the famous Professor Wilson of *Blackwood* fame, I might almost say the author of *Blackwood's Magazine*," and the elder brother of the ornithologist. Thereupon he ejaculates, in genuine Boswellian vein, "How proud I feel that in Edinburgh, the seat of learning, science, and solidity of judgment, I am liked and am received so kindly!" He returned the Professor's call next day:

"I did not even ask if Professor Wilson was in. No; I simply told the man to say that Mr. Audubon from America wished to speak with him. In a moment I was conducted to a room where I wished that all that had been written in it was my own to remember, to enjoy, to profit by; but I had not been here many minutes before a sweet child, a happy daughter of this great man, asked me to go upstairs, saying, 'Papa will be there in a minute;' and truly, almost at once, the Professor came in, with freedom and kindness of manner, life in his eye and benevolence in his heart."

There is a humorously amusing account of a banquet on St. Andrew's Day, when the American was introduced to the Scottish *cuisine* of the olden time, followed by a second substantial dinner à l'Anglaise. There he was made temporarily miserable by the prospect of having to return thanks for his health, which he did in the fewest possible words; and then no less a person than Sir William Allan entertained the company by imitating the humming of a bumble-bee, and chasing it about the room, in the manner of John Ballantyne with the souter and his blackbird. *Autres temps, autres moeurs!* Apropos to buzzing bees, Audubon writes a fortnight afterward that, much as he found to enjoy, the dissipation, the painting, and his incessant correspondence makes his head feel like an immense hornet's-nest. It was little wonder. He still allowed himself only four hours' sleep, and worked indefatigably

at his easel, even in the dark northern December. His rapidity and facility were marvellous. He tells us he finished an otter, which had a great success, in thirteen hours. The laborious work sounds like drudgery, yet he always gave soul and character to the birds and beasts. There is an infinity of suggestive romance in the pathos and comedy of his sylvan studies. Like Joseph Wolf, he knew the art of enveloping the night-prowlers in shadow, dim moonlight, and mystery. As a tangible and material proof of his mastership, for drawings that had cost him but a day or two of toil £100 or even £200 were offered. He did well as it was; but it would seem he might have made his fortune had he renounced scientific ambition for lucrative engagements.

He was sufficiently nervous when he made the acquaintance of Dr. Brewster. Reading to him, on the first introduction, a paper on the habits of the carrion crow, "About midway, my nervousness affected my respiration. I paused a moment, and he was good enough to say it was highly interesting. . . . I felt the penetrating looks and keen observation of the learned man before me, so that the cold sweat started from me." But that was nothing to his excitement and emotion when at length he saw the author of "*Waverley*" in the flesh. The meeting had been looked forward to, and longed for, and deferred, like that of Boswell with Johnson. Here is the entry in the journal on that memorable Monday:

"I was painting diligently when Captain Hall came in and said, 'Put on your coat and come with me to Sir Walter Scott: he wishes to see you now.' In a moment I was ready, for I really believe my coat and hat came to me instead of my going to them. My heart trembled. I longed for the meeting, yet wished it over. Had not his wondrous pen penetrated my soul with the consciousness that here was a genius from God's hand? . . . Sir Walter came forward, pressed my hand, and said 'he was glad to have the honor of meeting me.' His long, loose, silvery locks struck me: he looked like Franklin at his best. He also reminded me of Benjamin West: he had the great benevolence of William Roscoe about him, and a kindness most prepossessing. I watched his movements as I would those of a celestial

being: his long, heavy, white eyebrows struck me forcibly. . . . There was much conversation. I talked little, but, believe me, I listened and observed."

On the following day, when Sir Walter shook hands with him at a meeting of the Royal Society, "the mark of attention was observed by other members, who looked at me as if I had been a distinguished stranger." One other extract, and, reluctantly as Audubon, we must tear ourselves away from Edinburgh. Indeed, there is nothing of equal interest recorded elsewhere, except when he met Bewick at Newcastle, and perhaps when he was presented to Cuvier in Paris. Although he seems to have preferred worshipping in the woods to services in temples made with hands, he went to church in George Street on one noteworthy occasion:

"But Sydney Smith preached. Oh, what a soul there must be in the body of that great man! What sweet yet energetic thoughts, what goodness he must possess! It was a sermon to me. He made me smile, and he made me think deeply. He pleased me at times by painting my foibles with due care, and again I felt the color come to my cheeks as he portrayed my sins. I left the church, full of veneration not only toward God, but toward the wonderful man who so beautifully illustrates his noblest handiwork."

Much as we admire Sydney Smith's versatile talents, we must say, as Dugald Dalgetty said to Argyle in the marquis's dungeon, that we never heard so much good of him as a preacher before.

The most eloquent and sympathetic tribute of a compatriot to the wonderful creative genius of the peasant-born Bewick is to be found in Howitt's "Visits to Remarkable Places;" but Audubon, with his deeper and more technical acquaintance with nature, does not yield to Howitt in unstinted admiration for "the wonderful man. I call him wonderful because I am sincerely of opinion that his work on wood is superior to anything ever attempted in ornithology." For the sake of Bewick the banks of Tyne had been as much enchanted ground to him as those of Tweed for the love of Scott. He saw the venerable engraver for the first time, and several times afterward, in

"a half-clean cotton nightcap, tinged with the smoke of the place," and he was not disenchanted. From the first they met and talked on the footing of old and familiar friends, for each had studied and appreciated the work of the other. His reception by Cuvier and Geoffrey St. Hilaire in Paris, though courteous and even cordial, was less gratifying. It was mortifying to the American "woodsman" to find that these illustrious French *savants* had never heard of him or of his ornithological labors; but French appreciation is not cosmopolitan, and is limited by its ignorance of foreign languages.

We shall not touch on the elaborate journals kept faithfully as ever on the Upper Missouri and in Labrador. Though full of incident and abounding

in reminiscences of perils, from storm and flood, from fevers and dysenteries, from wild Indians and wild animals, they merely amplify in somewhat monotonous detail the picturesque retrospects of the "Episodes." Temperate habits, iron health, and long days in the open air stood the great naturalist in good stead to the last. Whatever the date of his birth may have been, he was certainly well over the threescore years and ten when he died in New York in 1851, of no active disease, but of a sudden and easy collapse. He lies in a beautiful suburban cemetery, among the flowers and beneath the trees he loved so well, and under a stately monument erected to his memory by the New York Academy of Sciences.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE BRITISH RECORD IN CHINA.

BY ALEXIS KRAUSSE.

HISTORY, according to Gibbon, is little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind. Whatever the truth of this aphorism in the abstract, it is unquestionably applicable to the record of British influence in China, where the folly of a Government, devoid of knowledge and lacking in policy, has culminated in a series of misfortunes, which no amount of belated energy will suffice to redeem. The chronicle of events of the past six months in the Far East is one which may have the gravest outcome in the history of Great Britain. Assailed by the conflicting interests of rival Powers, we have failed to hold our own in the struggle for pre-eminence, and our policy of drift has been defeated at every point, as such exhibitions of incapacity invariably are.

The story of the present crisis is too recent to require elucidation. The descent of Russia upon Manchuria, the quibble respecting Port Arthur and Talién-wan, the moral capture of the Chinese conscience by M. Pavloff, and the acquisition of various railway concessions inimical to British interests,

have all been dwelt on in the public press, and discussed in Parliament. Every intelligent subject of the Queen is acquainted with the false position into which British prestige has become plunged, and every loyal Englishman realizes the fact that this country has lost her status as leader among nations, and has been beaten by the abilities of Russian diplomats. The position, long since rendered irksome, has ended by becoming intolerable, and from one end of the country to the other there is but a single expression of opinion—one of keen indignation at the incapacity responsible for the *status quo*. It has become realized that Lord Salisbury has proved himself utterly unfitted to deal with, or to appreciate, the true inwardness of Russian *finesse*. And even his staunchest supporters are fain to admit that he has been badly beaten in his efforts. Manchuria, the exploitation of which was due to British enterprise, is lost to us. Our influence at Peking is gone. Even the Valley of the Yangtse, that wonderful preserve comprising the richest territory on the surface of the globe; which we have

been assured, on at least a dozen occasions, was pledged to the commerce of Great Britain; is being invaded by rival Powers, and our prospects there endangered. And yet, with every pledge broken, and every understanding denied, our Government clings to that most egregious fiction, the policy of the "open door," and refrains from taking a stand on the admitted rights of Great Britain in China.

The present position of affairs at Pekin has been brought about by a combination of ignorance, indolence, and lack of courage. China, the richest country in the world, with its vast possibilities and its immense population, has never been deemed worthy of especial study by a British Minister of the front rank. Situated at the other end of the world, it has come to be regarded as a semi-savage country, which it may one day be worth while to open up. In the present, the Celestials have always been left pretty much to themselves. And thus, while English Ministers have busied themselves over minor legislation of a domestic nature, the exploitation of this land flowing with milk and honey has been left to chance, or individual effort, with the result that other nations have entered on the task we have neglected, and have snatched our opportunities from within our reach. It would be difficult to exaggerate the sheer apathy which has always existed among our rulers aenent the Flowery Land. Even to-day, after a lapse of two hundred years since British trade first found a vent on the Canton River, our knowledge of the Celestial Empire is mainly due to foreign effort. If the student desires a reliable map of any portion of the eighteen provinces, he is impelled to invest in a product of either Russian or German ingenuity, while the only satisfactory account of the geography of China is the work of a German scientist. And the result of this widespread ignorance may be noted when the Prime Minister speaks of the Yangtse-Kiang River and Bay of Taliens-wan. It was only the other day that Mr. Balfour seriously stated in the House of Commons that Port Arthur would be "far less suit-

able to us than Wei Hai Wei from a naval and strategic point of view," and the newly appointed Viceroy of India, himself a supposititious expert on things Chinese, denied that Wei Hai Wei was fortified, at a time when every illustrated paper was publishing photographs proving the contrary.

The lack of energy which has always characterized our intercourse with the Chinese, is responsible for the inordinately slow progress which we have made in their confidence, and for the ease with which our representatives are worsted by rival diplomatists at Peking. Never having taken pains to appreciate the Chinese character, it follows that we have never rightly understood how to deal with the Chinese people. More than this, we have consistently refrained from bringing the experience we have obtained in India to bear upon our relations with the Celestials. Like all Oriental peoples, the Chinese are amenable only to superior force. To reason with such as they is but to exhibit weakness. It is the inborn suspicion, ever latent in the Eastern mind, which has taught this remarkable race to avoid all intercourse with foreign nations, and to shut themselves up within their proper territory. It was only after we had taught the Mandarin that we were a strong power, and able to enforce our will, that they climbed out of their exclusiveness and consented to have relations with us at all. It was the subsequent discovery that we did not always exercise our strength, that encouraged the Chinese to withdraw the pledges previously given. Had we been consistent in our dealings with them; had we shown them, as we have shown the natives of India, that behind a policy of moderation there was an always available force, ready to be employed immediately any evasion of an understanding was attempted, the British record in China would have been a very different one, and the results attained infinitely greater and more valuable. The policy of this country in the Far East has, however, always consisted of a weak opportunism untempered by discretion, a policy of vacillation, without the capacity for taking advantage

of windfalls, fully justifying the comparison between those responsible and the imbecile who sat down and waited for the river to run dry before he should attempt to cross.

Nor are these idiosyncrasies of recent development. From the withdrawal of the monopoly enjoyed by the East India Company, to the present day, British action in China has been injudicious and inconsequent. The Government has rarely had a definite policy in view, and when a line of conduct has been determined on, it has, in nearly every instance, been abandoned ere sufficient time has been allowed for it to produce any tangible result. We have, it is true, had good men at the front, but their action has been cramped, and their efforts counteracted, by the eccentricities of the Government at home. Thus, as we to-day stand discredited before the world, after being worsted by the Chinese, the Russians, and the French in turn, so have we almost invariably been hoist on our own petard in our efforts to dominate the Far East, without bringing either energy or ability to bear upon our aim.

The political relations between Great Britain and China may be said to have commenced with the visit of Lord Macartney to Peking, in 1793. This, the first mission sent to the Chinese Capital by a Western Power, was upon the whole a success. And we showed our appreciation of the fact by sending a subsequent mission to convey a number of costly gifts, as a bribe for further favors, to the Emperor's chief Mandarin, Sung Tojan, thereby prejudicing the "son of heaven" against us, and causing our best friend at court to be deposed. The return of the bribes, accompanied by a sarcastic letter, addressed to George III. by Kia King, is a matter of every-day history. It was in the hope of undoing the mischief which arose from the above-named incident, that Lord Amherst was despatched to China, in charge of a second Embassy, in 1816. The Emperor, on hearing of the arrival of the Ambassador, at Tientsin, gave orders for him to be escorted to Peking with all haste, and, on his ar-

rival, sent a high official to bid him come to an immediate audience. Lord Amherst appears to have thought more about his personal dignity than of the importance of his mission, and refused to keep the appointment made, on the plea that he was fatigued and required rest. A second summons from Kia King met with a similar rebuff, and the Emperor, incensed at the repulse of his friendly overtures, ordered that the "Barbarian" and his escort should be forthwith sent to the coast. Thus, what might have proved a valuable factor in the relations between this country and China, came to nought through the self-sufficiency of an opinionated ambassador. The attitude assumed by Lord Napier toward the Viceroy of the two Kwan, on his appointment as superintendent of British trade, would have been amusing had it not proved idiotic. Resenting the reserve of the Mandarin with whom he was brought into contact, and despite the fact that he was without the force necessary to carry out his threats, he despatched a bombastic proclamation, which resulted in a state of siege being introduced into the British settlement. Whereupon the official who had brought about our trouble promptly retreated to Macao, and left the Chinese masters of the situation. His successor, Captain Elliot, followed in his footsteps, and there can be no question but that his want of tact, and ignorance of the race with whom he had to deal, were entirely responsible for the outbreak of the misnamed "opium" war.

After the British fleet, which was sent out on the declaration of war in December, 1839, had failed to obtain a messenger to carry a despatch to Peking, it was decided that the only course was to sail north and make for Tientsin. This was done, and the Emperor Taoukwang came speedily to his senses. Captain Elliot was received at the mouth of the Peiho by an accredited Mandarin, who persuaded him that negotiations would be conducted far more satisfactorily at Canton than at Peking. Accordingly, the British agent surrendered all the advantage he had attained, and withdrew his fleet southward, with

results which were most disastrous. And the simplicity exhibited on this occasion was more than once repeated during the operations on the Canton River. Nor are the terms of the Nankin Treaty, which ended the war, suitable as between the rulers of two equal nations. No able diplomatist, representing a first-class power, would have consented to sign such a document.

The occupation of the Treaty Ports, opened under the compact of 1842, passed off satisfactorily, and for a while a period of good understanding existed. After a brief interval, however, the natives were secretly encouraged to cause trouble in the hope of getting rid of the "barbarian" invaders. The city of Foochow set the example of attacking all foreigners who appeared in the streets. Assaults became common. Consular attachés were stoned, and the precedent set on the Min River was speedily imitated at Canton, where the Vice-Consul and two other Englishmen were set upon, pinioned, robbed, and grievously maltreated. Shortly after this, Commander Giffard was attacked at Whampoa; and Governor Davis, finding ordinary measures useless, determined to exact reparation for these insults. He was promptly "snubbed" by Lord Aberdeen, the then Foreign Minister, and had to forego his intention, with the result that a general rising against the English took place, causing much damage and loss. Six Englishmen were murdered in Canton in 1848, and in the same year three missionaries were mobbed and badly injured at Shanghai. Consul Alcock, who was at the time stationed on the Woosung River, finding that there was little chance of the malefactors being punished without rigorous measures being pursued, decided to take the matter into his own hands. He forthwith blockaded the port, and refused to permit any grain junks to leave their moorings until the guilty persons were given over to justice. This move was immediately successful. Ten prisoners were brought to Shanghai and duly recognized by their victims, and they were severely punished. There can be no question as to the common sense of

Mr. Alcock's procedure. He not only gave the Chinese a salutary lesson in manners, but did much to retrieve the reputation for weakness which had followed the vacillations of Lord Amherst and Captain Elliot. No sooner, however, were the events recorded reported to Mr. Bonham, the British Plenipotentiary at Hong Kong, than the Consul was severely taken to task, and informed that Her Majesty's Government had peremptorily forbidden the taking of offensive operations without the previous sanction of the Colonial Secretary! And when, later on, Dr. Bowring insisted on the opening of Canton to British trade, he was himself "sententiously rebuked by that most sapient of Foreign Secretaries," the Earl of Malmesbury.

It would be easy to quote further instances of eccentricity on the part of the British Government. One more will suffice our immediate purpose. In 1858, notwithstanding the provisions of the Treaty of Nanking, it was found unsafe to go even a mile beyond the city walls of Canton. Cases of robbery and assault were frequent, and the matter was referred to Lord Elgin, the High Commissioner entrusted with the settlement of Chinese troubles. That enlightened diplomatist met the grievance brought before him by declaring that, as it was unsafe to go a mile beyond the city, no British subject should go outside the walls; and this in face of the country round about being declared open to the British by Treaty. Well might Sir Harry Parkes write "Oh for the time when one may be able to bid adieu to official life, and take to growing cabbages!"

In 1858 Lord Elgin succeeded in obtaining the Treaty of Tientsin. The various concessions made in this Treaty were agreed to by the Chinese under fear of the war being prolonged, and possibly waged round the northern capital. There was not the slightest intention of observing the conditions one instant longer than could be helped. All that the Emperor desired was to get rid of his unwelcome visitors. Accordingly, Lord Elgin, with that extraordinary fatuousness which has

distinguished most of our High Commissioners in China; oblivious to the real position, and unmindful of the rights accorded him as the Queen's representative by the second article of the Treaty, did not even demand an audience with Hienfung. Nor did he leave his army at Tientsin to guarantee the fulfilment of the concessions made. Accordingly, when his brother, Mr. Frederick Bruce, reached the Peiho as Minister to exchange the ratifications of the Treaty at Peking, he found the river impassable, and had to retire, amid the jibes of the people. In consequence of Lord Elgin's stupidity the whole operation had to be repeated. The High Commissioner once more went north, and after much more opposition and the loss of many men, succeeded in reaching Peking, where he established himself early in the autumn of 1860. Desiring to return to the coast before the river became frozen, having remained at the capital a little over a week, Lord Elgin left a second time without having been received by the Emperor to whom he had been accredited.

Is it surprising, in face of such a record of combined incapacity and pusillanimity, that the influence of this country in the Far East is on the wane? Up to the point reached in the above survey, the struggle was an individual one between the British and Chinese. During recent years this simplicity of contest has disappeared among the varied and conflicting interests of a number of competing nations. It is no longer a question of what England desires to obtain from the Chinese. The problem to-day is what will Russia, France, or Germany permit China to accord? and the wily Celestial, the very first to realize this position, does not hesitate to benefit by the number of his suitors, and plays one off against the other with admirable cleverness and *sang froid*. And this very multiplicity of despoilers has proved China's greatest support; for each, jealous of the others, resents any attempt at dismembering the Empire, excepting on her own behalf.

Having neglected to make use of our

opportunities during a century in which there was no suggestion of outside interference, it is not surprising that our rulers have failed utterly in maintaining the interests of this country since we have been face to face with rival interests. The lack of information which found vent in apathy has given way to a series of alternations of impulse which has resulted in our being worsted on every occasion on which we have matched ourselves against our rivals. The greatest foes of Great Britain during recent happenings in the Far East have not been the Russians, but the shallowness, ignorance, and indifference of our statesmen. China has been politically dead these three years. Her views, her actions, are alike unimportant. It is no longer a question of what she will accord, but of what her despoilers will insist on. In her senility, decrepid and corrupt to the core, her one idea is how she may best prolong her existence, not with a view to emulate the example of her neighbors, and take a place in the councils of the world, but merely in order that she may continue her methods of peculation, of robbery, and of fraud upon her substance. Discredited because exposed, conscious that without some support she must infallibly meet her doom, she seeks a friend on whom to lean in order that she may escape the extinction she so richly merits. At the outset, the Chinese politicians turned toward Great Britain. This country was regarded as the natural protector of the Empire. The English were the first to come into contact with the Celestials. Our power has been felt in China, and the Chinese were not slow in the hour of need to realize that if it were once enlisted on her side, she would be scatheless to the world. Our interests are more widely spread and more deeply rooted than those of other nations in the land, and despite the frequent troubles that had been, China had come to realize that England was more fair and more honest in her dealings, than any of the other nations with whom she had come into contact. Overtures were accordingly made, without result. On the conclusion of the China-Japanese war, Eng-

land refused to come to the protection of the vanquished. So China turned to Russia, and found that comfort which was denied her by ourselves. The result was fatal to British influence in the Far East. To-day, China looks to Russia as her friend and ally. For the first time in her history she has fully committed herself to the keeping of a foreign Power. The Cassini Treaty, kept a secret for so long, makes the emissaries of the Czar the virtual rulers of the Celestial Empire: and having forfeited the respect of China by neglecting our manifest duty to take her under our protection, we achieved her contempt by being so easily tricked over the Russian seizure of the Liao Tong Peninsula.

Even at this stage, however, we might have retrieved the past, and secured the premier position in the Far East. Wearied of the constant exactions of her chosen protector, the Chinese Cabinet, so recently as the 31st of January last, made a final appeal for the support of Great Britain. Replying to Sir Claude MacDonald on the subject of the suggested British loan, the Tsungli Yamen stated that it would be prepared to endorse his views and co-operate with this country if the Government would afford protection against Russia, this being the only thing that would help them. The offer, like those which had preceded it, was declined, in proof of our being as slow to secure an advantageous position in the Far East, as we have always been in attaining an enforcement of our rights or compensation for injuries. No greater contrast is to be found between the policy of England and that of other countries in the Far East, than that afforded by the uncertainty and procrastination which invariably attends any assertion of our prestige. More than a year was permitted to elapse between the brutal murder of Augustus Margary and the signing of the Treaty of Cheefoo, and when this was ordained, its provisions proved ridiculously inadequate to mark the enormity of the deed commemorated. Our controlling influence in China, so far as effective power is concerned, is lost to us, until such a time

as we show, by force of arms, if need be, that we are yet a factor to be reckoned with. We are discredited at Peking by our pusillanimity as much as we are discredited in Europe by our defeat. Our opportunities have passed away, and we are left to realize at leisure our discomfiture.

From the first chapter in this record of disaster, we have been consistent only in our errors. After wasting blood and treasure in the obtaining of treaties for the furtherance of intercourse, we have not successfully imposed the observance, of a single one, upon the recalcitrant Celestial. We have sacrificed our rights and imperilled our reputation not only by foregoing privileges, but by condoning breaches of faith which have rendered us ridiculous. We have met Celestial chicanery with lack of resource, and Russian ability with an admission of impotence. And when all too late the approaching partition of the Empire is realized, we blandly pin our faith to an impossible catchword known as the "Open Door," originating in Exeter Hall, and based on the most truly Christian quality of universal charity, but utterly untenable, and, from the standpoint of the political student, absurd. It is to be doubted whether a more insane proposal was ever laid down by a jaded minister, than this suggestion of the "Open Door." Its very idea, signifying the accordance of equal rights to all nations at all times, or, as it is termed, "equality of opportunity," is opposed to every principle of national policy. It is a theory only possible to a nation which, like ourselves, is capable of holding its own in the commercial field against all competitors. Such a policy, if the suggestion deserves the title, would, without doubt, be advantageous to ourselves, inasmuch as it would afford us all the advantages of a preferential sphere, without the attendant expense of supervision or protection. But to all other countries the "Open Door" would mean a loss of opportunity for protected trade, and the Powers, whose only chance of successful competition rests on the imposition of tariffs sufficiently high to keep British manufactures at

arms' length, could never consent to accepting a proposal which would be equivalent to making a free gift of valuable future markets to this country. To talk of the "Open Door" as a policy, is about as idiotic as to repeat the threadbare dictum that "British Interests in China are commercial, not political." The existence of the one idea is as impossible as is the other. And, notwithstanding, the Government cling to their Utopian dream, and, in face of their every statement being discredited by fact, attempt to justify a copybook heading!

At the very moment when the British Government was dilating on the beauties of the "Open Door," the partition of the Chinese Empire had begun. Russia was secretly but effectively sending troops into Manchuria. France, refusing to learn from experience the hopelessness of her methods of colonization, was seeking further extension northward in the provinces of Yunnan and Kwangsi, and Germany was fully occupied prospecting the metalliferous deposits of Shantung for her exclusive benefit. Great Britain, possessed of the most authoritative claims to a voice in the matter, alone refrained from taking part in the scramble for territory, and her reiterated cry for the "Open Door" found its answer in the projection of a Franco-Russian line of railway across the heart of that sphere which she had always deemed exclusively her own. Driven at last by the indignation of its supporters, as much as by the sneers of its rivals, to attempt something, the British Government hastened to do something wrong, and took Wei Hai Wei, a harbor indefensible by land and exposed to the sea; and goaded to a declaration of assumed activity, Lord Salisbury and his lieutenants declared their unalterable intention to do what they had never done, and protect British interests in China under all circumstances. The immediate answer to this statement has been the cancelling of the Newchang Railway concession, and we stand face to face with Russia in China, defeated in every move, discredited before the world, without a policy,

impotent and ridiculous, awaiting a bolt from the blue to extract us from a position which any nation but our own would speedily discover to be untenable.

And now, while we stand discounted and helpless, there comes the rumor that the Government is attempting to come to an understanding with Russia. Nor is the suggestion singular. There are signs to be read by those skilled in such matters, that there is a growing feeling among the supporters of the Government that we have not done sufficient justice to Muscovite ambition, and that our discomfiture has been brought about by the distrust we have all along manifested of Muscovite faith! I have little doubt but that Lord Salisbury would be willing to close with any offer of a Russian understanding which did not press too hardly on British pretensions in the Far East. Nor do I question the readiness of the Ministers of the Czar to accede to what is desired. Pledges, undertakings, and treaties with Russia resemble those made by her nearest neighbor in Asia. Such things are entered on with the distinct intention of being observed as little as circumstances will allow. An understanding with Russia endures for so long as it is her interest to maintain an appearance of being bound. Her policy is too stable to permit her to be long affected by any concession, while, in the case of China, there is too little stability to enable her to carry out any treaty. No agreement with either is worth the paper it is written on, unless the other signatory possess the force to compel adherence to its terms, and is prepared to use it. The question then arises—Do we possess the faculty of profiting by our discomfiture? Are we capable, ere it is too late, of making a stand, and insisting, by force of arms if need be, on the respecting of our undoubted rights? Is Lord Salisbury too old to learn; or is he bent on pursuing his "gou, gou" attitude, and continuing his aspect of smug indifference to the bitter end? Is it within the capacity of the Government to import into its Eastern policy a modicum

of practical common sense, sufficient to manage a Shoolbred's or a Whiteley's? Is it possible to extract Imperial rule from an Imperial Government? On

the answer to these questions pends the fate of Britain in the Far East.—*Fortnightly Review.*

THE AFRICAN GUANO ISLANDS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the advanced state of development attained by the modern art of globe-trotting, and the comprehensive accomplishments of its numerous votaries, there still remain some spots on our planet not the least charm of which lies in the fact of their being outside the ordinary highways of travel. Away in the South Atlantic, lying between latitude 28° S. and 24° S., quite out of the track of steamers and sailing vessels ploughing the ocean between England and the Cape of Good Hope, and fringing the shores of Great Namaqualand and German Damaraland, are a dozen islands, bleak, barren, and unpromising in themselves beyond description, and yet the natural depot of one of the most fertilizing agents known to commerce. Their names are Plum-pudding, Albatross, Sinclairs, Pomona, Long, Possession, Halifax, Seal, Penguin, Ichaboe, Mercury, and Hollamsbird Islands, the largest some three miles long by half-a-mile in breadth, and the smallest a mere islet of rock.

By an act of Parliament passed in 1874, these islands, generally known as the Ichaboe group, were annexed to the Cape Colony, and for many years were leased out to private individuals, who reaped a rich harvest as the reward of their enterprise. As the leases fell in, however, the colonial government undertook the business, the immediate management being delegated to an agent, who has hitherto been remunerated by a commission on the net yearly profits, amounting to 15 per cent. on the first £8000, 5 per cent. between £8000 and £15,000, and 3 per cent. between £15,000 and £20,000. For the last seven years the annual production has been about 2770 tons, and the cost of working is put down at £3 5s. 7d. per ton, while the price at which guano is sold to the colonial farmers is at present £6 10s. per ton. In England

it fetches from £8 to £9 ; but prior to the manufacture of artificial fertilizers the market-price has been as high as £17 or £18 for first-class stuff. Each island, it should be observed, produces a different kind, or rather quality, depending more or less on the amount of sand and grit with which the guano becomes mixed ; Mercury, for instance, which is nothing but a barren rock, furnishing the commodity in the most unsophisticated form, ammonia being a constituent part to the extent of no less than 19 per cent.

In consequence of certain alleged irregularities brought to light in the public prints, the government in July last resolved to appoint a commission to inquire exhaustively into the working and general administration of the islands ; and, among other things, a surprise-visit was arranged, with a view to ascertaining on the spot the actual state of affairs. To this end a small steamer was chartered, and, with several officials on board, among whom was your correspondent, in the capacity of secretary, proceeded on a cruise of inspection, an opportunity being thus afforded of visiting what, to most people at all events, is a *terra incognita*.

The coastline of southwestern Africa for a very considerable distance north of the Cape of Good Hope presents but few features of interest ; indeed it may be described as a wearisome and monotonous picture of barren-looking rocks, alternating with long, arid stretches of sand-dunes, the desolation of the scene being completed by the angry surf which with ceaseless and depressing rhythm beats upon the shore. At the same time, the atmosphere in these comparatively rainless latitudes is singularly pure and invigorating ; one feels as if it were almost a luxury to breathe ; and when night closes in, the starry heavens present a glorious spectacle to the eye, while all

around the vessel the sea flashes and sparkles with the phosphorescent rays emitted by countless forms of marine life.

Possession Island, the largest of the group, is about five hundred miles from Capetown, and viewed from a short distance off looks uncommonly like a huge drab-colored clinker set down in mid-ocean. It is crescent-shaped, and shelters Elizabeth Bay from the westward, the mainland being well defined in the distance. On nearer approach one experiences a sensation much akin to that induced by a theatrical transformation-scene, the forbidding and apparently untenanted waste being alive with birds enjoying to the full the immunity secured from predatory foes, and showing but little sign of timidity from outside intrusion. Thousands upon thousands of penguins line the shore, strutting about with great self-importance, and jealous, one might almost imagine, that Nature has not endowed them with the power of flight like their comrades, the malagas, a very handsome bird about the size of an ordinary goose, and with much the same plumage except that the head and neck are tinted with yellowish feathers. Enormous flocks of these malagas are to be seen in every direction, either standing in solid groups, covering a large extent of ground, or wheeling about in the air, now and then darting out seawards in quest of fish, upon which they pounce with unerring accuracy. Then there are various kinds of gulls, guillemots, and other sea-birds. In July and August is the breeding season, and it is not till later in the year that the islands are what is technically called "in full bloom," when the birds are more numerous than ever. Some of the habits of the penguin are very peculiar. Their nests consist of a hole scratched in the sand, or just a crevice in the rock, into which they drag a few stones, pieces of seaweed, or any rubbish available; and here they deposit two, or at the most three, eggs, the period of incubation lasting six weeks. When the young birds are hatched they very quickly take to the water. Shortly after the breeding season is concluded, the work of collecting the

guano or excrement begins; and this on the larger islands furnishes employment for thirty or forty hands, the ranks being recruited from all sorts and conditions of men, even a broken-down barrister having been known to cast in his lot amid these untoward surroundings. At the time of the visit of the commission there were over 2000 tons of guano stacked on this island in a large heap, representing a money-value of close upon £15,000. At one time Possession Island must have been the haunt of innumerable quantities of seals, for the remains of these creatures are to be seen in all directions, abundantly confirming the statement of Captain Morrell, who, when describing his visit here many years since, said, "I saw the effects of a pestilence or plague which had visited these inhabitants of the ocean with as much malignancy as the Asiatic cholera does the bipeds of the land. The whole island was literally covered with the carcasses of fur-seals, with their skins still on them. They appeared to have been dead about five years, and it was evident they had all met their fate about the same period. From the immense multitude of bones and carcasses, not less than half-a-million must have perished, either through some mysterious plague or disease, or from the effects of a sand-storm."

The accommodation on Possession Island for the men employed far surpasses that on any of the others, and consists of a substantial wood and iron building and store in close proximity to the beach, where a rough kind of jetty has been constructed to facilitate the shipment of guano. There is also a small cooperage where the water-casks are repaired. Not a drop of fresh water is to be found on any of the islands, and the conveyance of water from Capetown is consequently an important business. An attempt has been made to condense sea-water by solar-heat, an apparatus something like a cucumber frame being used for the purpose; but the birds frequently interfere with its successful manipulation.

On Possession, Halifax, and Ichaboe Islands headmen are stationed, whose duty it is to control the collection and shipment of the guano and generally

supervise the working on these and the smaller neighboring islands. None of them are men of any very great intelligence, but they manage to keep a log-book or diary, in which daily occurrences as well as the amount of labor performed are noted down. The stores and medicines are also under their charge. Under no circumstances is any liquor allowed on the islands, a severe privation to many of the men, who have sometimes been known to drink, with great gusto, paregoric, Friar's balsam, and other medicinal remedies containing alcohol.

Halifax Island is about thirty miles farther north, and within a very short distance of the German settlement at Angra Pequena. There were five men here—the headman an Italian, and the others hailing from France, Sweden, St. Helena, and Capetown respectively. The quarters are very poor; but the storeroom contained an ample supply of salt-beef, biscuits, meal, and other necessaries. The absence of fresh meat and vegetables is sorely felt, and at times leads to attacks of scurvy among the men. To a flagstaff, from which floats the Union Jack, an old, weather-beaten board is affixed, bearing the inscription: "Halifax Island: taken possession of by Capt. C. C. Forsyth, of H.M.S. Valorous, May 7, 1866, in the name of Her Britannic Majesty Queen Victoria. God save the Queen."

On Diaz Point, close by, is a rough wooden beacon; formerly there was a marble cross erected by the famous navigator, Bartholomew Diaz. The pedestal was in its place in 1825, but the whole of this interesting landmark has now disappeared.

Seal and Penguin Islands, both small in extent, lie just at the entrance to Angra Pequena Bay, the latter being almost entirely the abode of the guillemot, a black bird with a patch of white feathers on the back, and about the size of a wild duck. At the time of my visit there was nobody on this island, but a small stock of provisions is kept in a wooden shanty for the benefit of the men who come at intervals to collect the guano. Still farther to the north lies Ichaboe, an island composed of granite, slate, and quartz, a little less than a mile in circumference, and

distant something over half-a-mile from the mainland. In former days large numbers of vessels anchored here to load the fertilizing ordure, which once rose, it is said, to a height of seventy-five feet, the deposit probably of centuries. The island itself lies low, and is not at any point more than thirty feet high. It would be difficult to find in hazy weather were it not for a conspicuous spar placed at the southern end, and bearing an inscription rendered well-nigh illegible through time and atmospherical conditions: "Notice.—This island of Ichaboe is this day taken possession of for and in the name of Her Britannic Majesty Queen Victoria; and is hereby declared a dependency of . . . (Signed) . . . Captain, H.M.S. Furious. June 21, 1861. All claims as to soil or territory in Ichaboe are to be made to His Excellency the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. God save the Queen." Many graves are to be seen here, one of them containing the remains of a Scotsman who for no less than thirty-nine years made the island his home. At another spot part of a skeleton is to be seen, the rocky nature of the ground not allowing of very effectual interment. In striking contrast with the silent home of the dead is the animation displayed by the feathered inhabitants, whose graceful movements and busy activity one might watch for hours without tiring.

After quitting Ichaboe, the coastline for some little distance assumes a bolder aspect, and Dolphin Head, the southern extremity of Spencer Bay, is a very prominent headland, a massive wall of rock rising abruptly and almost perpendicularly from the water's edge to 600 or 700 feet in height, against which the sea beats with great violence.

About a mile and a half from the mainland lies Mercury Island, a gigantic rock, conical in form, with a length north and south of about half-a-mile. The highest point is 160 feet above the sea-level, and from this eminence an extensive view is obtained, the general physical aspect not only of the island but of the contiguous continent being indicative of an extensive volcanic convolution of nature at some remote period of the world's history. Here,

again, life and death are significantly contrasted, one of the first objects that strike the eye on landing being the laconic epitaph painted on the smooth face of the rock : " C. Abrahams, died 2d July 1890." This island is of surpassing interest to lovers of Nature in her sterner mood ; and many hours might be enjoyably spent in exploring its recesses, one of the principal points being an immense fissure or tunnel which bisects the rock, opening out at one place into a huge arched chamber, a hundred feet high or more, the sides of which have been carved and fashioned into weird and fantastic shapes, while beneath sea-anemones of lovely hues, and other singular marine specimens, fascinate the eye. The guano on Mercury lies in thick profusion in many parts, as it has not been collected for more than a twelvemonth ; indeed, a considerable quantity is being washed away by the sea, which in heavy weather submerges the low-lying portions. The accommodation is of the poorest and most meagre description, and fast going to decay ; the marvel is

how human beings can ever manage to exist in such a miserable hovel. Hollamsbird Island is seventy-five miles farther up the coast, and is the most isolated of the group, as it lies nine miles from the mainland. This also is the home of innumerable flocks of seabirds ; and as many as fourteen hundred fur-seals have been captured at one time, the custom being to club them on the head. They are very easily frightened away from their haunts, and can even detect a steamer's smoke a long distance off. Sealing operations in these parts have been suspended for some time past.

In addition to the islands comprised in the Ichaboe group, there are some others nearer the Cape peninsula which go by the name of the Colonial Islands. Not only do they contribute largely to the guano supply, but a considerable revenue accrues also from the sale of penguin eggs, which are much appreciated, the privilege of collecting them being put up to tender annually by the government.—*Chambers's Journal*.

A ROAD IN ORCACY.

BY DUNCAN J. ROBERTSON.

IN southern lands—and most lands are southern to us—the road runs between fragrant hedge-rows or under shady trees, but in Orcady trees and hedges are practically unknown. Yet the road lacks not its charm, for this is a world of compensations. If we never breathe the fragrance of the may or hear the whisper of wind-stirred branches, we have, on the other hand, nothing to shut out from our eyes the wide expanse of land and sea or to hide the blue sky over us ; no fallen timber after a gale to block our way and make of our progress an involuntary obstacle race, and no thorns to puncture our cycle tires. The lover of the highway may miss here much of the bird-life that enlivens the roads of the South, but our road has a life and traffic of its own quite apart from the trickling stream of men and horses which flows fitfully

along its white channel. Flowers and flies, birds and beasts, the road has something for each and all of them. Even by day they use it, but from dusk to dawn they claim it as their very own.

I do not remember that Stevenson, who so loved the road, has written anywhere of its little life, of the birds and beasts, the shy living things that haunt it. In the treeless Isles of Orcady, at least, the furred and feathered creatures seem to think that man makes the road for their especial delectation. For all creatures of beach and bog, of hill and meadow, it has its charms, and hence it is ever beat upon by soft, soundless feet and shadowed by swiftly moving wings, and many a little comedy or tragedy is played out upon its stage. We walk upon it in spring and summer through an air fragrant with the perfume of innumerable small

sweet flowers, with the music of birds and bees about us, and ever, under and behind all song, the voice of the great sea, full of indefinable mystery, as of a half-remembered dream.

The engineer who makes the road unwittingly plans it in such fashion as to be of service to the folk of moor and marsh, of shore and furrow. In Orkney every road, sooner or later, leads to the sea. In former days the sea itself was the great highway, and, therefore, close to its shores are found the old kirks and kirkyards. For by sea men came to worship God, and by sea they were carried to their long home. The kirks and kirkyards being beside the sea the road comes thither to them. It comes down also to the piers, the slips and jetties, which play so important a part in the lives of islanders. Thus the road passes within a few yards of the haunts of all the divers, swimmers, and waders that frequent our shores.

Also in making a road the aim of the man who plans it is to avoid, so far as possible, all ascents and descents. In carrying out this aim he raises the road on embankments where it passes through low and marshy grounds, and makes cuttings through the higher lands. Where it runs through such a cutting the roadside ditches catch and keep a little store of water in a dry season, and thither plover, snipe, redshanks and dotterel bring their velvet-clad birdlings to drink. If the season be wet, the road raises above the marsh a comparatively dry platform, on which the birds may rest when not feeding, and the roadside dikes offer a shelter from wind and sun.

But our road draws feet and wings to it in many other ways. It passes now through cultivated fields, with dry stone dikes fencing it on either side; now it runs, unfenced, through the open moorland, and again along the very margin of the sea. Here it is bordered by marshes and there by a long reach of black peat-bog, and everywhere it wooes with varied wiles the living things of earth and air. Before the dikes have seen many seasons they begin to deck themselves with velvet mosses, and to

the miniature forests of the moss come insects of the lesser sorts, flying and creeping things, red, and brown, and blue. In pursuit of these "small deer" come the spiders, which lurk in crevices of the walls and spread their cunning snares across the mouths of culverts where farm roads branch off from the highway. Long-legged water-skaters dart to and fro among the floating weeds on the surface of the stagnant ditches. And over these ditches the midges weave their fantastic dances on summer evenings. The litter of passing traffic brings hurrying, busy, burnished beetles, which find harborage in the loosely piled banks of ditch scrapings that form the boundary between highway and moorland. Where the road, with its generous grassy margin, runs like a white ribbon with green borders through the brown moors, wild flowers, that are choked or hidden in the heather, spread themselves to the sunshine, primroses and daisies, clover—red and white—milk-wort and tormentil, hawkweed and violets, thyme and crowfoot, their very names read like a poem. The number of small wild flowers that grow in our roadside ditches and within reach of the road is amazing when one begins to reckon them. Here the steep grassy bank is gorgeous with rose-campion and with purple and gold of the vetches, and all the air is sweet with the perfume of wild mustard which, with the pale yellow of its blossoms, almost hides the green in that field of springing barley. This wet meadow, on either hand all aglow with the pink blossoms of the ragged robin, a little earlier in the year had its wide and shallow ditches glorified by the broad green leaves and exquisite, feathery blooms of the bog-bean, while its drier grounds were starred with the pale cups of grass of Parnassus. In spring the vernal squills shone on yonder hillocks with a blue glory as of the sea in summer. On this long flat stretch of peat-bog these are not untimely snow-drifts, but nodding patches of cotton-grass. In autumn, when a strong wind blows from that quarter, all the road will be strewn with the silvery, silken down that makes so brave a show

among the purple heather of the bog. Later still in the year the same bog will glow ruddy as with a perpetual sunset, when the long, coarse grass reddens. Passing this way on some gray afternoon the wayfarer will find it hard to believe that the "charmed sunset" has not suddenly shone out through the clouds "low adown in the red west." And the peat moss on which the road is built has other glories: green moss, and moss as red as blood; fairy cups of silver lichen with scarlet rims, and long reaches of bog-asphodel, shining like cloth-of-gold, and sweetening the winds with their faint delicate perfume. Here, where our road runs on a firmer foundation, grow the wild willows, all low-growing, and all adding a beauty to the year in their catkins. When the daisies have hardly ventured to thrust their heads into a cold world, the catkins gleam in silky silver, changing, as the days lengthen, to yellow gold. Later on some of them are covered with an exquisite white down, which floats their seeds about the land. The little burns which our road bridges, ripple and chatter through miniature forests of ferns and meadow-sweet; the fox-glove shakes its bells above the splendor of the gorse, and the yellow iris hides the young wild duck that are making their way by ditch and brooklet to the sea. These are but a few of the flowers with which the road garlands and bedecks herself to welcome the little peoples who love her.

To the flowers come all day long in summer the humble bees. These little reddish-yellow fellows, hot and angry-looking, have their byke or nest in some mossy bank or old turf dike, to which they carry wax and honey for the fashioning of a round, irregular, dirty-looking comb. The chances are that they will be despoiled of their treasure by some errant herd-boy before July is half over. Their great cousins in black velvet striped with gold prefer to live solitary in some deserted mouse-hole, but they cannot, for all their swagger and fierce looks, save their honey from Boy the Devourer. Though there are no wasps in Orcady, the roadside blossoms have visitors other than the bees.

Here come white and brown butterflies, and those dainty little blue creatures whose wings are painted and eyed like a peacock's tail. And at night moths, white, yellow, and gray, flit like ghosts above the sleeping flowers, or dance mysteriously in the dusk on silent wings.

Where the insects come, there follow the insect-eaters. On a June evening there are parts of the road where one may see kittiwakes and black-headed gulls hawking for moths. Wheat-ears and starlings, larks and pipits, and, more rarely, thrushes, blackbirds, and wrens, with an occasional stonechat, all come to prey on the insect life of the road. Swallows there are none in Orcady, but the ubiquitous sparrow is there. To his contented mind the road offers a continual feast. When the birds set up housekeeping in spring, many of them choose their nesting-places in the near neighborhood of the road. It seems almost as if they argued that here, under the very eye of man, they run less risk of discovery than further afield, where he may expect to find their treasures. From crannies of the loosely built walls that bound the road you may hear the hungry broods of starlings, sparrows, and wheat-ears chirping on every side as you pass in May. I have seen a nestful of young larks gape up with their foolish yellow throats from a tuft of grass on the very edge of a roadside ditch, and have found a grouse's nest in the heather not fifty yards from the most man-frequented part of the road. Yellow-hammers, too, and other buntings often nest in the long grass by the ditch-side. Here, in a hedge of whin or gorse which crosses the road at right angles, are the nests of the thrush, the blackbird, and the wren. If you drive along our road in spring you shall see the male pewit in all the glory of his wedding garments, scraping, a few yards from the roadside, the shallow, circular hollow in which his young are to be hatched; and a little later you shall see his patient spouse look up at you fearlessly from her eggs, or even, if your passing be at noonday, you may watch her slip off the nest as her mate

comes up behind to relieve her in her domestic duties. For these birds have learned that man on wheels is not to be feared, though man on foot is one of their most dreaded enemies.

In Orcady there are not many four-footed wild things, but those that dwell among us are drawn to the road as surely as the birds are. In the gloaming rabbits come down to the roadside clover where the bees have gathered honey all day. Great brown hares, too, come loping leisurely along the road, moving shadows that melt into the dusk at the least alarm. Hares always like to make their forms near a road of some sort, for it affords them a swift and ready means of flight when they are pursued. They must be hard pressed, indeed, before they will dive like rabbits into roadside drains or culverts, but these refuges are not to be despised when grayhound or lurcher is close upon their heels. Mice, voles, and rats find shelter in the banks of road-scrapings, or in the walls and drain-mouths, and the sea-otter does not despise the road when he makes a nocturnal expedition inland. It is not long since a man who was early afoot on a summer morning met a pair of otters almost on the street of our sleeping island capital. Seals, of course, cannot use the road, but where it runs by the sea-marge their shining heads rise up from the water to watch the passers-by, and he who is abroad before dawn may find them on the beaches within a few yards of the roadway.

The deer, roe, foxes, badgers, stoats, weasels, wild-cats, and moles of Orcady are even as the snakes of Iceland. Tame cats run wild, however, we do not lack, and they take their tithe from the road as surely as do the hawks and falcons. Neither snakes, lizards, nor frogs are found in the Isles, but on a damp autumn evening the road is dotted with toads of all sizes, which sit gazing into infinity or hop clumsily from before the passing wheel.

In pursuit of beetles, mice, and small birds, hawks and owls come to the road. The kestrel of all hawks loves it the most. He sits upon the humming telegraph wires or hangs poised, like Ma-

homet's coffin, in mid-air, ever watchful and ready to swoop down upon his prey. The same wires which give him a resting-place often furnish him with food, ready killed or disabled. When first man set up his posts along the road and threaded them with an endless wire, sad havoc was wrought among the birds. Plover—green and golden—snipe, red-shanks, and grouse dashing across the road in the dusk, struck the fatal wires and fell dead or maimed by the wayside. I have seen a blackbird fly shrieking from a prowling cat, and strike the wire with such force that his head, cut clean off, dropped at my very feet. The older birds appear to have learned a lesson from the misfortunes of their fellows, but every autumn young birds, new to their wings, pay their tribute of victims to the wires. More especially is this the case with the plovers, and, though the kestrel rarely touches so big a bird when it is whole and sound, he feasts upon their wounded. The hen-harrier skims to and fro along the roadside ditches, but he is a wary and cautious fowl, and is never within gun-shot of the road when man comes down that way. The merlin, that beautiful miniature falcon, glides swift and low across the moors and meadows, flashes suddenly over the roadside dike, and before the small birds have time to realize that their enemy is upon them, he is gone again, only a little puff of feathers floating slowly down the air, showing where he struck his prey. The peregrine wheels high over head, but is too proud and shy a bird to hunt upon man's roads. Nor has the road any charm for the raven, who goes croaking hoarsely over it on his way from shore to hill. The little short-eared owls hide all day among the heather near our road, and come flapping up in the gloaming on noiseless wings to take their share of its good things. In the treeless islands the kestrel is not the only bird that sits upon the wires. There the starling sings his weird love-song, mingling with his own harsh notes the calls of every other bird that the islands know. There, too, the linnets that come down to the roadside thistles sit in long rows like threaded

beads. And the buntings, "mimsy" as was ever any "borogove," chant their lugubrious and monotonous ditties there.

The telegraph-wires are not the only mysterious works of man which have disturbed and interfered with the feathered life so near to and yet so far apart from his. What a mystery must he be to these fellow-creatures who watch him, with his continual scratching and patching of the breast of kindly Mother Earth! Not wholly does he yield the road to them between sunset and sunrise; but when he goes abroad in the dark it is often in the guise of a rumbling dragon with great eyes of flame. Once, to the writer's knowledge, a gannet swooped down in valiant ignorance on such a horrid creature of the night. He flashed suddenly, white out of the darkness, into the circle of light of a doctor's gig lamps. That bold bird his fellows saw no more, and one may fancy that with his disappearance a new terror was added to the fiery-eyed creatures that roam the roads by night. He died, though not without a fierce fight for his life, and his skin, cunningly filled out with wire and straw, stands under a glass-case in his slayer's home even unto this day.

It is in spring and summer that the road sets forth its choicest lures for its lovers, yet even in "winter and rough weather" it has its beauties for the seeing eye. The puddles and cart-ruts shine like dull silver when the clouds are heavy and gray overhead. When the rain-cloud blows over and the sky clears these same shallow pools and channels gleam with a cold clear blue more exquisite than that of the heavens they reflect, and at night the stars sprinkle them with diamonds. Again:

"Autumnal frosts enchant the pool,
And make the cart-ruts beautiful."

"When daisies go"—and of all roadside blossoms they linger latest and reappear earliest (I have seen them lifting their modest, crimson-tipped heads in December, and opening their yellow eyes before the coltsfoot stars begin to shine)—but even when they are gone the gray stone dikes have still

a glory of green moss, of gray and golden lichens.

When all the land is soaked and sodden with heavy rains, the road, where it climbs that low brown hill, will suddenly shine out across the intervening miles like a sword flung down among the heather.

When the winter rains have given place to the first snowfall of the year, go out early in the morning, before hoofs and wheels have blotted out the traces of the night, and you shall learn, as nothing else save long and close observation can teach you, how great is the nocturnal traffic of birds and beasts upon the road. Like fine lace-work you shall find their footprints, to and fro, round and across, up the middle and down again. Hares and rabbits, rats and mice, gulls and plovers, thrushes and larks, water-hens and water-rails, these and many more have been busy here while you slept. And even now bright eyes are watching you, themselves unseen—those unsuspected eyes which are ever upon us as we follow the road on our daily round of duty or pleasure. Do they look on us with fear or wonder, with contempt or admiration, or with a mingling of all these feelings? That we can never know while the great barrier of silence stands between us and them. We blunder across their lives, doing them good and evil indiscriminately, but we understand them no more than they can understand us.

Now, in winter, new birds come to our road. Great flocks of snow-buntings, circling and wheeling with marvellous precision, at one moment almost invisible, a dim, brown, moving mist, and the next flashing a thousand points of silver to the level rays of the wintry sun. Scores of green-finches, which we never see in summer, rise from the road edges to circle a little way and settle again. The "spink spink" of the chaffinch, also unknown to us in summer, may now be heard, fieldfares spring chuckling through the air far overhead, and red-winged thrushes hop among the stubbles. Down this shallow pass between the low hills come in the gloaming the lines of the wild swans, flying

from the upland lochs to the sea. Their trumpet calls ring far through the frosty air, and as we hear them there stir within us vague thoughts and dreams of the white North whence they came. As if answering the thought, the wet road shines through the dusk with a new, faint, unearthly light, as flickering up the northern sky come the pale, shifting streamers of the Aurora Borealis.

Of the human life that pulses intermittently along our road there is not space here and now to write. Boy and girl, youth and maiden, man and woman, day by day, year in, year out, they follow the winding line, till for each in turn the day comes when it leads them to the kirkyard or to the sea, and the roads of Orcady know them no more.—*Longman's Magazine*.

IS THERE AN ANGLO-AMERICAN UNDERSTANDING?

BY DIPLOMATICUS.

LORD KIMBERLEY did not exaggerate the impression produced in the political world by Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham on the 13th May, when he told the House of Lords that not only did it seem to indicate a "great change" in the foreign policy of this country, but that it appeared to suggest "that Her Majesty's Government have so far advanced in that direction that ere long we may hear of the conclusion of some great alliance." In one respect he confessed to being incredulous. Although the Colonial Secretary had distinctly indicated the United States as the power with whom it was most desirable that a treaty of alliance should be negotiated, he declined to accept that portion of the speech as serious.

I find it difficult to follow Lord Kimberley in his dubiety in face of the terms of Mr. Chamberlain's speech. Three definite and explicit statements were made by the Colonial Secretary. He told his fellow-townsmen that—

1. The policy of isolation pursued by Great Britain since the Crimean War is no longer tenable, because we are liable to be confronted at any moment by an overwhelming combination of the Great Powers.

2. The duty which consequently devolves on the Government is, in the first place, "to draw all parts of the Empire closer together," and secondly, "to establish and to maintain bonds of

permanent amity with our kinsmen across the Atlantic."

3. "It is one of the most satisfactory results of Lord Salisbury's policy that, at the present time, these two great nations [the United States and Great Britain] understand each other better than they have ever done since more than a century ago."

These statements in the mouth of a Cabinet Minister seem to me to bear no other possible interpretation than that our policy of isolation has been abandoned, and that an understanding, contemplating an alliance in certain contingencies, has been arrived at with the United States.

The idea that Mr. Chamberlain was indulging himself with irresponsible and academic reflections on the topics of the day, can only be an invention of the enemy. The New Diplomacy may be wanting in a certain lightness of touch, but only the most factious prejudice will accuse it of being deficient in common cuteness. Birmingham herself would blush for her distinguished son could he be guilty of the bucolic simplicity of crying up wares he wishes to purchase. Moreover, there is no reason to believe that the Colonial Secretary was not expounding the views of the Cabinet. Both publicly and privately Lord Salisbury has declined to repudiate his colleague's speech, although its pronouncement in favor of

alliances is opposed to what has hitherto been a fundamental principle of our foreign policy, and Mr. Chamberlain himself has told us that "the Cabinet, as long as it remains a Cabinet, is responsible for the declaration of principles." It is true that the Premier has also evaded every challenge to identify himself with this new departure, but it would not be the first time that a Minister had set up one of his colleagues to promote, or assist in, a movement with which, for the moment, it might be inconvenient for the Foreign Office to be officially associated. Nor would it be unaccountable.

Had Mr. Chamberlain, on any previous occasion, betrayed a doubt as to the sufficiency of the policy of isolation, we might, perhaps, be induced to entertain the "purely personal" hypothesis of his Birmingham utterances. As a matter of fact, the very reverse is the case. In 1896, when the crisis in our foreign relations was such that the mobilization of a flying squadron became necessary, not a Minister hinted at an alliance, and Mr. Chamberlain himself was amply satisfied with "splendid isolation." In a speech delivered at the Hotel Metropole shortly after the Jameson raid, he said:

"Three weeks ago, in the words of Mr. Foster, the leader of the House of Commons of the Dominion of Canada, "the great mother-empire stood splendidly isolated." And how does she stand to-day? *She stands secure in the strength of her own resources, in the firm resolution of her people, without respect to party, and in the abundant loyalty of her children, from one end of the Empire to another."*"*

Not a word here, be it observed, about an alliance. It may be said that this was because none was open to us, inasmuch as, at that moment, we had quarrels on hand with both the United States and Germany, and our relations with the Dual Alliance were not precisely cordial. However plausible this may seem, it was not the view of the Government, for Mr. Goschen, speaking at Lewes during the same crisis, round-

ly asserted the contrary. Mr. Goschen's words are worth recalling at this moment:

"We are said to be isolated, but I say that which I know when I say that we have but to hold out our hands and our isolation will terminate, and we shall receive a welcome into several groups of other Powers. . . . In the modern system of European politics we could at any moment, I believe, make such alliances as we choose. . . . Our isolation is not an isolation of weakness, or of contempt for ourselves; *it is deliberately chosen; the freedom to act as we choose in any circumstances that may arise.*" *

This, obviously, is not the expression of a merely personal opinion. If it means anything it means that, in 1896, the Government had declined or, at any rate, discouraged offers of alliance, and, after due consideration, had renewed its faith in Isolation. Seeing that Mr. Chamberlain had, at the same time, publicly ranged himself on the side of this policy, it is inconceivable that he should now preach of the perils of isolation, and the necessity of alliances, unless the Government had deliberately changed its mind.

It is no part of my present purpose to discuss this change in our Foreign policy, tremendous though it certainly is. My concern is chiefly with the action to which, according to Mr. Chamberlain, it is leading us. If I have endeavored to show that it is a real thing, it is because the demonstration of this fact has an essential bearing on the meaning we are to attach to the inference Mr. Chamberlain has himself drawn from it, and to the statement of the action of the Government he has made in connection with it. Under ordinary circumstances his picture of what the relations of this country with the United States should be, might pass for one of the pious *banalities* of the political platform; but this is impossible if it be true that the Government has become convinced of the unwisdom of the policy of Isolation. If an ally is wanted, and the Cabinet has formed the opinion that an understanding with the United States will best respond to its needs, it must be clear, as Mr. As-

* "Foreign and Colonial Speeches." By the Rt. Hon. J. Chamberlain, M.P., pp. 94, 95.

* *Times*, February 27th, 1896.

quith said the other day, "that the closer union of Great Britain and America, not only in sympathy and thought, but political co-operation, is no longer the ideal of those who see visions and dream dreams." In this consists the importance of Mr. Chamberlain's speech. It is, to my mind, an official intimation that the ideal of Anglo-Saxon unity is passing from dreamland to the sphere of practical politics.

Now, if this conclusion be correct, there are two important questions which must at once occur to the practical politician. In the first place, is there an actual understanding between the two countries, and in the next place what are its probable conditions?

The cardinal fact to be borne in mind in this inquiry is that the question, especially so far as it relates to the immediate perils of British isolation, is a question of practical politics only. A practical need cannot be solved by reliance on the ideal fitness of things. The popular idea that an Anglo-American alliance may be based on affinities of race or identity of language, and cemented by common sympathy for Cuban freedom, is a delusion. Prince Bismarck, whose life-work has been the political reunion of the Germanic races, declared it the other day to be "nonsense."* Science affords no support to such a theory, and political experience is strongly against it. This question, which the man in the street talks of so glibly, belongs, in reality, to the obscurest problems of anthropology. It is, no doubt, true that a common racial origin and a common language afford precious materials for political ties; but even when you add a common territory, a common history, and a common religion, they do not always constitute cohesive elements in a political sense. The Tartars and Turks have a common origin; Russians and Poles are both Slavs; France and Italy are Latin nations, and yet, in their couples, they hate each other cordially. When the affinities of race between England and

France were strongest, wars between them were most frequent. A common language has not placed the union of Great Britain and Ireland out of danger, nor has it made the Germans and Slavs in Austria one people.

The true test of racial affinity is when, as M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire has pointed out, besides a common origin, there is constancy of character.* Is there such affinity between the English of this Empire and the Americans of the United States? It is difficult to answer so complex a question with any certainty, but the *primâ facie* evidence seems to point in a negative direction.

The ethnical careers of the two nations have been widely different. It is true that both are mixed races, and that both have been submitted to the influence of continuous immigrations; but the mixing processes have not been the same. In England the alien elements, struggling with a nation of formed character and assured prepotency, have been absorbed without sensibly modifying the essential qualities of the race. In America there has been no such process. The nation has been formed, not by the eclectic absorption of elements most congenial to the British nucleus, but by a process of unresisted and indiscriminate alien augmentation. When we add to this the modifying influences of a separate national history and of peculiar political institutions, the bias of which is distinctly anti-British, it is permissible to doubt whether the racial affinities of the two nations have been strong enough to maintain a substantial identity of character.

But even if their national characters closely approximated, this would not of itself, or in combination with other racial affinities, afford an element of political cohesion. All our historical experience shows that something more is required. There must be a subjective principle actively making for union, a sense of common interests, something like the *coscienza della nazionalità* of Mancini, a unifying force which vivifies and organizes the inert racial affinities in resistance to alien pressure.

* "Interview with Prince Bismarck," *Daily Graphic*, May 20th, 1898.

* Cf. Topinard: "Anthropologie," p. 199.

Hitherto the political history of the United States has not indicated the existence of such an element in the national consciousness. On the contrary, the whole tendency of the people has been in the opposite direction. This is sufficiently illustrated by an observation of General James H. Wilson, in a recent article on "America's Interests in China." "It is not to be denied," he says, with naive surprise, "that our interests are with our ancient antagonist, England, and *for the first time* against those of our ancient allies, France and Russia."* Could we have a better demonstration of the futility of the sentimental theory of an Anglo-American alliance?

The argument from common sympathies on the Cuban Question is not less open to objection. Such sympathies possibly indicate an affinity of character, but of themselves they no more make for political alliance than identity of language. Like us, the Americans sympathized with the cause of Hungarian independence, and with the persecuted Armenians, but this did not turn them from their traditional friendship for Russia, and induce them to cultivate closer relations with this country, although in the one case Russia crushed the Maygars while we exerted ourselves for the safety of Kossuth, and in the other Russia stood in the way of our proposed punishment of the Sultan. Moreover, it is very doubtful whether the sympathies of the two nations are of precisely the same quality. In this country nothing has been heard of British interests in Cuba, although, as I shall presently show, they are very considerable. Our sympathy, so far as the public and the newspapers are concerned, is exclusively a moral sentiment, the result of disapproval of Spanish methods of colonial government, and of sincere reprobation of Spanish cruelty. The Americans, on the other hand, have been moved to action partly because their commercial and political interest have been imperilled by the chaotic situation in Cuba, and partly because of their be-

lief that the explosion of the Maine was contrived by the Spanish Government.

It follows, then, that a political understanding with the United States must take the same course as similar arrangements between other nations. However much it may be strengthened afterward by an awakened sense of racial affinity, and of common political ideals, its basis must be a community of material interests, and those interests must be ascertained and agreed upon in the usual way.

I come back to the question, Is there such an understanding?

It seems to me that so sensible a man as Mr. Chamberlain would scarcely have spoken of our relations with the United States, in the terms and context he employed at Birmingham, had a political understanding been still only in the ideal stage. On this negative argument, however, I need not insist. A far more impressive piece of evidence is afforded by the fact that our present attitude on the Cuban Question constitutes a complete reversal of the policy pursued by this country for over seventy years. Why has this change been made? It involves a valuable concession to the United States, for which no adequate compensation is visible. If, however, it is part of a general revision of the relations of the two countries, and one which forbids the continuance of the jealousies and suspicions by which our former policy was actuated, it is at once explained.

The Cuban question, it is well to remember, is not, and never has been, a purely American or even Hispano-American question. For the better part of a century, if not longer, it has been an international question, in which four Powers—Spain, the United States, Great Britain, and France—have claimed a more or less equal interest. The popular impression that our attitude toward it is governed by the policy pursued by Mr. Canning in regard to the revolted Spanish-American colonies is altogether a mistake. However much Mr. Canning may have sympathized with the cause of South American freedom, he had far too keen a sense of British interests to dream of

* *North American Review*, February, 1898, p. 138.

allowing Cuba to pass from the possession of Spain, unless it were to be independent. In his time, and for many years after, the United States and France were both desperately anxious to possess the island. John Quincy Adams, in a confidential despatch * to the American Minister at Madrid in 1823, prophesied that within fifty years "the annexation of Cuba to our Federal Republic will be indispensable to the continuance and integrity of the Union itself," and in 1825 France secretly organized an expedition to seize Havana, but was defeated by the vigilance of Mr. Canning.† The resolute persistency with which the United States pursued her annexationist designs, ultimately had the effect of uniting Great Britain and France in a tacit understanding for the protection of Cuba, and this anti-American accord remained in force until quite recently.

No unfriendliness to the United States was implied by it. It was a measure of precaution founded, so far as we were concerned, on British interests only. Successive Presidents, from John Quincy Adams to Andrew Johnson, had favored annexation, and every effort to secure the *status quo* in the island had been defeated by the United States. In 1852, when the Lopez and Crittenden filibustering expeditions from New Orleans aroused the suspicions of Europe, Great Britain and France proposed to the United States a tripartite treaty, "by which they should bind themselves severally and collectively to renounce, both now and hereafter, all intention to obtain possession of the Island of Cuba, and to discountenance all attempts to that effect on the part of others." Although this treaty did not prejudice the right of the Cubans to assert and win their independence, it was rejected by President Fillmore, who in his reply hinted, not obscurely, that Cuba was no concern of England and France. This despatch elicited from Lord John Russell a

snappish statement of the position of this country. Lord John declared that—

"If it is intended, on the part of the United States, to maintain that Great Britain and France have no interest in the maintenance of the present *status quo* in Cuba, and that the United States have alone a right to a voice in that matter, Her Majesty's Government at once refuse to admit such a claim. Her Majesty's possessions in the West Indies alone, without insisting on the importance to Mexico and other friendly States of the present distribution of power, give Her Majesty an interest in this question which she cannot forego. . . . While fully admitting the right of the United States to reject the proposal . . . Great Britain must at once resume her entire liberty; and upon any occasion that may call for it, be free to act singly or in conjunction with other Powers as to her may seem fit." *

Several statements of the considerations by which this policy was actuated have been placed on record, and it is important to notice that with the progress of time they have only increased in emphasis and cogency. Early in the century they were comparatively simple. In 1822 Mr. Canning, who was of opinion that "what cannot or must not be, is that any great maritime Power should get possession of Cuba," † set forth the following reasons in a Memorandum to the Cabinet proposing the despatch of a squadron to Havana "to keep in check the Americans":

"It may be questioned whether any blow that could be struck by any foreign power in any part of the world would have a more sensible effect on the interests of this country, and on the reputation of its government. The possession by the United States of both shores of the Channel, through which our Jamaica trade must pass, would, in time of war with the United States, or, indeed, of a war in which the United States might be neutral, but in which we continued (as we must do) to claim the right of search, and the Americans (as they would do) to resist it, amount to a suspension of that trade, and to a consequent total ruin of a great portion of the West Indian interests." ‡

This view soon ceased to be so narrowly localized. In 1852, when Sir John Crampton presented Mr. Webster with the draft of the proposed Tripartite

* Blue Book: "United States, Spain, France, and the Island of Cuba" (1853), p. 21.

† Stapleton: "Some Correspondence of George Canning," vol. i., pp. 276-78, 282.

* Blue Book: "Cuba, etc." (1853), pp. 2-4, 58-64, 81-83.

† Stapleton: *op. cit.*, p. 276.

‡ *Ibid.*, pp. 52, 53.

self-denying Treaty, new and wider interests had come to attach themselves to the Cuban question. These are indicated in the following passage from one of Sir John's notes to the Secretary of State:

"There is, at the present time, an evident tendency in the maritime commerce of the world, to avail itself of the shorter passages from one ocean to another, offered by the different routes existing, or in contemplation, across the Isthmus of Central America. The island of Cuba, of considerable importance in itself, is so placed geographically, that the nation which may possess it, if the naval forces of that nation should be considerable, might either protect or obstruct the commercial routes from one ocean to the other. Now, if the maritime Powers are, on the one hand, out of respect to the rights of Spain, and from a sense of international duty, bound to dismiss all intention of obtaining possession of Cuba, so, on the other hand, are they obliged, out of consideration for the interests of their own subjects or citizens, and the protection of the commerce of other nations, who are all entitled to the use of the great highways of commerce on equal terms, to proclaim and assure, as far as in them lies, the present and future neutrality of the Island of Cuba." *

With the launching of the Nicaragua and Panama Canal schemes, and the opening up of the markets of the Far East, this consideration has vastly increased in weight. The United States herself soon saw that it was hopeless to contest the view, that the Cuban question was not exclusively American, and in 1875 she recognized the European rights claimed by Lord John Russell twenty-three years before, by asking the Powers to countenance the intervention she was then contemplating. All the Powers returned unfavorable replies, but we have Mr. Fish's authority for the statement that, had England stood out, as she is now doing, intervention would have proceeded, and General Grant would have saved President McKinley the labor and anxieties of his present great enterprise.†

It may be said that, if we have now separated ourselves from France and the European Powers on this question,

and have associated ourselves with the United States, the reason need not be sought in any general political understanding, since it is already supplied by the self-denying clause of the resolution of Congress which inaugurated the present war. There are, however, a good many reasons for not attaching a high value to this argument. In the first place, the sympathetic attitude of Great Britain toward the United States is of earlier date than the Congressional resolution. In the second place, the self-denying clause does not seem to have been contemplated when the war die was first cast, for there is no suggestion of it in the message to Congress, in which President McKinley demanded a mandate to intervene in Cuban affairs. Thirdly, an assurance of this kind was actually offered to Great Britain by President Grant in 1875, but it had no mollifying effect upon us. Fourthly, the fulfilment of such a pledge is not always within the power of the State making it, and if John Quincy Adams's assertion, that the population of Cuba "are not competent to a system of permanent self-dependence," still holds good, the pledge would obviously prove worthless, even with the best intentions. Hence it is unlikely that this self-denying resolution has had anything to do with the friendly attitude of Great Britain, for if the abandonment of our old policy did not take place before this resolution was passed, the pledge of Congress was scarcely sufficient, in view of the importance of the interests involved, to justify it afterward.

The truth is that the service rendered the United States by our undisguised sympathy is out of all proportion to any visible compensations. Without it the war would probably not have taken place, and America would have had to bear the Cuban nuisance for yet another generation. In 1875 the conditions were precisely the same as now, with the exception that we ranged ourselves with Europe in discountenancing the proposed application of pressure by America to Spain, and that exception alone kept the peace. Since then the popularity of the United States

* Blue Book: "Cuba, etc." (1853), p. 13.

† *North American Review*, March, 1898. (Latane: "Intervention of the United States in Cuba.")

has not increased on the European Continent. It is not many months since Count Goluchowski, a sober and practical statesman, expressed the opinion in public speech that an economic coalition of the European Powers against the United States would one day be necessary. With all the Powers frowning upon her, the risks of war would have been too serious even for the great American Republic. Certainly she would not have enjoyed a free hand in the Philippines, and her present dreams of colonial expansion would have been denied the fascinating prospect of realization. Is it likely that Lord Salisbury has thus covered the isolation of the United States without taking corresponding guarantees for the isolation of Great Britain?

But what guarantees? Mr. Chauncy Depew was quite right when he told a French interviewer the other day that an Anglo-American defensive and offensive alliance was impossible.* To this I would add that, even were it possible, only a very short-sighted statesmanship would dream of embarking upon it. The advocates of an Anglo-American understanding want something more durable than a back-scratching convention, the obligations of which might be ignored or evaded when the sense of need has disappeared. This brings me to my second question: If there is an understanding, what are its probable conditions?

I have already pointed out that an alliance, even among kinsmen, can only be solidly founded on the consciousness of common interests. Does such a consciousness exist in America in regard to ourselves? A year ago this question would have been answered in the negative. Apart from the strained relations with Canada, the Monroe doctrine, the Dingley Tariff, and the long conflict of Anglo-American interests in Cuba, the most cherished political tradition of the United States was against what President Jefferson first denounced as "entangling alliances." It is interesting to recall at this moment the exact words of this tradition as contained in

Washington's memorable farewell address:

"The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop."

Neither Washington nor his later interpreters foresaw that a time would come when the very extension of commercial relations urged in this message would bar that systematic avoidance of "political connection" with Europe which the same document so solemnly enjoined. To-day the "primary interests" of Europe and America, which in 1826 John Quincy Adams declared "have none, or only a remote relation to each other," are in many respects in active conflict. The principles of the Holy Alliance no longer exist, but their place has been taken by a campaign against colonial markets and an economic conception of Colonial Empire, which none the less imperil American interests, and are indeed a direct menace to that portion of Washington's valedictory counsel which bade the American people extend their commercial relations. With a growing export trade, which they are ambitious to increase on a vast scale, but hampered by a tradition which forbids them to seek dominion outside their own hemisphere, the people of the United States find themselves to-day confronted by the possibility of the neutral markets of the world being seized and closed against them by a combination of Protectionist Powers.

Now this movement is resisted by one Power alone—Great Britain. She has pronounced for the "open door" "even at the risk of war," and the occasion—the recent Chinese crisis—on which she made this pronouncement—unfortunately without much effect—is one which has deeply impressed the American mind. That this should be so is not surprising. Already the United States has a great trade with China, and if the design manifested by the Powers to partition that Empire among them were realized, the future of the

* *Le Temps*, June 9th, 1898.

Pacific States would be robbed of half its glowing promise.* Of the extent to which this danger has been appreciated in the States we have abundant evidence. While the struggle between Great Britain and the Powers was in progress, Commodore Melville, of the United States Navy, publicly pointed out that—

"the time is approaching when the cotton-growers of the south, the wheat-growers of the west, the meat-producers of our plains, and manufacturers and wage-earners all over our land, will realize that exclusion from Asian markets will be disastrous to their best interests."†

General Wilson, reviewing the same question in an article on the identity of British and American interests in China, observed:

"How far we should go in an independent effort, or by open co-operation, or by an alliance expressed or implied, for safeguarding or extending these interests, is a matter for careful consideration."‡

Since then Russia has made good her hold on Port Arthur, and the extension of the Russian tariff to Manchuria, where American cottons have hitherto found a valuable market,§ it is only a question of time. When Americans ask why their interests have been thus imperilled, in the face of British opposition, they are presented with a pregnant answer in Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham speech:

"If the policy of isolation, which has hitherto been the policy of this country, is to be maintained in the future, then the fate of the Chinese Empire may be, probably will be, hereafter decided without reference to our wishes and in defiance of our interests. If, on the other hand, we are determined to enforce the policy of the open door, to preserve an equal opportunity for trade with all our rivals, then . . . we must not reject the idea of an alliance with those powers whose interests most nearly approximate to our own."||

* Consular Report "On Trade between the United States and China" (No. 455, Mis. Ser., 1898).

† *North American Review*, March, 1898.

‡ *Ibid.*, February, 1898, p. 138.
p. 294.

§ Consular Report, Mis. Ser., No. 455, p. 5.

|| *Times*, May 14th, 1898.

The moral of this must appeal all the more strongly to the American public, since it might have been spoken by an American statesman to an assembly of his fellow-countrymen without the sacrifice of a word.

Is it, then, carrying this speculation too far to suggest that the understanding, of which I have argued the probable existence, is based on the recognition of the identity of the interests of England and America in the markets of the Far East, and the further recognition that this identity of interests deprives us of our chief excuse for fettering the liberty of American action in Cuba? The two questions are really one, for the importance of Cuba in our eyes is very largely that it is a possible blockhouse of great strategical value on the inter-oceanic highway, which will one day deepen the community of Anglo-American interests in the Open Door of the Far East. That it should be in the possession, or under the tutelage, of a power bound to us by every tie which makes for enduring political union, is almost as much an advantage as the contrary is a disadvantage.

Of course, all this may be the merest day-dreaming. The responsibility, however, is not mine; it is Mr. Chamberlain's. For what are the alternatives? There are three:

1. If the Cabinet has not abandoned the principle of Isolation in its foreign policy, Mr. Chamberlain ought, on his own showing, to have ceased to hold his portfolio!

2. If it has abandoned that principle, but has not yet concluded an understanding with a foreign power, Mr. Chamberlain has, by his Birmingham speech, placed it in a position in which it will be difficult for it to conduct the negotiations on equal terms.

3. If our new ally is not the United States, we have made concessions to that power which ought not to have been made without solid compensations, and there is no evidence of such compensations having been obtained by us.—*Fortnightly Review*.

VITALISM.

BY JOHN HALDANE.

ABOUT the middle of the present century a great change occurred in the general trend of investigation and speculation in animal physiology. Whereas previously the majority of investigators had treated life as something essentially different from the phenomena met with in the inorganic world, it now came to be almost universally held that, apart from consciousness, which, of course, stands by itself, life must ultimately be susceptible of analysis into a series of physical and chemical processes, and can be investigated on no other lines than those of ordinary physics and chemistry. The older belief is now usually known as "vitalism."

The movement away from vitalism was coincident not only with great advances in physics and chemistry, but also with the appearance of plausible physical and chemical theories to explain some of the most fundamental physiological processes. Subsequent investigations have, however, gradually shown that these theories were all more or less incorrect; and the question whether there was not in the older belief an important element of truth is now constantly before the minds of physiologists.

To all the forms which vitalism at different times assumed, the doctrine was common that in a living organism a specific influence is at work which so controls all the movements of the body and of the material entering or leaving it that the structure peculiar to the organism is developed and maintained. This assumption completely differentiated what is living from what is not living, and implied that true principles of explanation in biology can be reached only by a study of life itself, and not of inorganic phenomena.

The reasons which have been given for rejecting vitalism are: (1) that there has been steady progress in the direction of explaining life in terms of physics and chemistry; (2) that the

hypothesis of the vitalists is meaningless, and nothing but a substitution of mere words for definite explanation. For a proper understanding of the present position of the question it is necessary to consider these two reasons very closely.

As regards the first reason, it is undoubtedly the case that by the application of physical and chemical principles an immense amount of light has been thrown on the phenomena of life. Perfectly satisfactory physical explanations can, for instance, be given of the manner in which contractions of the muscles and of the heart respectively bring about movements of the limbs and circulation of the blood. Physical and chemical investigations have made clear the ultimate sources of the energy which manifests itself in animal heat and in bodily movements of all kinds. In every direction investigation along similar lines has advanced our knowledge, and is rapidly advancing it further. Nevertheless, if the question be put whether this advance has brought, or is apparently bringing, us nearer to the goal of a physico-chemical explanation of life, the answer must without doubt be in the negative.

At certain times it has doubtless appeared as if substantial progress were being made toward a physico-chemical explanation of life. Thus, at the middle of the seventeenth century, about the time of Descartes, rapid progress was being made in physics and chemistry, and the work of the human anatomists of the Italian schools, together with Harvey's discovery of the circulation, afforded material for vigorously pushing forward physico-chemical speculations in physiology. Descartes' treatise, "*De Homine*" gives an admirable idea of the drift of these speculations. The book is a general description of the mechanisms by which the functions of the living body were supposed to be carried on. To take one example, mus-

cular contraction is explained as being due to distension of the muscular fibres by a volatile liquid (the "animal spirits") suddenly projected down the nerve-tubules from the ventricles of the brain. The arrangements by which this liquid was filtered off by purely mechanical means from the blood, and the further arrangements by which, in consequence of impulses received from the periphery of the body, appropriate valves, etc., were set in motion, so as to open the tubules leading to the muscles, are described with great minuteness. Speculations of this kind not unnaturally received very short shrift at the hands of Stahl and other vitalists of the succeeding generation.

Of more immediate interest are the physico-chemical theories of the present century, as the movement which they represented is still in progress. Until about the middle of the century vitalism was on the whole the prevalent doctrine, and was strongly upheld by such leaders in physiology as Johannes Müller and Liebig. The younger physiologists of the time, and particularly Müller's own pupils, headed by Schwann, du Bois Reymond, and others, were, however, almost unanimous in completely rejecting vitalism. The new standpoint was described by Huxley in his Belfast address (1874) in the following words :

In the seventeenth century the idea that the physical processes of life are capable of being explained in the same way as other physical phenomena, and, therefore, that the living body is a mechanism, was proved to be true for certain classes of vital action; and, having thus taken root in irrefragable fact, this conception has not only successfully repelled every assault upon it, but has steadily grown in force and extent of application until it is now the expressed or implied fundamental proposition of the whole of scientific physiology.

Without stopping to question the historical accuracy of this statement, let us endeavor to follow some of the main lines in the development of the physico-chemical movement of recent times.

Schwann, the author of the great discovery that the animal body is made up of cells, formulated the theory that cell-development is only a peculiar form of

crystallization, dependent on the special nature of the solution from which he supposed the cells to be formed. This, of course, amounted to a purely physical account of the growth and nutrition of the body; and Schwann believed that in putting forward the observations on which his theory was based he had destroyed the very foundations of vitalism. Further investigations gradually showed, however, that his account of cell-development was entirely incorrect, since cells only develop from pre-existing cells, and the conditions of cell growth and nutrition, so far from being akin to those which determine the growth and stability of crystals, or other inorganic structures, can only be compared with them by way of contrast. As a consequence of Schwann's discovery, we now know that the body is made up of cells; but we also know that the nutrition of each one of these cells presents within itself essentially the same problem as the nutrition of the body as a whole presented to physiologists before Schwann's time, and still presents in spite of all that has been discovered with regard to cells.

To turn to another group of fundamental physiological phenomena: it came to be generally believed about the middle of the century that the secretion and absorption of liquids, solids in solution, and gases are nothing but mechanical processes of filtration, osmosis, and diffusion. A very good general idea of these and other similar mechanical theories is conveyed in Huxley's "Elementary Physiology," written in 1868. It is stated, for instance, that the dissolved matter in the intestines "is absorbed in the ordinary way by osmosis into the vessels of the villi;" and the process by which the undissolved fatty particles are absorbed is even compared to the squeezing of mercury through a piece of wash-leather. As regards secretion, an excretory organ is described as consisting in ultimate analysis of "a very thin sheet of tissue, like so much blotting-paper, the one face of which is free, or lines a cavity in communication with the exterior of the body, while the other is in contact with the blood, which has to be purified.

The excreted matters are, as it were, strained from the blood through this delicate layer of filtering tissue, and on to its free surface, whence they make their escape."

The investigations of the last thirty or forty years, and particularly those of Ludwig and Heidenhain, have completely overthrown the mechanical theories just referred to. It has been found that filtration and diffusion afford no explanation of the processes in question; and statements such as those just quoted from the "Elementary Physiology" only serve to show how, in the absence of experimental evidence, even the ablest and most clear-headed men of science may be led astray by preconceived ideas.

A further group of physico-chemical theories came to be connected with the consumption of oxygen and giving off of carbonic acid by the body. Not only was it pointed out that oxidation is the source from which the body obtains the energy which it requires in the form of heat and mechanical work, but life itself was assumed to be essentially an oxidation process, dependent on the affinity of oxygen for the carbon and hydrogen present in organic compounds. Even Liebig, vitalist though he was, believed that oxidation, and consequently heat production, in the body depend, other things being equal, simply on the amount of oxygen which is brought by the circulatory and respiratory processes to the combustible material present throughout the body, just as combustion in a furnace depends on the amount of air which is driven through it. To quote again from Huxley, "oxygen seizes upon those organic molecules which are disposable, lays hold of their elements, and combines with them into the new and stabler forms, carbonic acid, water, and urea." A more careful study of what occurs has led, however, to a very different conclusion with regard to the relations between oxidation and life. To put the matter in concise, though perhaps figurative, language, the oxygen does not primarily lay hold, but is itself laid hold of, to be disposed of according to the needs of the organism. Thus it may be simply

handed or forced onward by the living cells which grasp it. In the case of deep-sea fishes, for instance, it may be driven onward into the cavity of the swimming-bladder, even against the enormous pressure in an opposite direction of 1500 lbs. to the square inch. Or it may be stored up in some form or other for future use, or utilized immediately. "The living cell, and not the amount of oxygen in the blood, regulates the consumption of oxygen," to quote Pflüger's words. In connection with physiological oxidation, as with growth, nutrition, secretion, and absorption, the attempt to analyze life into constituent physical and chemical processes has thus failed completely.

It would be tedious to give further examples of the break-down in all directions of the physico-chemical physiology of the middle of the century. To any physiologist who candidly reviews the progress of the last fifty years it must be perfectly evident that, so far from having advanced toward a physico-chemical explanation of life, we are in appearance very much farther from one than we were fifty years ago. We are now far more definitely aware of the obstacles to any advance in this direction, and there is not the slightest indication that they will be removed, but rather that with further increase of knowledge, and more refined methods of physical and chemical investigation, they will only appear more and more difficult to surmount. The argument against vitalism, in so far as it is founded on any supposed advance toward a physico-chemical explanation of life, is contradicted by the progress of knowledge, and therefore falls to the ground.

The second objection against vitalism—that it is without meaning as a positive hypothesis—has now to be considered. It is frequently urged that vitalism amounts to nothing more than the mere assertion that a physico-chemical explanation of vital phenomena has not been found; and that even though this assertion be correct, the only possible way of advance in physiology is by the further application of the principles of physics and chemistry, since there

are, and can be, no other kinds of explanation but the "casual" ones which these sciences afford.

This argument in its widest form is undoubtedly based on the metaphysical assumption that the universe, interpreted as it is in the physical sciences as a universe of matter and energy, corresponds to absolute reality, and is for this reason incapable of any further interpretation. The work of modern philosophy since Berkeley and Hume has shown that the assumption in question is without foundation. An adequate discussion of the matter would, however, take us away from physiology into metaphysics. The present article is concerned not with metaphysics, but with such hypotheses and conclusions as arise directly and naturally from observed physiological phenomena.

The form in which the objection in question really presents itself to most physiologists is that, apart from all metaphysical arguments, vitalism represents no positive working hypothesis capable of being used to advance physiology. The attempted mechanical explanations of fundamental physiological processes have doubtless failed; but, on the other hand, the investigation of life on purely physico-chemical lines has proved very fruitful. What else has been done or can be done but to carry on these investigations on the same lines? And what has vitalism, in whatever way it may be formulated, ever done, or what is it ever likely to do, to help physiology? These are very pertinent questions. There seems, however, to be an equally pertinent answer to them.

Reference has already been made to the work which has established the inadequacy of the attempted physico-chemical analyses of life. This work has, however, had positive, as well as negative, results; and it is on the positive results that a defence of vitalism as a positive working hypothesis must be founded. To illustrate the negative results we took the history of modern investigations relating to cell-growth, secretion and absorption, and respiration. The same investigations may be

referred to in illustration of the positive results.

According to Schwann's theory cell-growth was to be regarded as a process of crystallization, which, given the same solution of lifeless material as he supposed to form the mother-liquor of the cells, might occur anywhere. Subsequent investigation has shown (1) that the supposed mother-liquor is a definite organism—a cell in the sense in which the word "cell" is now used; (2) that for the occurrence of growth this organism must be alive, which implies that the deposit of new material during growth only occurs in immediate association with a multitude of other processes, which we may distinguish as absorptive, excretory, respiratory, metabolic, etc., and which, occurring as they do in such unison that the cell develops and maintains itself, are characteristic of life; (3) that not only are different cells similar to one another morphologically, but they are also similar physiologically.

In the development of knowledge with regard to the physiology of secretion and absorption of material by the glands and intestine a similar change in ideas can be traced. In place of the physico-chemical theory that the processes in question are due to filtration and diffusion, such as might occur through lifeless membranes, we now know (1) that the secreting or absorbing surface is always composed of living cells; (2) that the occurrence of true secretion and apparently also of absorption involves processes of building up or growth, and breaking down or waste, of the cell-substance, and is bound up with various changes—respiratory, metabolic, electrical, etc., which occur in such unison that the secreting surface maintains itself; (3) that these processes are similar to those occurring in other cells.

A similar change has occurred in our knowledge with regard to respiration. Formerly it was believed that the consumption of oxygen, and corresponding formation of carbonic acid, etc., in the body, could be explained as due simply to the contact between the superabun-

dance of oxidizable material always present in the blood and the oxygen entering the blood by the lungs. We have now evidence, however, (1) that oxidation occurs within living cells; (2) that its occurrence is intimately associated with the various other characteristic evidences of vital activity occurring in equally characteristic union; (3) that it occurs in all the cells of the body.

These results not only imply the failure of particular physico-chemical theories of growth, secretion, respiration, heat-production, etc., but they entirely bear out the vitalistic contention that the life of an organism in its characteristic aspects can only be studied and understood as a whole, and that attempts to analyze life into a mere series of physical and chemical processes are based on a mistaken theory. A further part of the vitalistic doctrine is that while we can increase our knowledge and insight by comparing organism with organism, we cannot, except for purposes of contrast, compare the living with what is not living. It is evident from the illustrations just given, that the physiological comparison of cell with cell, or organism with organism, has led to an enormously increased insight into life, so that in this respect also the vitalistic theory has turned out to be an excellent working hypothesis. But for misleading physico-chemical theories the very fruitful method of comparing with one another different forms of vital activity might have been adopted all along, and would evidently have led to far more steady and continuous advance.

From yet another point of view the old vitalists can be justified at the expense of the orthodox physico-chemical physiology of the present day. It is perfectly evident that a living organism differs from any inorganic structure in this respect, that in spite of constant changes in its constituent material, and in its environment, it retains its identity in a manner which we are forced to recognize, whatever theoretical account we may give of the fact. It does so by constantly repairing its losses,

whether of material or of energy, and adapting itself to every change in its environment. It thus contrasts with any physical structure or mechanism. The latter inevitably wears out or runs down, since it is nothing but an essentially accidental aggregation of particles of matter and units of energy. Now the physico-chemical physiology has failed to give any account of the above-mentioned characteristics, which may be traced in every elementary physiological process. Not only can it give no account of them, but, what is worse, it tends to direct attention entirely away from them; and in doing so it diverts investigation from just those physiological phenomena which are most distinctive, instead of directing it toward them, as the vitalistic theory did, by its assumption of a "vital principle" the operation of which is in the direction of preservation of the body.

The above considerations show that vitalism embodied not merely a negative belief, but a scientific working hypothesis of great value. The contention to the contrary has turned out to be without foundation; hence this part, also, of the case against vitalism must be dismissed.

It may still, perhaps, be argued that though the vitalistic theory may be of use in some parts of physiology, yet in other parts physical and chemical explanations are manifestly the right ones, and that as two entirely different guiding hypotheses cannot be used together in the same science we must prefer the physico-chemical theory, which is simpler, and involves fewer difficulties.

In studying the phenomena of life we undoubtedly make use at every point of physical and chemical methods of investigation. We can also explain, on purely physical and chemical principles, many isolated processes occurring in the living body. Nor can there be any doubt that by the further application of these principles we shall continue to extend our knowledge, particularly as regards the changes occurring within what, for want of more precise knowledge, is still called "living proto-

plasm." If we look, however, at the phenomena which are capable of being stated or explained in physico-chemical terms, we see at once that there is nothing in them characteristic of life. All that is really shown by the partial success which has attended the application of physical and chemical principles of explanation in physiology is that in the course of investigation it is often possible to ignore for the time the distinctive features of life. For certain scientific purposes we may treat some part of the body as a mechanism, without taking into consideration the manner in which it is controlled and maintained; and in this way results of great value have been attained. But in doing all this we are deliberately ignoring or abstracting from all that is characteristic of life in the phenomena dealt with. The action of each bodily mechanism, the composition and structure of each organ, the intake and output of energy from the body, are all mutually determined and connected with one another in such a way as at once to distinguish a living organism from anything else. As this mutual determination is the characteristic mark of what is living it cannot be ignored in the framing of fundamental working hypotheses. Physiology is part of the science of life; and the science of life must certainly deal with what is characteristic in the phenomena of life. The attitude of the leaders of the physico-chemical movement of the middle of the present century was at least logical, since they not only considered that it was possible to explain away the apparently distinctive characteristics of life, but also believed, though erroneously as it turned out, that an appeal to experiment was confirming their explanations. It is impossible, however, to defend the position of those who, while admitting that the distinctive features of life cannot be explained away, yet argue that physiology as a science may proceed as if they did not exist.

From what has been said it will perhaps be sufficiently evident that a most effective reply may be made to many of the reproaches so freely, and often reck-

lessly, made by the adherents of the physico-chemical doctrines against their vitalistic predecessors; there are, however, other aspects of the controversy.

The vitalists of former times practically assumed that there is something in a living organism which controls and directs into suitable channels for the maintenance of the body the available blind physical and chemical forces. The meaning of this assumption is undoubtedly anything but clear. If the something be called "vital force," then the objection is evident that it is not force or energy in the only intelligible sense of the word, since it implies an expenditure of energy which is at the same time not expended, and may even be growing with expenditure, as in a developing organism. Apart from this difficulty it is impossible to specify the manner in which vital force can be supposed to interfere in the physico-chemical processes within the body. We may recognize that its interference is of such a nature that the living body is maintained on the whole, but closer investigation shows that its influence seems to favor destruction as well as preservation of the physical substance of the body. Were it not, for instance, for the exchange of material dependent on life there would not be a constant waste of the body substance, and the processes of nutrition would be unnecessary. The structure of the body is thus not preserved by the supposed vital force in any literal sense; and indeed the structure of a living organism is in many ways peculiarly sensitive to the effects of external influences, and unadapted to survive. The presence of a minute trace of a poison, for instance, which would produce no appreciable effect on dead albumin, may have a most marked effect on a living cell. However convinced, therefore, we may be that vitalism embodied an important element of truth, we must admit that in its old form it was as much open to attack as the physico-chemical theory of life.

A consideration of the course taken by the development of the sister science of anatomy seems to point to a way out of the difficulty in which the shortcom-

ings of both the physico-chemical and vitalistic theories have placed physiology.

Previously to the present century the aim of anatomists may be said to have been simply to ascertain the physical structure of organisms. The system of classification in use was, moreover, an artificial one, such as might equally have been applied to inorganic structures. Scientific anatomy, or morphology, is now, however, on a different footing. It was gradually recognized that amid external diversities of physical structure and appearance among organisms fundamental unity of type and corresponding homology of parts could be traced. A "natural" system of description and classification based on this fact thus became possible; and it became the aim of scientific anatomists to work out this natural system in connection with every detail of structure and variety of organism. The ground idea of the new anatomy was evidently that of the existence of an immanent type or plan which an organism or group of allied organisms adheres to through every variety of outward modification. This idea dominates morphology and differentiates it from other sciences, just as the ideas of matter and energy dominate and differentiate physics.

Adherence to morphological plan is evidently not the same thing as persistence of physical structure or configuration; for the physical configuration may vary enormously in cases where identity of morphological plan is perfectly clear. The method of comparing different organisms and different stages in the development of the same organism enables the morphologist, armed with his guiding hypothesis, to perceive a definite correlation among the parts; and the existence of this correlation makes it possible for him to introduce order into what would otherwise appear as a mere confused mass of indefinite and endless physical detail. The physical structure by itself he treats as something which requires to be interpreted in order that the reality beneath it may appear.

In the case of an organism regarded

morphologically the conception of each part evidently involves the conception of its morphological relationships to the other parts. In other words, the conception of each part involves that of the whole. We can mentally separate the parts of a physical structure from the other parts of the same structure, but we cannot do so with the parts of a morphological structure. It may be objected to this, that to conceive parts as related we must first conceive them as they are in themselves. Precisely the same objection may, however, be made to such a conception as that of matter or of energy. Each of the material parts of which we assume from the physical standpoint that the universe is made up is without meaning apart from the existence of other parts of some kind or other. Not even the simplest sense-perception is anything apart from other sense-perceptions. We find the idea of matter given us in experience as a constitutive idea; we do not arrive at it from sensuous data not involving it. The morphological idea of an organism is also given in experience as a constitutive idea. Like the idea of matter, it is not derived from anything simpler, and certainly cannot be reduced to the idea of physical form. Its justification, and its only justification, is that we find it given in experience, and that, as a matter of fact, it enables us to co-ordinate one part of that experience. In other words, it expresses what we find in one part of "reality."

It has been maintained that the results of morphology ought to be regarded as only preliminary to a physico-chemical interpretation of life, and that the modern doctrines of relationship by descent, heredity, and gradual differentiation of species by natural selection have furnished a key to the interpretation in question. In answer to this argument it is only necessary to point out that no attempt worthy of serious consideration has ever been made to furnish even the outlines of a physico-chemical theory of heredity, and that the doctrine of natural selection does not in any way offer a physico-chemical explanation of the means by which the

morphological and physiological characters of an organism are modified. The discovery that organisms are related by descent, and that natural selection plays an important part in the differentiation of species, has thus brought morphology not in the slightest degree nearer to the physical sciences.

Physiology is a more complex and difficult branch of knowledge than anatomy, and in its distinctive modern development was preceded by anatomy. The great human anatomists of the Italian schools belonged to the century before that of Harvey; and if in more recent times physiology has lagged behind anatomy in discovering and consciously making use of satisfactory working hypotheses we can hardly be surprised.

The fundamental assumption of morphology is that each part of an organism is determined as regards its mode of existence by its relations to the other parts. That this determination is real, and not merely apparent, is shown by the facts (1) that morphological plan is so persistent in spite of disturbing influences; (2) that parts which are removed tend to be reproduced. Recent embryological experiments have even shown that if one-half of an embryo at its earliest stage of development be removed the remaining portion will develop into a whole embryo. The results of these experiments illustrate very clearly the fact that the parts of an organism mutually determine one another's mode of existence. Now this implies a constant physiological determination of the nutrition of each part in accordance with the morphological plan of the whole. The morphological conception of an organism is thus just as much a physiological as an anatomical conception. As, moreover, the nutrition of an organism depends not merely on the relation of the parts to one another, but also on their relation to the physiological environment, it seems equally clear that the conception in question implies that the influence of the environment also is determined in a similar manner to that of the parts of the organism. We are accustomed to look at environment

simply in its physical and chemical aspects. It must be remembered, however, that what the environment is for an organism depends on the organism itself, and that the influence on the organism of any particular physical or chemical condition in the environment may vary indefinitely according to the nature or physiological state of the organism. There is thus no difficulty in the assumption that the morphological conception of an organism involves the idea that not only are the living parts, but also the physiological environment, determined in accordance with the morphological plan of the organism. A clear distinction must be drawn between the morphological conception of an organism with its environment and the physico-chemical conception. These two conceptions correspond to different aspects of the same reality, not to two different things lying side by side in space. There is thus no definite point at which morphological and physico-chemical reality meet and clash with one another.

According to the physico-chemical view of biology, the aim of anatomy is to investigate the physical structure of organisms, while the aim of physiology is to investigate the interaction between this structure and its physical and chemical environment. This conception of the relationship between the two sciences has led to what is practically a complete separation between morphology, or scientific anatomy, and physiology. The physiologists have treated anatomy as if, so far as guiding hypotheses are concerned, it were still at the stage which it reached in the time of the early human anatomists. Consequently the new ideas which have so completely transformed anatomy since the end of last century might almost, so far as physiology is concerned, never have existed. As shown above, however, the advance of physiology has made it more and more clear that functional activity implies change in living structure, and that maintenance of living structure implies maintenance of function. We cannot any longer treat living structure as something apart from the material which passes through

it, and independent of the environment influencing it. A closer study of the physiological relations between different organs of the body has, moreover, tended to prove that these relations are of a far more intimate nature than was formerly suspected. The discoveries which have been made with regard to the influence exercised by the liver, pancreas, thyroid gland, reproductive organs, etc., on the nutrition of other parts of the body may be regarded as the counterpart to the results of embryological and other experiments on the reproduction of lost parts.

It would thus seem that, whether we look at the matter from the anatomical or the physiological side, it is hard to escape the inference that the conception which the morphologists have so successfully applied to the elucidation of structure must also be applicable to physiological phenomena. Just as morphological identity can be traced through modifications in physical structure, so must a corresponding physiological identity be traceable through changes in functional activity and in relation to physical environment. If we regard the physiological relationships between the parts of an organism, and between the organism and its environment, merely as physical and chemical interaction, this interaction appears to be endlessly complex and variable, both in amount and direction, just as the structure of living organisms is indefinitely variable from the purely physical standpoint. We can, however, regard functional relationship, not from the point of view of physical interaction, but from that of the connection between the parts of an organism when the latter is looked at as retaining its identity in the same sense in the domain of physiological function as in that of morphological structure. We are thus furnished with an hypothesis which seems to afford a real clue through the maze of disjointed observations of which physiology is at present largely made up.

The old vitalists pointed out that organisms maintain, renovate, and reproduce their structure and activities, and that, since no physical explanation can

be given of the fact, we must assume the existence of a "vital force" or "vital principle," which controls the play of blind physical and chemical forces within the organism. The physico-chemical school of physiologists point out with equal justice that no intelligible definition has been given by the vitalists to their assumed force or principle, so that apparently the only course left is to persevere in the attempts at tracing a chain of purely physical and chemical events between the action of the environment on the organism and the reaction of the organism on the environment. From both sides the subject has been approached from a physical and not from a biological standpoint; for in practice the "vital force" of the vitalists was really treated by them as on a level with known physical and chemical forces, though playing a peculiar and unintelligible part among them. The physical aspect of experience is, however, only one aspect of it. There is, therefore, no reason for vainly attempting to apply physical principles of investigation where, as in the case of life, these principles are not found to be applicable. The question as to the part which physical, chemical, or "vital" forces play in all that occurs within the living body may therefore be set aside, since it involves a presupposition for which there are no grounds. Physiology as a science is part of biology, and must be approached in the light of conceptions derived from the study of life. The biological conception which has brought coherence and order into anatomy cannot be longer ignored by physiologists; and its extension to physiology seems to afford a means of giving intelligible scientific expression, on the one hand to the unity and independence emphasized by the vitalists, and on the other to the diversity and dependence on environment to which the physico-chemical school gave prominence.

At the end of his famous memoir on secreting glands, Johannes Müller, after pointing out that his observations negatived the theory, then still current, that the secretions are separated from the blood by means of a filtering appar-

atus consisting of fine tubules connecting the blood-vessels and gland-ducts, suggested that secretion must apparently be regarded as a process akin to growth, the only difference being that whereas in ordinary growth the material deposited tends to remain where it is, in secretion it is always being carried away and again replaced. This suggestion, showing as it did that he was feeling after a way of combining morphology and physiology, contained the germs of a new physiology on some such basis as that which has just been indicated.

The wave of physico-chemical speculation which has passed over physiology since the time when Müller wrote, seems now to have nearly exhausted it-

self; and the clue which this wave swept from the hands that were grasping at it is again being taken up. It is perhaps rash to speculate as to the future of any branch of science, but no all present appearances the time is not very far off when it will be generally acknowledged that the biological are separated from the physical sciences, not through the existence of any spatial line of demarcation between what is living and what is not living, but by the fact that the fundamental conceptions of biology are, and, from the nature of the phenomena dealt with, must be, entirely different from those of physics and chemistry.—*Nineteenth Century.*

THE COMPANY AND THE INDIVIDUAL.

WHEN the vocation of that picturesque personage the highway robber fell into decay and finally disappeared from the land, the memory of him and his depredations doubtless afforded occasion for various comforting reflections. These reflections would be founded on the pleasing but erroneous supposition that the disappearance of a certain manifestation of wrong-doing means a diminution in the sum-total of evil. The sad fact, however, is that the world is ever provided with a plentiful, and it would really appear an undiminishing, proportion of men who make it their business to acquire money by force, fraud, or cajolery. Of these the highwayman in his special way was a fair representative; but lest it be imagined that this is a philosophical treatise on the recrudescence of the highwayman under the guise of a company floater, we hasten to say that such is very far from our purpose. That the fields and bypaths of limited liability concerns are infested by financial bandits whose aims are on all fours with those of our moonlight friend is a proposition that needs no detailed proof;

but the highwayman had some lovable traits, some characteristics that made for romance, and we should be the last to trace the degradation of his fine spirit into company promoting, even if we saw evidence of it, which we are far from seeing. Indeed, it is because we think we perceive quite the contrary that we select him for a kind of illustrative type, as shall presently be made clear. But that he serves equally well as a type on his wrong side is the melancholy fact that makes him appropriate here. In a word, the highwayman displayed in its barest simplicity that primeval desire of mankind to acquire property without earning or deserving it.

That this desire is coeval with mankind itself appears unfortunately to be incontrovertible. The earliest method of giving effect to it was doubtless force. The prototype of the highwayman and the financial bandit alike was that hairy savage who, in some age of the world too dreadfully early to contemplate, lay in wait watching a brother savage laboring, scheming, and fighting hard to kill a wild pig, and, when

that was accomplished, knocked his brother savage on the head and walked off with the pig. It is easy to imagine that the acquirer of the pig by force would himself go in fear that some still stronger brother savage would in turn knock him on the head while yet the pig was fresh. This trepidation and uncertainty would naturally lead to some modification of the principle of acquisition by immediate knock. A man when overmatched might prefer to save his head by surrendering the pig, and thus would come about the principle of acquisition by threat of knock. Commerce would arise from the incapacity of any one man to eat a whole pig in one day, and the consequent desire to turn the surplus to profitable account while yet it was eatable. Avocations would grow, as for instance from the excellence of some particular savage at pig-killing, and the willingness of others to give him a recompense for the exercise of his skill on their behalf. And, not to be tedious, it would be easy to find in this pig-killing incident the germs of all developments of society proceeding along lines of conduct called natural, and still in full force in these latter days. We see in it the necessity of labor for food; the bad desire to acquire the fruit of another man's labor, by force—by immediate knock; the growth of polity and morality in the modification of the immediate knock, the evil still persisting in the form of threat of knock; the specialization of effort by individual skill, and so on. But can the mind call up, with any color of probability, the picture of one of these savage ancestors standing forth—the earliest company promoter—and saying (in effect, of course): "Brothers, I have discovered a great source of benefit to you all, and I hasten to make you partakers of it for your own good, not for mine. I have found where dwells a huge herd of swine, and I know a man who can kill them with quite special certainty and rapidity. Now, if you will each of you make over to me some tool, weapon, implement, or other possession which you prize—it is

only a little from each of you, though it may seem a great deal when accumulated about me—I will undertake to provide you with pig's flesh at a fair rate for ever. We shall be a company, you and I and the man in the woods." Would not they laugh, these savages, and determine to keep their tools and weapons for their own use and profit, instead of confiding them to that eloquent brother, who might possibly barter them for pigs for his own consumption without personal labor? It is very probable they might treat him with the knock immediate; and thereafter perhaps eat him.

All this, though highly probable, is not strictly historical, and therefore we come back to the highwayman in order to arrive at the clear determination of a principle which characterized him even in his evil-doing. He stands, on the one side, as the exponent of that tendency in human beings to acquire property without working for or deserving it, his object being essentially the same as that of a great mass of activity in limited liability operations. But, on the other side, he shows himself as a man who in his enterprises put himself and his life at risk, devoted his energies directly to his work, and even acquired a reputation for himself on that ground. In doing so he strikingly illustrates a characteristic which used to be looked for in all achievement whatever, and is traceable down the paths of history back into the very roots of human nature. It is a characteristic which is strikingly absent from the methods of enterprise by limited liability—which, in fact, is directly struck at by these methods. We shall discover that the continued spread of business by company means a growing limitation of the field in which personal endeavor finds scope for its action. In a word, after the first schemers, propagators, promoters, floaters, have made their profits, the whole design and constitution of the resulting company, with its directors, manager, secretary, and shareholders—facetiously called the proprietors—is inimical to, and destructive of, that principle of active in-

dividuality which hitherto, unless the whole of history be wrongly recorded, has appeared to be the source and spring of the national prosperity and greatness. That healthy sentiment of personal effort which stood to fail or succeed by itself alone is being undermined by a system of procedure by company which so cunningly appeals to the weaknesses of human nature on many sides as to constitute a menace to the moral stamina of the nation.

Let us come to the concrete at once and take the case of a man of ordinary energy, brains, and honesty, who set out in life to earn a livelihood at least, and a fortune if possible, in the manufacture of some wares. Into the venture he put such money as he had, and purchased for a wage such technical knowledge and common labor as were needed to make merchandise of his raw material. From that moment there also went into the venture his personal reputation.

He elected to be judged by results, and looked for reward through the integrity of his dealings and the quality of his wares. Not in one year, nor in five, could he hope to acquire fortune; he knew that that could come by long persistence only, and his emulation consisted in trying to produce a better article than others following the same pursuit as himself. His plans were laid for a long course; he kept at the head of affairs, constantly guiding and planning, knowing that in it all his name was at stake. Was it only iron pots he made? No matter; his care was to make sure that when the housewife bought a pot she would say: "This is So-and-so's pot, and it is a good pot." The ambition to make good iron pots may not seem a high one; but a reputation can be built up on good pots as on great battles, and with reputation comes responsibility, and with responsibility the moral operations that distinguish men from each other; and all this springs in a chain of cause and effect most naturally from the personal relation of a man to his effort. True that in the case we are considering the reward of this effort is a money re-

ward; but on this point let us clear our minds of cant: we are all working ultimately for money. If, in regard to the production of pots and pans, and merchandise generally, the money reward is in more intimate connection with the effort, and is a more direct measure of its success, than in many other activities, it is nevertheless true that the moral quality of the effort put into the production of hardware is as apparent, necessary, and influential, as in any other sphere, whether of art or science. We sometimes hear commercial morality spoken of as if it were some specialized kind with a peculiar code and practice. There is, in fact, none such. The appeal to honesty is as direct and effective in business as it is in private or official matters, and integrity is essentially a virtue of the individual, and characterizes a company or corporation only in so far as it is the characteristic of the individuals composing it, or of one or two who by superior force of character control its operations. It has been observed that the morality of a crowd is higher than that of the individuals that form it, so that a theatre full of people will rapturously approve the triumph of good over wrong, all the while that the practice of most of the spectators leans more to that of the villain than of the hero. But it is one thing to applaud virtue, and quite another to practise it, even with a crowd to bear one company. Indeed, there are many instances in history to show that it is easier to pervert or debauch the sentiments of humanity in the gross than in the particular. And so we conclude on this as an undoubted fact, that a person who has earned a reputation, although it be only as a maker of pots and pans, is reacted upon by the responsibility of maintaining that reputation, and his endeavors thereby become directly moral, and in themselves are good and beneficial to the community.

We think it will become clear as we proceed that this responsibility does not operate with the same force in company enterprises: indeed, the company principle will appear in many cases to

be inimical to it. The quality that gives rise to it is not so much self-dependence stated barely, as the innate conviction that only what a man does of his own effort will avail him for a livelihood, a fortune, or a reputation. Returning for an illustration to our friend the highwayman: although he had no claims to moral endeavor, it is to be observed that he acquired a reputation quite unique in England, and although it was not of a kind to save him from the gallows, still, it was the result of a professional obligation that made him endeavor to live up to his profession. He softened the harshness of his acts by the art with which he gave them the guise of inevitableness. He boldly cut in among the moralities and made a place for himself, so that mankind accepted him as they did lightning or the smallpox. In many a book his deeds are recounted in a way which, if it does not amount to singing his praises, at least barely conceals a shame-faced admiration for him. It is as if jigs were sung in the time and measure of psalm-tunes. And why is this? Because he seemed to be an exemplar of that quality of putting yourself at risk, of boldly committing your endeavors to the trial, with nothing between you and failure but yourself. It stood to him for a virtue that he challenged all the chances of successful resistance on the part of those whom he stopped, that he faced great odds, and overawed companies of persons who might, by concerted, or even individual action, have sadly turned the tables on him. He presented himself frankly as a person who had come to take your money and valuables from you, by force if necessary. He held out nothing more nearly resembling a prospectus than the point of a pistol, and promised neither dividends nor returns. He wound up his dealings with a humor which is sadly lacking in more modern forms of liquidation; and, altogether, it is not difficult to understand the admiration in which he was held, for it was a tribute to the quality which is the source of all great achievement, and earns its meed of praise even when the ends to which it is directed are as

reprehensible as were his. The day of the highwayman is gone for ever; but were his avocation possible still, such are the possibilities of limited liability that it is doubtful if anybody would take to it who had brains sufficient to become the instigator or promoter of some swindling company.

It might, perhaps, be too hazardous a contention to uphold that this quality of self against the world is distinctively English, but it is at least a safe assertion to say that it has in history characterized the English people to a greater extent than any other nation. Behind every undertaking the inhabitants of these islands have ever loved to recognize the evidence of a personality, to mark its operations, and to follow with appreciation its workings toward a goal. Indeed, this belief that only what he does himself will avail him, and therefore it must be thoroughly done, is so highly developed in the Englishman that some of its manifestations make him a marvel to other peoples. He seems less an Englishman by virtue of any sentimental bond of nationality than by virtue of the possession of qualities which have marked him out as such, and made it impossible for him to be anything else. So self-centred is he that, as Kinglake has shown in his ever delightful "*Eothen*," two Englishmen meeting in the desert will pass each other with a bare nod, if even with that. When two Germans or two Frenchmen come together in strange lands they will fraternize, talk of their common country, swear a friendship, perhaps even set up a partnership. Not necessarily so the Englishman. He is not in particular need of anybody, or if he be so, it is to further some scheme of his own, for which a Pole or Turk will serve his turn as well as a compatriot. If in quite recent years this has been modified somewhat, it is because the huge empire which he has acquired, principally by individual as opposed to national effort, has moved his not too ready imagination, and his schemes, while they suffer nothing in individual character thereby, are touched by a wider non-personal enthusiasm. But his methods

remain the same, and his innate conviction is unaltered that only along the paths of personal effort and persistence, and a reputation built up on fair dealing, lies the hope of fortune; and the fortune so acquired was until of recent years the only kind which was held in esteem.

The renown of English-made goods abroad was not their renown as English goods *per se*, but was derived from the guarantee which they bore through having an English name or mark stamped upon them. For many years the poor Indian in South America would buy no axe or matchet which did not have upon it the name of one or other celebrated Birmingham maker. Although this was a tribute to English honesty, it was primarily a tribute to the Englishman who made the tool; made it, that is to say, in accordance with the principle laid down—that his reputation was at stake, and that he acknowledged a directly personal responsibility to the nameless, unknown, half-naked Indian, who laid out half a year's work in its purchase. With cutlery, hardware, cottons, and the other articles which to more than half the world are necessities purchased with hard labor and the penurious sweat of the brow, it was the same: the name or mark upon them was accepted as proof of their genuineness. Whether the name or mark upon them was English the poor purchaser did not greatly regard; but he did implicitly put faith in the man, whosoever he was, whose well-known name or mark was upon the thing he purchased. Properly looked at, this is a very fine tribute for any man to receive—perhaps the highest possible. The next best is that offered by other nations, who, to share the Englishman's profits, found it an easy way to forge his name upon an inferior axe, and so deal a double blow: first at the fame of the Englishman, with whose wares went a moral obligation; and next at the faith of the poor peoples who purchased theirs, unseating the very principles upon which a great and permanent commerce can be built up. A hundred instances of fraudulent private enterprise in Eng-

land will not affect the foregoing conclusion. The appeal is to the main currents and to the gross result. We call up in evidence the great body of acknowledged facts with regard to the renown of English commerce, and its reputation for probity over the globe. This renown and this probity were the direct outcome of the effort of individuals, the success of which reacted upon them in the form of a moral responsibility to themselves.

Of course, all the world knows that this ancient and apparently natural tendency of man to act primarily out of consideration for his personal benefit—to kill a pig for himself and consume it for his own gratification—is the object of many assaults in this present day. The evils of competition, the degradation of masses of men by a smaller number of men who employ them for a wage, every respect, in fact, in which the world falls short of conceivable perfection, is traced to the too great freedom permitted to this tendency. Many are the schemes devised to curb, direct, or eradicate it. A happy time is promised us if, instead of acting for our own apparent benefit, we would only act for the far from apparent benefit to others. So easy does it appear to control tendencies falsely called natural, that we seem to be encouraged to look for a day when the babe at breast shall pause in its clamor for sustenance lest some other infant less fortunately situated has none at all. The dawn of another kind of day is breaking through an east of hateful social struggle, wherein the State shall be to us sufficient deity and religion, and some three-fourths of the people will be employed in one or other of the manifold forms of State-supervision of the remaining fourth, to insist on their conformity to legal happiness. Then the State will fix our rents; provide us with bread, and beer, and blacking for our boots; see that we have enough to do, and no more than we can do, of the thing we are best fitted to do; sort the street-sweeper out from the poet, and not have them mixed up through improper ambitions as at present; take care that no tree grows

to the detriment of another, and that all cabbages are equally succulent; appropriate our ideas and inventions for the general good; and stamp everything with the State seal of "All right" in a perfect circle. Yet again, anarchism rides triumphant up the orient, we are told, promising a day wherein, as the gentleman in Hyde Park said, seeing that if there were no law there would be no crime or wrongdoing, the short way to abolish these evils will be to do away with law. These pretty theories we refer to merely to show that we do not imagine that although the principle of individual action for individual benefit, and all the polities and moral codes which have grown up under it and because of it, are the outcome of long ages from savage pig-sticking to civilized company-promoting, it does not have its opponents. Meantime, however, we note that the altruistic person seems to be waiting for the *other man* to show signs of gratitude and recompense before beginning practice. And our Socialist friends present themselves merely as a very acrimonious and unsocial set of leaders of very varied practice, who have already thrown off a swarm called Fabians, distinguished by a sense of humor joined to a conviction that, while they have no pretensions to lead, they have no intentions of following, and in that quandary make jokes for a livelihood. Others of them have a knack of inheriting, acquiring, or marrying this world's goods in the old-fashioned way; and all, without exception, are busy egging the community on to commence Socialists, without showing the slightest sign of beginning themselves, apart from living on split peas and producing criticism. Which is a most strange and unheard-of way of propagating a new system of morals or society. For it is a true observation of all great ideas which have influenced the world that they are connected with the name of some one man, who had the courage of his convictions and boldly gave the world example of them in his own person.

Pending the solution of the puzzle as to which of the many new dawns

is tincturing the sky with rosy promise, or whether, in fact, anything is dawning at all other than what we are accustomed to, it becomes us to see, as a matter of common prudence, that the same fair field for individual enterprise is preserved now that enabled it to accomplish what history and the present state of society shows it to have accomplished. And a little examination reveals that there is an insidious enemy in the field, which promises the old benefits without at the same time creating the same moral responsibility or exacting the world-old tribute of labor for result. Whether it dawned in the orthodox way, or dropped from cosmic space, is a matter of no concern; but right among us stalks the fateful influence of Limited Liability, or Enterprise by Limited Company, and, in our eyes, deals deadly blows at the old principle of individual action. Here, indeed, is the enemy at the gates; far more potent and well equipped than fantastic theorists who call society to a surrender through blatant trumpets, and fire innocuous squibs from magazines of paper. Limited Liability is another kind of warrior altogether. One prospectus of his has more force in it than twenty thousand nicely written Utopias, and a shot from his dividend-gun can pierce walls whereon the artillery of reason falls in vain.

But let us drop tropes and come to facts. We have seen how the individual iron pot is made, and what money and reputation it has earned for its maker; let us now consider the limited liability pot, made for dividends. Nay, that more dreadful pot still, the pot that is made to float shares—the company pot. The limited liability theory was never so foolish as to start with any idea of reforming the world's old-established practice. On the contrary, it fully recognizes the benefit of individual enterprise and takes its stand upon it—as a beginning. It is of its very essence to seize upon a business which has been founded, built up, and brought to a certain point of success by the intelligence of one man, or one man with a partner or two who stand personally and directly committed to

its fortunes, and to turn him or them into company shape. It approaches in the guise of a promoter the honest and industrious maker of pots, for example, and says to him in effect: "What a fool you are to continue laboring with all this personal risk and responsibility dependent upon your health, when by turning yourself, in accordance with a plan of mine, into a company, you can realize at once a capital sum, in the form of purchase-money to be subscribed by the public, which would take you many years to accumulate by your present way of procedure." Sundry objections and questions can be imagined as arising in the mind of the pot-maker, and probably the first would be: "But I do not like the idea of parting with my business; it is mine—I built it up, and I am proud of it. I have really no other vocation in life, and I do not know if any capital sum would properly recompense me for the cessation of activity, and the good yearly income I draw in so direct a manner from my personal efforts." We can imagine him making this objection, we say; but it is to be feared that the company-promoter does not often encounter this form of hesitation. But when he does meet it, or when he perceives that there is a sentiment of this sort to be taken into account, he has a ready answer: "The company shall be called by your name, and you shall be managing director." "Yes; but those other directors, and that chairman, and secretary, what of them; how can it be my business any longer, when they have to be consulted and made aware of all I do, and like to consider my own doing?" "Pooh," answers the promoter, "do not let that trouble you. What the public look to in directors is fine-sounding names, with a title, if possible, even if it is only J.P. The directors need not know anything about your business; and as for the chairman, if he knows about company law, and can talk a little, and answer questions, the secretary will do all the rest." "Ah, but," continues the pot-maker, "the shareholders, what of them? I was reading a company report the other day, and I saw them referred to as the

proprietors." The promoter utters a loud guffaw: the idea of the shareholders of a company as proprietors of it is really very funny. "Why, my friend, they change from week to week, and the first lot come in only to make money by selling to another lot." All this being made clear to the honest manufacturer of pots, he probably next feels disposed to ask one more question: "For what object, or from what motive, should you, Mr. Promoter, interest yourself so much in my welfare as to turn me for my advantage into a company, and be able to get together a chairman and a board of directors inspired by the same benevolence? For indeed in my business of making pots, and in all other concerns whatever, I have never yet met the man who would take the trouble to cross the street to put me in the way of obtaining five shillings without a personal interest of his own to serve. And yet here are you eagerly occupied in the attempt of providing me with a large capital by inducing the public to purchase my business. And the public, too: whence this tremendous desire to benefit them? I have not observed anywhere the expression of a wish on the part of the public to become the proprietors of Smith's Enamel Pot Company, Limited. I am quite content to continue making my pots under a liability limited only by my entire means and energies; and the public, so long as I make good pots, are willing to buy them: where, then, do you come in, and why?"

What a bag of dirty mysteries the complete answer to these questions would untie. And, indeed, there never was a man, pot-maker or other, with the potentialities of a company in him, so unsophisticated as to need to ask them. Yet the avocation of company-mongering has become so common, and its results now form so considerable a part of the country's commercial life, that the real significance of the pursuit no longer excites any curiosity. Needless to say, the company promoter is working for personal gain; and that gain is obtained in very many cases by methods which will not bear scrutiny. Compared with him, the highwayman and

the primeval pig-stealer are useful members of society. These misguided persons at least risked their personal safety; your company promoter does nothing of the kind. From first to last, whether you consider the motives of his action, the methods he adopts, or the results he achieves, sordid, unenlightened, immoral desire of gain is all he represents; that is why he at least does not stand for the principle of individual effort in the world. It is his business to debauch it. That he must have abilities, powers of organization, financial genius if you like, is undoubtedly true; but it is the ends to which these are applied, and the motives that call them into action, that determine their worth to the world. He is not in the position of the honest broker who brings a willing buyer and seller together in consideration of a stated commission, without any inducement to pervert truth on one side or the other. What does he know about pot-making, for example; and what does he care? The public are not desirous of becoming proprietors—save the mark!—of a pot-making business. Yet here, for nothing at all, for no public need, certainly not for any public benefit, is a man whose sole occupation is to transform enterprises of private endeavor, that will stand or fall by the honesty of that endeavor, into so-called companies, owned by a body of incoherent shareholders, who shall have the chief interest in its success, yet the smallest voice in its conduct. To accomplish this he gets the sale-price fixed at the smallest sum possible, and fixes the purchase-price to the public at the highest there is hopes of obtaining. Out of the mysterious difference, which never appears on the face of the contracts, he and the unholy ring of moneyed men for whom he perhaps acts, derive their gains, and these gains are the sole object of his activities, undertaken from no call of public need or benefit, but rather in a large number of cases with the knowledge that the public will be deceived. Surely a more pernicious pursuit never fixed itself on the vitals of commerce.

Just consider for a little in greater detail the operations of this Company

Promoter, for the occupation has so settled itself in commercial affairs that question no longer arises even on the elementary ground whether it is an honest one. What qualifications would naturally be looked for in the man who pursues it? The greater part of humanity can really give a reason for following their particular callings, can indicate why they have chosen their special one and not another, and on the whole can fairly well justify their choice by results; so much so that a man in most cases finds a difficulty in making a change. But this business of company promoter, what is it in itself, and what special quality does it call for? The more closely you examine it the more clear does it become that the distinctive characteristic is a faculty for playing upon the gullibility and cupidity of the public. The company promoter has the most unbounded belief in the capacity of the world for being cheated by schemes that appear to offer it some advantage, and he has a conviction quite as profound that he can operate upon this to his own profit. Now, these are precisely the qualities that have distinguished the charlatan in all ages. But mark the change that has come over the world. Before the days of limited liability the charlatan had boldly to commit himself to his personal venture at his own risk, and if found out, incurred the danger of having his ears cut off, or being pilloried, or in later and mistakenly milder times solemnly prosecuted at law. There is plenty of this kind of cheat abroad still, though his methods are characteristically modern. He uses the newspapers, and advertises to sell you a gold watch for thirty shillings if you will write to him; or in return for six stamps he will send you an article which will enable you to earn a good living, said article being a needle or a steel pen, according to the sex of the applicant. These practitioners are the lower branches of the profession, whose ambitions have not yet soared to the possibilities of company promoting, and who have still warily to dodge the law. But look now at the company-monger, who is panoplied by

a splendid body of company-law, and can command the aid to any extent of legal talent to keep him on the right side of its technicalities. What is his principal weapon? A prospectus. Give him but two sheets of paper and a subject-matter with possibilities, and he will turn you out a document so cunningly contrived to move the cupidity of human nature, and yet withal so apparently formal in its statements and figures, that the average man must have lost much money in many companies to be able to withstand it, or lay his finger on its unveracities. The man at the fair who appears to drop three half-crowns into a purse and offers you the lot for a shilling, is careful always not to say explicitly that he is selling seven and sixpence; but he makes you suppose it, which serves his purpose equally well. It is not an easy thing to appear to drop three half-crowns into a purse *coram publico* while in fact you drop three pennies; and it ought not to be an easy thing to persuade the crowd that you can afford to sell seven and sixpence for a shilling, even with the aid of the legend of the benevolent old gentleman who, having no relations, commissioned you to distribute gifts in this way: but both things are in fact easy, and it is precisely the same elements that go to the making of a successful prospectus. The three half-crowns are the calculated dividends reckoned out in real printed figures; the shilling that buys them is the one-pound share; and the benevolent old gentleman is represented by the vendors, who really do not know how to get rid of their splendid business otherwise than by practically making a present of it to the public. The gentleman who appears to drop the three half-crowns into the purse is the company promoter, easily recognizable now as in essence a charlatan, for his aims are the same and his methods similar. For, let us repeat, in the vast majority of cases of company making, he is not called in by the necessities or demands of commerce; there is no clamor on the part of the public to become proprietors of pots, pickles, soaps, trouser-buttons, and so forth; nor any good reason why

a business hitherto conducted on the world-old principle of private reward for private endeavor should be turned into an invertebrate company. The promoter is merely a speculator, or the agent of a body of speculators, whose sole aim is to make sums of money for their personal advantage out of the process of conversion. The pretention to benefit the public as shareholders is the merest humbug; for, as Smith the pot-maker aptly remarked on an earlier page, no man will take the trouble to cross the street in order to put another man in the way of obtaining five shillings. Benevolence, alas! is the most suspected of all the virtues; and prospectus-benevolence to an anonymous public ought to be beyond the scope of credibility. The company promoter knows very well, however, that it is not so, but that on the contrary it is the most powerful means known for extracting money from the public pocket. Have we not shown, as promised, that on the whole the highwayman was the better man?

Besides the allurements in the body of the prospectus, the promoter takes care to provide a bait in the names of the Chairman and Directors. Those he buys. The statement seems strong, but the times give it proof once more. Manifestly it is an enormous advantage to Smith's Enamel Pot Company Limited to have as its Chairman a gentleman, M.P., or J.P., or, failing anything better, F.R.S. (M.A.'s have no quotable value in the promoter's price-list), whose name and title appear to the public as a guarantee of respectability. It shows confidence, as the gentleman in the restaurant remarks when he invites you to intrust your pocket-book to his keeping. Needless to say, a man in the position of a successful company promoter has ever about him a crowd of hangers-on, sycophants, and needy respectable persons, persons even who are neither needy nor respectable, but all of them without exception avaricious of gain. These he can command and purchase by interest. He makes them partners in the conspiracy, and buys their complicity by the very bribes they are so unblushingly eager to ac-

cept, making them bribes no longer but the price of dishonor, almost the dirtiest money a man can touch. He knows his public, this company promoter, and he knows his men. He has climbed to that height of cynicism credited to Sir Robert Walpole, who opined of the Members of Parliament of his time that "every man has his price." Mr. Promoter, you may be sure, buys his men as cheaply as possible, and has a carefully graduated list of quotations. Earls are never what might be called cheap, but at the other end J.P.'s are in plentiful supply, and ordinary Esquires a drug in the market. Leave us not, they cry, in the cold shades of mere shareholders with only the chance of a premium on re-sale; or if you must do that, if there is no room for us anywhere, at least mark our application-forms for preference. Oh, company promoter, what a tale you will have to tell in the world to come!—that is, if it be considered worth the while to question you. When squeezed out of you by a power far beyond that of an Examiner in Bankruptcy or Official Receiver, and tested not by company law, but by the ancient edicts of truth and honesty, what a show the story will make, to be sure! But that consideration is unnecessarily offensive in a workaday world which looks for its company as it looks for its breakfast, but takes its morality with the infrequency of a Turkish bath. So we pass on to ask the invertebrate shareholding public why, notwithstanding many warnings, it does not become suspicious of the anxiety of Lord This and Sir That, and all those other official and respectable persons, to serve it in the capacity of chairmen and directors of the concerns it is about to purchase so dearly?—to serve, too, for fees which do not represent any great inducement to persons in their position. You may see the true reasons once more in the newspapers, if you did not know them before. You may read all about those blocks of shares, mysterious checks, and hugger-mugger transfers to nominees; you may follow it all and observe how smoothly runs the new machine under the gentle lubrication of palm-oil. It

is all designed to give you confidence, to prove to you how honest an undertaking this conversion into company for your benefit is. Does not your broker recommend it, whose business is not to recommend at all, but to stand between buyer and seller and establish a fair price? Why should he so far depart from the recognized etiquette of his calling as to positively recommend the shares to you, and counsel you to use a form stamped with the name of his firm? Can he, too, have some inducement in the form of commission on all he "places"? Very likely; indeed, very certainly. And the jobber in the "House," too, will have been induced to "make a market" in the shares by the present of a considerable quantity at a cheap price. And the gentleman of the press, also; the venal gentleman who represents an honorable press, or the venal gentleman who represents a venal press—whichever it may happen to be, as perchance it may be both—he receives his little inducement to be friendly or silent; it is so easy to be silent. Even the press is not bound to expose every wrong, far less to criticize every new company. Therefore, silence is paid for. It has all to be paid for. Mr. Promoter sees to that; and whether the transaction is more correctly described as bribery on the one side or blackmail on the other, where all is hinted and nothing definite save the check that passes, is a problem in casuistry that no legal inquiry can ever settle. Where one party is willing and the other anxious, the question as to which side the suggestion comes from is really of no consequence. They jumped to each other with the perfect sympathy of rogues, is all that need be said. The press may be trusted to see to the cleansing of its own house; but certain it is that Mr. Promoter by no means looks upon it as the pure, free, impeccable exemplar of untarnishable honor that we so often hear it asserted to be. Its austere virtue by no means frightens him. He regards it as no great abstract of sentiment, but goes straight for a City editor, and sometimes bags him.

We might follow the influence of the promoter into the inner ring of company-manipulators and observe the unabashed cynicism with which gain—personal gain—is set up as their sole object; the distrust with which the members of the promoting-syndicate regard the arch-promoter and each other, interpreting each other's intentions by their own, and ever watchful lest some one of them plan a secret stroke to their detriment and his own benefit. Seeing that the creation of wealth is not their purpose at all, but the transference to their possession of wealth previously created, all means which can aid that purpose are made use of as part of the game. This game of finance is on precisely the same footing as the betting-ring and the roulette-table. By common consent the ordinary considerations of honor are suspended, and each person is fair game for all the others. After the promoters of the company have lifted their spoils and made off to other ventures, come the directors, and they, in a large proportion of cases, are scarce other than share-jobbers. Acquainted at first hand, long before the shareholders whose interests they are there to protect, with the changes and developments of the concern, they reckon on the effects of these on the market price of the shares, and operate accordingly. It is but a step to framing announcements with a view to these changes, suppressing, postponing, or exaggerating, while in a common understanding, maybe not explicit, but none the less effective, they job in and out with the fluctuations they foresee and even attempt to create, solicitous of their own interests first, and ever jealous lest one of them succeed in getting the better of the others.

To return once more to the effect of all this upon the commerce of the nation, so laboriously built up through long centuries by personal endeavor, stimulated and purified by parallel endeavor, let us see what the promoter and his friends have done when their company is fairly formed and launched. In the first place, they have replaced a personal capital that stood at risk, care-

fully guarded by the direct action of the owner, with a share-capital contributed by a chaotic body of individuals who practically have no control over it. In theory they are the proprietors, and can unseat their so-called representatives the directors; in practice they only succeed in doing so in extreme cases. The place of the old personal enterprise and initiative is taken by a board, by no means always chosen for their knowledge of the particular business in which the company is engaged. Responsibility, which touches the individual to great issues, is distributed over say six persons, and each represents far less than an effective sixth of what is necessary for initiative in difficulty or new ventures. Similarly, the supervision of the individual owner, whose all is at stake, is watered down into the time-serving dispositions of a manager, who is without the power of personal initiative, and is there to please his board of directors. For the direct personal reward which the old proprietor received from the growing success of his business, you get dividends to be paid to an impersonal and ever-changing body of shareholders. Properly speaking, the business of the company is not owned at all; it is the flabby carcass of a once firmly centred organism, a body without volition, a brain without intellect. It has no stamp or assurance about it of any worthy human effort; it lacks personality, and has absolutely nothing round which can grow the pride of distinction, and the honor of well-directed effort. In a word, the company-system now so much in vogue, and extending day by day at the instigation of ignoble schemers, is sapping the foundations of the commerce of the country. It is debauching the fundamental principle that a man's destiny is to prevail by himself and through himself.

Its power of debasement is very far from being limited to the class of case which we selected above. In that instance we took a man who, up to a point, had been an honest and industrious maker of pots, and then, succumbing to the tempting allurements of the company promoter, agreed to become a

party to the sale of his business to the public. Needless to say, the facility with which this conversion was accomplished, the splendid opportunities which its processes afforded for alluring deceptions, and the colossal gains which it showed might be drawn from the ever-gullible public, did not escape the attention of the man who had no business, or name, or reputation to sell, but saw the way to provide all these things at short notice for the purpose, and in a way sufficiently convincing for a prospectus. Of this class of company the daily newspaper furnishes numberless examples, which save us from the labor of proof or recapitulation. When a man personally directs the production of his wares, gives his name to them, and involves his reputation, whatever may be his desires, he finds it, over the whole, extremely difficult to avoid the test which proves them honest or dishonest wares, and therefore good or bad merchandise. The test is the ultimate and only effective one—proof and use on the part of the public. He may deceive agents and intermediaries for a time with a dishonest article, and by blatant advertisement, tempting discounts, or even direct bribe, succeed in getting his productions foisted on the public; but sooner or later the things themselves come to the trial, dishonesty or inferiority is made clear, fraud revealed, and failure follows. But this class of man has quite a new career opened out to him now: although his wares be such as under the old system he scarce dared offer to the public at all, he can proceed by process of company and get the public to buy his business and undertake the selling of them to themselves. He goes to a promoter who is, of course, of a kind that deals with this particular class of enterprise. Being approached in this instance, instead of soliciting as in the former, the promoter makes quite a different kind of bargain. He pays down no money, but makes the would-be company man "stand in" to share the spoils if the public are so foolish as to subscribe sufficient to float the company and reward the schemes of these precious scoundrels. In the most advan-

tageous case, they proceed to allotment; a chairman, a board, a broker, a jobber, and a quotation are obtained in the familiar way, all as if the business were an honest one, and all by lawful process and in conformity with the Limited Liability Company Acts. Before the gloss has worn off the prospectus, before the lying chickens have come home to roost, they have practically done with the company, these vendors, promoters, directors, brokers, and jobbers; they have sucked out of it all that is to be had, and the shareholders are left with some nicely engraved share-certificates, without appeal to law, and scarcely to public sympathy. *Caveat emptor*, indeed; but from the point of view of public morality and the welfare of the nation, can ever law make this a desirable way of organizing commerce? If the individual dared indulge in any analogous method of procuring money as an individual, he could be personally impugned, and by old-fashioned tests would speedily fall out of honest society as a swindler. But in the guise of a vendor in respect of a limited liability company, countenanced by a board of directors, a secretary, a share-register, and nicely engraved certificates, he is practically beyond attack, cloaked by company-law, and the usage of limited liability. He found himself provided by law, this evil-doer, with a new and promising field of depredation that previously was not open to him, and in his retirement is looked upon as a clever man.

To such an extent has this rage for the company form of business pervaded all ranks of society, that there is scarce a linendraper or oilman with a ten-year-old business but harbors the ambition of converting it into a Limited Liability concern, of selling it to the public for a large capital sum, representing far more than the individual labor and intelligence of a lifetime could enable him to accumulate. On the least occasion of plausibility the breasts of respectable private citizens are fired with the possibilities of a company. Lucky numbers, gambling systems, betting-combinations, even plain swindling, have all suffered in reputation from

the formidable allurements of Limited Liability. Is it perhaps some private person who in ingenious despair tries the effect of some hitherto unsuspected substance on his rapidly falling hair, and by self-hypnotism persuades himself that the lamentable decay is arrested? Straightway you receive by post the prospectus of "Brown's *Κηπιτόν*, Limited," capital so much in one-pound shares, Board of Directors, So-and-So, brokers, bankers, and all complete. Long before the first new hairs on the vendor's head have time to grow, the public are invited to participate in the boon offered, not in the form of a bottle of the composition to amend their beauty, but as proprietors, at the rate of one pound per share. Does the public hesitate, and determine to buy a bottle and try the effect of the stuff before subscribing to its proprietorship? Never a bit of it. The public is a strange collection of whims, but it is a great buyer of shares. Many of its members are bald, but more hasten to be shorn. Moreover there is a promoter at them, who knows more of their ways than a collie dog does about sheep. He knows, for example, that there is a large proportion of them who are not proof against the ancient phrases of quackery of which the modern company-prospectus has become the chief exemplar and conservator. Behold his old mastery therefore: "This preparation is designed to meet an almost universal want"—which being hair, carries conviction where it was intended to reach. They rush in to subscribe, with a haste begot less of zeal for their locks than desire for dividends, or sale at a premium, and subscribe a sum which handsomely rewards all concerned in the formation of the company. But, look now: what in pre-company times was the only method open to the discoverer of *Κηπιτόν* to make money out of his preparation? This, surely; to buy a caravan and set out round the country fairs and markets as peripatetic vendor of it at so much per bottle. In that way the vendor—alas! what a change has come over the signification of the word in recent years, what with ven-

dor's rights and vendor's shares and all the other subtleties and devices of company-floating—the vendor, we say, who stood up at his booth and faced his public, all of them with a greater or less solicitude for their hair, might, as a matter of fact, be offering for sale a thing which would neither make hair grow nor keep hair from falling off, but he had to abide the direct trial to which the buyers would put it. However much he might induce a number of his hearers by persuasive eloquence to purchase each a bottle of *Κηπιτόν* once, he had a lively consciousness that if no hair resulted from its application he need never more appear at these same fairs or markets unless he cared to run the risk of having the empty bottles thrown at his head. He became thenceforth a known impostor, shut out from even the most incorrigible cases of hairlessness. In what then does he differ from his modern representative who proceeds by way of limited liability company? In this—and it is much: that he was his own promoter, his own chairman, his own board of direction and secretary, and his own shareholder. His prospectus was uttered by word of mouth, and he stood the trial of his statements in his person.

Doubtless in a perfect state of society such a character as this would not be possible, or if possible, would not be permitted. But we do not clamor for an impossibly perfect state of society, nor do we know of any practicable or conceivably practical moral code which would get rid of such assaults on the gullibility of the public. Socialism, for example, would not discourage mountebanks; appearances would seem to show that it would do the precise contrary. It might perhaps deal a blow at *Κηπιτόν* by establishing a State hair-wash department, with a depot in every parish. No: the world for many centuries yet must lie open to the devices which the principle of a free exercise of individual endeavor and a free reward for that endeavor must expose it to while its gullibility decreases by the spread of intelligence and reason. But meanwhile, the distinction between *Κηπιτόν* as a company and *Κηπιτόν*

as an article directly vendible by its discoverer, represents a retrograde movement in morals and human effort. It represents a refinement and an elaboration of the basest form of personal gain—gain without adequate or worthy endeavor. It is a subtle scheme developed out of attempts, originally well meant, to make the public participators in the benefits of honest enterprises—for, of course, the company principle in itself is not a thing of yesterday—and has ended by laying open to unscrupulous speculators, hastening to be rich without regard to means, the whole field of human cupidity and gullibility. In a large number of cases the ostensible grounds of appeal to the public are not the true grounds for inviting their co-operation; and, most deadly evil of all, this may all be done in strict compliance with law. Against the whole vicious system and the nefarious practices which harbor within it, the only bulwark is the creation of a healthy moral sentiment in the minds of the public. At present the evils are winked at, not being properly shown in their true light as evils. The successful company-promoter is envied, and from envy to emulation is a short step. Reasoned convictions are a hard plant to raise, and imitative fashion an easy one. The public has to be warned against itself, and laws are not sufficient. The whole structure of Limited Liability is so diabolically legal that it causes at times a feeling of despair. Observe, for instance, the demeanor of the shareholders of this same *Κηπιτόν* in general meeting assembled to hear the chairman's survey of the first year's operations, and his regretful announcement that the distribution of a dividend is not yet possible. "The company has been most economically managed, and its affairs have received the arduous and anxious attention of your directors. There are signs of an increasing sale of our proprietary article, and from many sources we receive encouraging accounts of its efficacy." There they sit in a stuffy room in the City—the widow, the clergyman, the small tradesman, and the retired chemist who put some money in it because

the thing was somewhat in his old line. They gaze in a kind of awe at the Board, listening ruefully to the chairman, who is not strong in oratory, and relies upon the secretary for his figures. That is the solicitor to the company in the corner, who has come to see that his fees are passed with the accounts, and the secretary is as busy with his pen as if he were Comptroller of Excise: only the promoter is absent, and the inventor. There they sit, the shareholders of *Κηπιτόν*, and not one of them has the courage to rise and point out to the chairman that he is very bald, or to the secretary that he is fast losing his hair. The fact is, not one of them believes in the virtues of *Κηπιτόν*, but a good many have hopes of *Κηπιτόν* shares. The middle-aged maiden lady could tell a sad tale of disillusion about *Κηπιτόν* as a hair-producer; but that she keeps to herself, lest she discourage others, on whose credulity the fate of her shares depends. The meeting crawls through its dreary business, and by-and-by a vote of thanks is bestowed upon the chairman, who duly acknowledges it, expressing the hope that the next time they meet the undoubted virtues of their proprietary *Κηπιτόν* will enable him to announce a satisfactory dividend. The director's fees have been duly passed, and the last thing the departing "proprietors" see is the gleam of City light on the chairman's bald head—the aureole of Limited Liability.

In all this it is a most undoubted fact that the shareholders are greatly to blame. There have been successful industrial companies, ham-companies, bread-companies, milk-companies, why not a flourishing hair-wash company? Is not the world managed by company, or nearly so? If you follow the process of dressing in the morning you will find evidences of company all about you, from the soap you use to the boots you wear. The breakfast-table is strewn with company things, and you light your company cigar with a company match. You go to town in a company bus, and in case of overcharge or incivility do you complain to the man who perpetrated it, in the old-

fashioned way? Not at all; you write to a secretary—a printed announcement invites you to do so. If you tread on a lady's dress in the street you still apologize in person, so much do some old customs linger; but for the most part you are thoroughly be-companied in life, and when you die you can be buried by a company. It will go hard with the ingenuous promoter, but we shall yet be born by limited liability, as indeed we can at present be reared by a company incubator. Little wonder, therefore, if the public are so easily lured to become shareholders. Of old a man had to make money by his own labor and energy; now he is taught or tempted to make it by the purchase of limited liability shares, and he is the poorer in every circumstance that goes to the making of a man.

The public are principally to blame in this respect—that they are lured on to subscribe these numerous undertakings by the passion of making money easily. A very large number of them apply for shares as a speculation, hoping to sell them at a profit. True, they pay money down for this risk; but the motive is not so very far removed from that of the promoter and his sorry crew of conspirators as they would fain think. However sanctioned by use, it is at best a derogatory method of ac-

quiring money. Those who continue to hold and share the fortunes of the company form a body without cohesion or governance, who do not possess in practice the powers to control the operations of the business which their theoretic proprietorship ought to carry with it. As representing the capital of the concern, they are taken into account; as a body of individuals, they neither beget nor receive the respect of the true dictators of the company's policy.

If it be objected that the same condemnations apply to huge enterprises like railways, banks, discount and insurance companies, and others such, the answer is plain: that by their very nature these are specially fitted for the deliberative methods of selected bodies of men, who are in a sense morally enlarged by the public responsibilities of their positions. The protest made in the foregoing pages is against the mad craze for turning into companies enterprises which, by their nature, are the proper matter for personal labor and achievement; and this passion spreads daily, to the detriment of moral stamina in the nation, and to the direct prejudice to the great principle of individual endeavor on which it would appear the greatness of England has been reared.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

AUTUMN.

BY ALICE LAW.

THE petals fell long since, and now the leaves
 Follow the way of all the failing earth,
 The destined way for everything that breathes,
 The way of death, of darkness, and of dearth;
 The way he wends to-morrow who now grieves
 For his dead friend. Death's way? The way of birth!
 Except the seed be shaken from the sheaves
 To rot within the ground—'tis nothing worth.

Death seals our wishes with the stamp of power,
 Each known behest Love hastens to obey.
 Such as we were within the recent hour,
 Such are our children of a later day.
 In them we live again. O priceless dower
 Of Life and Love that cannot pass away!

—*Speaker*.

OXFORD.

BY CECIL J. MEAD ALLEN.

PASSING in review the annals of Oxford during the many centuries in which that town has played an important part in the affairs of the nation, the point most conspicuously seen will be that the chronicle contains not one narrative, but two—the story of a City and the story of a University. The early days of Oxford as a City are lost in the obscurity of the past. In the eleventh century, however, the town had acquired no slight prominence, as is shown by the fact that the Danes thought it worth their while to journey from London to attack it. In the "Domesday Survey" we find recorded the existence of 243 houses paying "geld," besides 478 houses paying no "geld." By the time of the Conquest, therefore, the City of Oxford may fairly be said to have outgrown the throes of its infancy, and to have become a definite centre of human activity.

It is at this period that we first encounter the name of Robert d'Oilgi. Settling in Oxford, he erected the Castle, and thus introduced into the life of the neighborhood a strong military element. He seems to have been of a very acquisitive disposition, and on one occasion he seized a field belonging to a monastery, but this augmentation of his property being followed by a particularly unpleasant dream, he decided that a change in his course of action would be advisable. Accordingly, he restored the field to the monastery, and set to work to gain the goodwill of the Church. Among other noteworthy works, he built (or, according to some authorities, merely restored) the tower of St. Michael's Church. This tower is still standing, and is now one of the oldest buildings in Oxford; it was certainly built before the beginning of the twelfth century. Although attached to a church, its purpose was military rather than religious, and the arrows shot from its windows must have been an excellent protection to the great North Gate of the city.

The good work initiated by Robert d'Oilgi was carried on after his death by his nephew and namesake. It was this second Robert d'Oilgi who built the Priory of Osney, famed throughout the whole of monastic Europe for its luxury and its magnificence. The story of the foundation of Osney furnishes a quaint illustration of human nature. Robert's wife, Edith, was walking one day by the river with her confessor, Ralph, when she heard some magpies chattering on a tree. She asked Ralph, who was supposed to understand the language of birds, what the magpies were talking about. He told her that they were souls in purgatory, and with wily arguments suggested that she should found a monastery where intercession might be made for them. Edith thereupon persuaded her husband to build Osney Priory. One feels no surprise at learning that Ralph was appointed Prior. Under Henry VIII. the Priory became for a time the Cathedral of a new diocese formed by a division of the See of Lincoln; but it did not long enjoy this distinction, which was speedily transferred to the present Cathedral. Alas, that of all the glories of Osney nothing now remains save a few yards of ruined wall, and the Christ Church bells! Great Tom once sounded from the Western Tower of Osney; but Tom was "renatus," as his own inscription informs us, in 1680.

Oxford has ever been a home favored of the Goddess of Romance, and in 1141 we find an Empress playing a part in the drama—a drama that was almost a tragedy. King Stephen was then at war with his cousin, the Empress Maud, and, having driven her from London, he besieged her in Oxford Castle. Stephen himself occupied Beaumont Palace, built by Henry II., just outside the north wall of the city, and from there he kept close watch on the Castle for ten weeks in the depth of winter. The food in the Castle failed, and the

Empress and her garrison were reduced to a state bordering on starvation. The cold was intense, the river frozen, and the country covered with snow. Surrender at last seemed inevitable. But the frost which had borne so hardy on the beleaguered warriors stood the Empress in good stead. One night, clad in white that she might attract no notice against the snow, she was lowered stealthily from the Castle walls, and, accompanied by only three trusty cavaliers, she crossed the frozen river. How easily imagination sees that midnight flight from Oxford—the four figures creeping, gliding, hurrying across the snowy fields, clinging closely to the shadow of the hedges, startled by each trivial noise, and with ears astrain to catch the first whisper of pursuit. But Oxford slept on, unconscious of the night's adventure, and when, next day, the Castle surrendered to Stephen, the Empress had reached the comparative safety of Wallingford. Such are a few of the incidents in the city's early history.

Concerning the origin of the University numerous conjectures have been rife. A well-known legend is that which attributes its birth to the foundation of University College by King Alfred in the year 872. This theory has been proved to be absolutely fictitious, despite the fact that University College celebrated its "millenary" in 1872! The two earliest references to the Alfred myth are to be found in the "Proloconycon," written by Ralph, a monk of Chester, in 1357, and in a petition presented by the College to King Richard II. As a matter of fact, University College cannot claim for itself any corporate existence prior to the thirteenth century.

One of the earliest known facts connected with academic Oxford dates from the year 1129, when Theobald of Etampes resided there, and exercised control over sixty or more students. It was still early in the twelfth century when Robert Pulein came to Oxford to lecture on theology; and a few years later he was followed by Vacarius, who took as his subject Roman law. The student population steadily increased

until the beginning of the thirteenth century, when, according to Matthew Paris, there were 3000 scholars in Oxford.

In the middle of the thirteenth century we see traces of an attempt at systematic arrangement in the scholastic life of Oxford. In School Street there were more than thirty lecture-rooms, devoted to astronomy, theology, law, and other studies. The students lived for the most part in private lodgings, known as "hostels" or "entries." Sometimes a number of students would club together to rent a whole house, and would live in common, appointing the senior student as responsible head of the establishment. In the course of time these houses of students developed into licensed "halls," and the senior student assumed the title of "principal." There was no examination for admission to the schools, the matriculation ceremony being merely an oath to keep the peace. The acquisition of learning was no easy matter. Books existed only in the form of costly manuscripts, and even these were few and difficult of access. Lectures afforded almost the sole means of instruction. Most of the students were poor, and some even had to beg each mile of their road to Oxford.

The most important event of this epoch was undoubtedly the rise of the college system. In 1249 William of Durham bequeathed a sum of 310 marks "to the University of Oxford," for the support of ten Masters of Arts, who were to be natives of Durham. It was not, however, until 1292 that the work sustained by this fund was consolidated into "the Great Hall of the University," afterward known as University College. The present buildings of the college date only from the seventeenth century.

Balliol College owes its creation to a very different course. It seems that in 1260 John de Balliol committed some outrage against the churches at Tynemouth and Durham. As part of the penalty of his wrong-doing he was condemned to a public scourging. To escape this disgrace he founded Balliol College, the work being carried on after

his death by his widow, Devorguilla, whose share in the task is commemorated by the linked shields still borne by the college as Arms.

But, important as were the endowment of University College and the establishment of Balliol, a far more noteworthy achievement was inaugurated in 1264, for in that year was issued the celebrated Foundation Charter of Merton. This charter incorporated the scholars maintained by Walter de Merton, at Malden in Surrey, into a distinct and organized institution, which was placed under the care of a Warden, estates being assigned to it to provide for twenty students at Oxford. Ten years later Walter de Merton removed the entire settlement from Malden to Oxford, where he founded Merton College on its present site, utilizing the parish church of St. John as a college chapel. The founder's primary object appears to have been to promote a system of education which should be entirely free from monastic interference. No monk or friar was to be allowed a place on the foundation, and the taking of vows was prohibited. Each student was to be apportioned a shilling a week for his board, and was to wear a special kind of uniform. In study, philosophy was to take precedence of theology. The original chapel of the college remains to this day, the choir being a fine example of thirteenth century architecture.

While University, Balliol, and Merton Colleges were in process of formation, the builders were not idle in other directions. Chief among the work they had in hand was the erection of the church of St. Mary-the-Virgin, the University Church of Oxford. This church was for a long time the only building available for the transaction of University business. Here meetings were held, degrees conferred, and statutes promulgated. Here, too, were kept, until the fifteenth century, the very few books that constituted the University's apology for a library.

The fourteenth century was a period of even greater activity than its predecessor. It was during the first half of this century that the colleges of Exeter,

Oriel, and Queen's were founded. Although the aggregation of students into colleges rendered it more easy for the authorities to enforce discipline and order, yet we still find a spirit of lawlessness pervading the daily life of the scholars. Riots were of frequent occurrence, but the greatest and most memorable of these was that of St. Scholastica's Day (February 10), 1354. On that day Walter de Springheuse, rector of Hamedon, together with some of his friends, visited the Swyndlestock Inn at Carfax, in the centre of the city. They found fault with the wine, and threw the tankard at the landlord's head. Blows were exchanged, and a few minutes later the bell of St. Martin's Church summoned the townsmen to battle against the University. The members of the University were then collected in the usual manner, by ringing the bell of St. Mary's Church. A serious conflict followed, the weapons being bows and arrows, sticks, clubs, and stones. The fight continued until nightfall, without any marked advantage being gained by either side. Next morning hostilities were recommenced by the Town. The University held its own during the day, but in the evening the students were defeated and forced to retire, about forty of their number being killed. Of the latter many were scalped by the Town, which, in the hour of its victory, resorted to barbarities almost incredible. But retribution was swift and sure. The Sheriff was removed from office, while the Mayor and the Bailiffs were sent to the Tower of London. The University was given enlarged authority over the city, and its privileges expanded to such an extent that a hundred years later the city was absolutely under its control.

The years that followed the outbreak on St. Scholastica's Day were a time of exceptional success for the University. The most lasting monument of this period is, without question, the foundation of New College by William of Wykeham. Provision was made for seventy scholars, all of whom were to have been educated previously at the College at Winchester. These scholars, were, moreover, to be poor, and under

twenty years of age. They were to study civil law, canon law, theology, philosophy, astronomy, or medicine. The rules of the college were very strict in their prohibition of games and sports, the injunction extending to the use of bows and arrows, stones, or other weapons, to gambling, and to "dancing, wrestling, or other incautious or inordinate games in chapel!"

Of the first seven Oxford colleges none was in any sense of the term a monastic institution, a fact not without significance when one considers the circumstances of the age. Another point to be noticed about these colleges is that their members were exclusively of the classes technically known as "scholars" and "fellows." The admission of "commoners"—the technical name for undergraduates not assisted by the college funds—was a much later innovation. Although the students were now more comfortably housed, the conditions of daily life were still unsophisticated. Men rose at five o'clock in the morning, dined at eleven, and supped at five o'clock in the afternoon, while at eight o'clock in the evening the college gates were locked for the night. Lectures commenced at nine o'clock in the morning, the lecturer wearing a black gown with a hood, and the students standing during the discourse. The administration of discipline was vested entirely in the hands of the Chancellor of the University, who could excommunicate, banish from Oxford, fine, or imprison, any offender. The Chancellor's Court was held either at his own house or in St. Mary's Church. Jurisdiction over the town was shared between the Chancellor and the Mayor.

The vigor of the fourteenth century was succeeded, in the fifteenth century, by a period of decided retrogression. The resident members of the University decreased in number to less than a thousand. These were for the most part drawn from the very poorest classes, and begging became such a nuisance that Parliament passed a statute restraining students from soliciting alms on the highways without a special license from the Chancellor. The foremost studies

were logic, rhetoric, philosophy, theology, and law. An eloquent testimony to the unsettled state of the University is to be found in the fact that three fellows of Oriel were complained of for parading the streets at night, robbing, wounding, and even murdering those whom they encountered.

But the stagnation and corruption were not so supreme as some writers would have us believe; for it is to the fifteenth century that we owe the inception of those two great efforts, the Divinity School and the University Library. The Divinity School is still standing, and, despite the diversity of scenes which it has witnessed, very little alteration has been made in it since it was opened in 1480. It is certainly one of the most beautiful rooms in England. The stone roof is a wonderful example of groining, and the heraldic bosses adorning it are exceptionally interesting. The windows were at one time filled with stained glass, but this was destroyed by the Puritans under Edward VI., the entrance to the building being then used as a pig-market. Late in the seventeenth century the Divinity School was restored by Sir Christopher Wren.

During the building of the Divinity School, Duke Humphry of Gloucester presented his collection of six hundred manuscripts to the University, the books being housed in a room specially built for them over the Divinity School. Among the manuscripts were copies of Livy, Seneca, Apuleius, Petrarch, Dante, Boccaccio, and a translation of Aristotle.

While one set of masons was busy upon the Divinity School, another set, not 200 yards distant, was engaged in rebuilding the Church of St. Mary-the-Virgin. This church was still the scene of a very large number of academic functions: in fact, it was used far more frequently for secular than for religious purposes. Thus, to the sound of hammer and chisel, passed the closing years of the fifteenth century.

Early in the sixteenth century a change took place in the nature of the studies pursued at Oxford. The initiative was due to Richard Fox, Bishop

of Winchester, who founded Corpus Christi College, and endowed readerships in Latin and Greek for the benefit of the whole University. Until this time classical learning had been almost unrecognized at Oxford. Latin was, of course, in use colloquially for certain scholastic purposes; but it does not appear to have been studied with any special regard for its literature. Greek had hitherto been practically an unknown tongue.

Two years after the foundation of Corpus, Oxford received a visit from Cardinal Wolsey and Catharine of Aragon. The University, with much foresight and diplomacy, surrendered its charters to Wolsey, who persuaded the King to grant fresh charters embodying yet more extensive powers. One of the new clauses provided that there should be no appeal from any judgment passed by the Chancellor of the University, "whether it be just or unjust."

Wolsey was in all things a man of boundless energy and gorgeous ideas. His plans for Cardinal College, to be founded by himself, were magnificent; but his sudden downfall brought the work to a standstill. Some years later the College was definitely established by Henry VIII., and then received the name of Christ Church.

After the death of Henry VIII. there ensued an era of darkness and devastation. The Royal Commission, or "Visitors," of Edward VI. arrived in Oxford, armed with an authority which was virtually without limitation. Altars, images, statues, and organs were demolished with ruthless hands. Works of art which had occupied years of genius and of labor in the making were annihilated in an hour. Libraries were pillaged, and nearly every book containing geometrical figures, rubricated letters, or illuminated title-pages, was burnt as popish or impious. Duke Humphry's library was scattered or extirpated so completely that only two of the manuscripts are known with certainty to have found their way back to the present library. The climax of the Visitation, the effort which, above all others, it is perhaps most difficult to

forgive, was the destruction of the splendid reredos in the Chapel of All Souls College. So disheartened were the college authorities that the structure remained in its wrecked condition for more than a century. Under Charles II. the whole was covered with plaster, on which was afterward painted a fifth-rate fresco. With the lapse of a few generations the very existence of the reredos passed from men's memories. In 1870 some workmen happened to knock a hole in the plaster, and found behind it the ruins of the old carved stone-work. The plaster was then entirely removed, and the present reredos constructed on the model of the original. The reconstruction was carried out under the direction of Sir Gilbert Scott. As it now stands it is said by many critics to be the finest example of its kind in England.

In 1554 Oxford was called upon to witness the martyrdom of Ridley and Latimer. The place of execution was just in front of Balliol College, and the sermon at the stake was preached by Dr. Richard Smith, on the text: "Though I give my body to be burned and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

On the same spot, a few months later, followed the martyrdom of Archbishop Cranmer. Immediately before his execution he was brought to the nave of St. Mary's Church, and here he made his unexpected and famous withdrawal of his previous recantation. He was then hurried away to the stake. The iron girdle placed around his waist, together with a part of the actual stake, is still to be seen in the University Museum. The exact site of the martyrdom is now indicated by a small stone cross inlaid in the pavement in Broad Street. The event is further commemorated by the Martyrs' Memorial—a beautiful monument, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott on the model of the Eleanor crosses. The memorial was erected, amid considerable opposition, in 1841. The bill for the burning of Cranmer was still unpaid in the reign of Elizabeth. The document runs as follows:

Chardges layd out and paide for the burninge of Cramner as followethe:

First, for a c. of wood fagots vis.
Halfe a hundrethe of furze fagots iiis. iiiid.
For the cariage of them viiid.
Paide to ii. labourers xviiid.

—xis. iiiid.

Bearing in mind the conditions of the period, it is not astonishing to read that, under Queen Mary, learning steadily declined at Oxford. Nevertheless, two new colleges, Trinity and St. John's, were founded in this reign, the founders in each case being Catholics.

In 1560 there died at Cumnor, four miles from Oxford, Amy Robsart, wife of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Her funeral at St. Mary's Church, in the choir of which she was buried, was one of the most imposing ever celebrated in Oxford. Canon Jackson has brought together a mass of evidence to refute the story of Amy Robsart's murder, as told by Sir Walter Scott in "Kenilworth"; but the Reverend Canon's effort is a lamentable example of iconoclasm. The legend was picturesque, and surely, therefore, it might have been allowed to rest undisturbed.

Under Elizabeth a fairly successful attempt was made to revive the prosperity of the University—a task in which the Queen herself took a warm interest. She specially asked that "eminent and hopeful students" should be recommended to her for important posts under the State. The various schools, which, under Edward VI., had been used as markets and for drying clothes, had by this time been restored to their proper uses. The students were now drawn from a better social class. But, although luxury was more prevalent, the sanitary condition of the city was very unsatisfactory, and Oxford not infrequently suffered from that terrible scourge, the plague.

The University has, in the course of its history, accepted gifts from a very large number of benefactors, but probably there are few who will be remembered longer than Sir Thomas Bodley. After serving his country faithfully for many years, Bodley resigned his State appointments and came to live in Oxford. He still possessed energy and en-

thusiasm, and these valuable characteristics he directed toward reconstructing the University Library, so wantonly laid waste by the Visitors of Edward VI. At the beginning of the seventeenth century the "Bodleian" was formally opened, and thus originated one of the most famous libraries in the world. From that time until the present day it has steadily increased the number of its literary treasures—and the amount of its illiterate trash. It now contains upward of half a million bound volumes, as well as thirty thousand manuscripts.

It was at the commencement of the seventeenth century that there arose one of the architectural curiosities of Oxford—the Tower of the Five Orders—in the Old Schools Quadrangle. This tower takes its name from the fact that it is ornamented with columns exemplifying the five orders of architecture: Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite. The architect, Thomas Holt, took late Gothic as the basic principle of his design. The carved figures are intended to portray Peace, Plenty, Justice, Fame, and King James I. These figures were originally gilt, but when King James visited Oxford they so dazzled his eyes that he ordered them "to be whitened over."

The inhabitants of Oxford appear to have been thirsty souls in the time of James I., for we read that three hundred ale-houses then existed in the city. It was in these days immediately preceding the Civil War that Oxford attained the summit of its prosperity. According to Antony Wood, the University then included on its lists four thousand resident students.

But this spell of calm and well-being ushered in a period of tumult, of struggle, and of difficulty. For the next few years Oxford becomes practically the centre round which revolves the history of England. The storm was heralded by the charge preferred against Archbishop Laud, one of the principal clauses being that Laud had set up over the door of St. Mary's Church a "very scandalous image" of the Virgin, crowned, and holding the Child and a crucifix. Alderman Nixon, a grocer

and rabid Puritan, swore that he had seen people bowing to the image. It was thereupon mutilated by the Puritans. The porch, a singularly beautiful piece of architecture, has, together with the offending statue, been restored in the present century by Sir Gilbert Scott. Over the gate of All Souls was a carving depicting souls in Purgatory, and this also would have been defaced by the Puritans, had it not been for the special intervention of Alderman Nixon. It is delightful to learn that All Souls was in the habit of buying its groceries at Alderman Nixon's shop.

A month later, on October 29, 1641, Charles I. entered the city and made it his headquarters. All available hands were set to work to construct fortifications, every member of the University being called upon to assist personally in the labor. Gunpowder and arms were stored in New College and the Divinity School; food and clothing, in the other schools and in the Guildhall. College plate to the weight of 1500 pounds was handed over to the King and converted into money at a mint specially set up for the purpose in New Inn Hall. Such part of the Parliament as remained loyal accompanied King Charles to Oxford. In July, 1643, Queen Henrietta Maria arrived in the city, and from that moment the demoralization of study was complete. Charles, together with the more important members of his staff, occupied Christ Church: the Queen and her Court took possession of Merton College. Most of the students were turned out of the colleges to make room for the followers of the King; such as remained cast aside all thought of learning, and swaggered about the city with the mincing graces of cavaliers. M.A. degrees were showered wholesale upon the prominent members of the King's suite; but of B.A. degrees earned by students not fifty were conferred in a year. Every quadrangle and every alley was gay with the Royalists. Ladies thronged the cloisters and the gardens, and Aubrey tells us that they came to the chapels "half dressed like angels." But, as the months passed onward, a note of care was heard half

whispered in college groves. At last it became clear that the Royalist cause was doomed. In April, 1646, the King fled in disguise from Oxford, and two months later the city surrendered at his command. Fairfax, the leader of the Parliamentary forces, was himself a lover of books, and he carefully guarded the Bodleian Library from injury.

The capitulation left Oxford in a state truly deplorable. The number of students had again decreased to less than a thousand, and the majority of these were idle and dissolute. The condition of the city was even more pitiable than that of the University. Whole families were penniless and starving. All Souls, with boundless generosity, passed a resolution that only one meal a day should be served in the College, in order that the money thus economized might be devoted to the relief of the poor. The consummation of desolation was reached when Parliament sent Presbyterian Visitors, who put to each member of the University the question: "Do you submit to the authority of Parliament in this present Visitation?" About 400 refused to submit, and were expelled. But, although the University was shorn of its independence and glory, the spark of life still flickered fitfully through the gloom, and the Protector himself endeavored to fan the flame. Thus, we find that, when the reduction of the University funds was proposed by the Barebones Parliament and supported by Milton, it was Cromwell himself who offered opposition.

The restoration saw a marked revival in academic energy. It is true that the Bodleian Library was virtually deserted, and that, for nearly a century, the annual number of matriculations was less than a hundred; but against this must be set many evidences of progress. Benefactors gave money, old buildings were restored, and new buildings were erected. It was toward the close of the seventeenth century that Gilbert Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, built the Sheldonian Theatre to a design by Wren, and presented it to the University for the performance of the "Act" or "Commemoration," and for other

secular functions that had previously taken place at St. Mary's Church. It is now one of the most important buildings in Oxford. For discomfort in seating accommodation it is probably unequalled by any building in Europe.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century the coach service between London and Oxford was so far improved that passengers were carried the whole distance in one day, the fare being 10s. for the journey. Coffee-houses, too, were opened in Oxford, and in 1677 Antony Wood asks: "Why doth solid and serious learning decline, and few or none follow it now in the University? Answer: Because of the coffee-houses, where they spend all their time."

In the early days of the eighteenth century Oxford was a stronghold of Jacobitism. Under George I. this party was so indiscreet that the King sent a body of dragoons to Oxford, at the same time giving a present of books to the University of Cambridge. This provoked Dr. Trapp, Professor of Poetry, to write the following witty lines:

Our royal master saw with heedful eyes
The wants of his two Universities:
Troops he to Oxford sent, as knowing why
That learned body wanted loyalty:
But books to Cambridge gave, as well dis-
cerning

How that right loyal body wanted learning.

In the eighteenth century a very large number of books was printed at the University Press, and many new lectureships were founded. The University received also some exceedingly generous gifts at the hands of various benefactors. Chief among these acquisitions was the bequest of Dr. Radcliffe, who left money for the foundation of an infirmary, an observatory, and a medical library. The latter—now known as

the Radcliffe Camera—was designed by Gibbs, and was opened with much ceremony in 1749. Its imposing dome is a landmark for miles around. Another noteworthy bequest was that of Sir Robert Taylor, the result being the present Taylor Institute.

From a scholastic point of view, matters were not so satisfactory as they ought to have been. About the year 1770 John Scott—afterward Lord Eldon—then an undergraduate of University College, was examined in Hebrew and history for his degree. Only two questions were asked him. The first was: "What is the Hebrew for a skull?" and to this Scott answered "Golgotha." The second question was: "Who founded University College?" and he replied "King Alfred." He passed.

With the nineteenth century the University entered upon a new era of expansion. The story of this epoch is too well known to need description here. The revision of the Examination Statutes, the rise of theological training-schools, the "Oxford Movement," the University Extension agitation, each has left its mark, for good or for evil, upon University education. With the future this article is not concerned; but the writer may perhaps be permitted to suggest that the Extension movement and the Local Examination system, together with other similar attempts to reduce Oxford to the level of a superior Board School, cannot fail to exert an influence prejudicial to the prestige of the University—a prestige that ought to be cherished by all who love to look back on the glorious days they spent in that City of Dreams.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

NEW JAPAN AND HER CONSTITUTIONAL OUTLOOK.

BY TOKIWO YOKOI.

THE revolution of 1868, which introduced a new order of things into the Empire of the Mikados, was a revolution with political idealism at its back.

It was essentially an awakening of the nation to self-consciousness and political power. Far ahead before the vision of its leaders stood the form of an en-

franchised State, with Imperial Government and National Assembly, the whole country from one end of it to the other beating with the common pulse of a united nation, all feudal restrictions and artificial distinctions abolished forever. Such an ideal, indeed, was not perhaps expressed distinctly in so many words even by the most enlightened of the revolutionary leaders, but in a vague sort of way, some such ideal was before the minds of not a few, and such was, in fact, the only logical outcome, as the later events have amply proved, of this great movement.

The revolution is commonly spoken of as a restoration, the restoration of the Mikado to his supreme and rightful authority in the government of the country. In a formal sense, the statement is certainly true. The Emperors of Japan had been for some eight hundred years, except at a few and brief intervals, kept in political imprisonment by the successive governments of the Shoguns. The men who agitated for the restoration were men who made Mikadoism their religion. They felt the oppression of the Shogunate régime all the more keenly since it was not they, but the divine Mikado, who suffered most. The restoration movement was thus an indictment of the existing authority as usurper and oppressor before the bar of the national conscience. The divine name of the Mikado gave to the movement a legal as well as a religious sanction, and made its strength well-nigh irresistible. But, however, powerful this idea may have been, it was not the chief reason of this great movement.

The revolution is again spoken of as the work of a few powerful clans, who had been nourishing the spirit of revenge against the Tokugawa dynasty for some three centuries. The clansmen of Choshu and Satsuma doubtless felt in 1868 that then or never was their long-waited-for opportunity. Relying on their united military strength and on the sacred mandate of the Mikado, they boldly faced the authority of the Shogunate, put it under the ban of the Empire by one splendid *coup*, and then crushed it with one speedy blow. The

Shogunate was thus overthrown in one day, and the country unified under the legitimate government of the Mikado. The nation certainly owes these two clans and a few others a debt of gratitude for their work. Yet, the ambition and military strength of these clans were not, any more than Mikadoism, the only reason of the movement. The outcome of the revolution was far greater than either Mikadoism or Clanism had anticipated.

It is yet again said that the coming of Europeans, with the stories of their wonderful civilization, was a cause of the revolution. To a certain extent this was doubtless true. The troublesome question of foreign intercourse certainly hastened the overthrow of the Shogunate, and, but for the introduction of democratic ideas from the West, the revolution would in all probability have stopped with the establishment of an autocratic centralized administration. Besides, the presence of the Western Powers, whose aggressive policies stared menacingly in the face of the divided nation, was indirectly of no small help to the re-establishment of peace. The Imperialists were disposed to a more lenient policy, and the Shogunate parties felt it easier to submit, for both knew they were obeying the dictates of magnanimous patriotism. But those who persist in regarding the outside influences as the main cause of the great movement will find Japan's healthy growth in her new life of freedom a perpetual puzzle in their attempts at explanation.

Most probably the European scholars who have interested themselves in these phases of Japanese history would have searched deeper for their causes, if these events had taken place not in Asia, but somewhere else. Asia is to the majority of Europeans a strange land of dreams. In their view the principles underlying the growth of social life in the East are fundamentally different from those in the West. The political or historical canons formulated for Europe are not to be applied to politics or history in Asia. Japan being an Asiatic country any random reason seems to suffice in the minds of most ob-

servers to explain one of the most momentous events in her history. The Japanese are gifted, it is said, with a supreme imitative genius, and their recent civilizing activity is a great achievement of this genius. That so much has already been accomplished by this Oriental people is worthy of all commendation; nevertheless, these critics go on to say that the new civilization in Japan remains an imitated article, and with all its splendid exterior is but "skin-deep." The adjectives "Asiatic" and "Oriental" have, in fact, peculiar associated notions which largely shut out peoples under their category from fellowship with the peoples of the West. Now, no mistake could be greater than such a wholesale characterization. The Japanese are, for instance, an insular people, and as such have characteristics quite distinct from those of other peoples in Asia. But the chief thing which separates Japan from China or India is the fact that the civilization of Japan is young, being no older than that of England or France. In the middle of the sixth century, when the latter countries were coming under the sway of Roman civilization and Roman Christianity, Japan, on the other hand, was coming under the sway of Chinese civilization and Chinese Buddhism. The Japanese are in fact the only nation in the East who rightly belong to the company of the modern nations of the world.* If the

history of Japan for the last six centuries be studied without prejudice, there will be noticed the working of the same social forces and the effects of the same historical causes as in the history of modern Europe.

Are there, then, some deeper reasons than the three before mentioned to account for the great movement we have been discussing? I repeat what I said at the beginning, that it was a revolution with a political idealism, and that the chief cause of it was the uprising of democracy.

We read in the history of modern Europe that, while in England it was the aristocracy who, uniting with the people, wrested constitutional rights and privileges from the Crown, in the case of the Continental nations it was the Crown which, rallying round itself the people, overthrew the despotisms of the feudal nobility. In other words, in these latter countries the Crown became the mouthpiece of the nation, and in the name of the nation destroyed the powers of the nobles. The immediate result of this movement was the establishment of centralized autocracies. These, however, were in their nature a benevolent absolutism, and under it these countries became unified within themselves and grew rapidly in wealth and intelligence. The rise of absolute monarchies was, therefore, a great step in advance toward the later uprising of democracy. Now, in the case of Japan the historical process was almost identical with that in Continental Europe: with one difference, however—that in Japan centralization and democratic uprising took place almost simultaneously. For feudalism in the Mikado's Empire had lasted longer than it should have done. With no competition with outside nations and no stimulus of new ideas, as has been the case in Europe, the old régime in Japan ran more than its full course. In the third quarter of the present century, when the West-

* It seems to be a perpetual puzzle with European writers that this "Eldest of the peoples" should be yet so young in spirit. The bugbear of the Japanese chronology has done many an innocent mischief. I beg leave to quote from what I have elsewhere written. "The chronology of Japan, which was officially proclaimed for the first time in 1872, indeed, makes her history stretch back to very great antiquity. It places the first year of the reign of Jimmu Jenno, the founder of the imperial house, 660 B.C., making him thus the contemporary, broadly speaking, of Draco and Solon, of Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar. But this chronology, which was compiled from the oldest extant records of the country (the two historical books, certain parts of which, largely mythical and legendary—"Kojiki" and "Nihongi"—were compiled respectively in 712 and 720 A.D.), somewhat as Bishop Usher's Biblical chronology was compiled, seems to be al-

together too long. The scholars who have studied the subject critically all seem to think that from five hundred to one thousand years must be struck off if we would reach the solid ground of history."—*International Journal of Ethics*, January, 1897.

ern Powers came and knocked for admittance at the door of hermit Japan, feudalism was as to its spirit dead and gone—its forms alone remained intact. The descendants of the great men who many centuries ago founded those illustrious houses of the Daimios had become emasculated through luxury and idleness. The chief families of retainers who had the monopoly of important offices produced but few great men. It was pitiful, indeed, to see, as the day of revolution arrived, the nominal leaders of the nation utterly powerless and dependent, like children, upon the guidance and support of their subordinates. Very few of the revolutionary leaders came from the higher classes, most of them were from the middle-class Samurais, and not a few from classes still lower.

The mercantile class, too, had attained by this time to a position of much importance. According to the popular classification of social orders, they stood, indeed, at the bottom of the list; first came the Samurais, standing next to the nobility, then came the farmers, then the mechanics, and last of all the merchants. But this current formula represented merely the ideas of bygone days. In real social estimation the merchant stood next and closest to the Samurai. At the time we are speaking of one great question with every Daimio was the question of finance. The progress of civilization and the increase of the habits of luxury had made the revenues of these Daimios sadly insufficient. Financial embarrassment became greater when Western merchants brought rifles, cannons, gun-boats for sale, and the impending revolution made the necessity for armament absolutely imperative. The rich merchants of great cities, as creditors of the Daimios, grew rapidly in wealth, and at the same time also in social influence. When, therefore, the Restoration Government, in 1868, as their most pressing measure, issued paper money, they could only secure sufficient credit for these notes through the support of the rich merchants of Kyoto and Osaka. Moreover, this uprising was not confined to the mercantile class. Signs

of improvement were visible among other classes also. Education, which had formerly been monopolized by the Samurais, now became quite prevalent among the rest of the people. Novels and romances, dramas and theatricals, story-tellings and recitations had become powerful organs of popular education. No small percentage of mechanics or farmers could read and write. In fine, three centuries of profound peace had produced great improvement in the social condition of the masses. As a result, there had come to exist a class of what may be called a representative commonalty, composed of men mainly recruited from the Samurai class, but also with important additions from other classes. Only one touch of modern thought was needed to set this class of men, and through them the whole nation, like well-dried fuel, on fire with the new life of freedom.

The steady growth of popular influence under the new *régime* strictly bears out the statement I have made above. In the famous oath of the present Mikado, in which, at the very beginning of his reign, he stated for the guidance of the nation the principles of the new administration, occurs a phrase which significantly expresses the spirit of the new time then being ushered in. The phrase used is *Koji-Yoron*, which, rendered in English, reads "public opinion and general deliberation." Now, why should the Emperor refer to his most earnest intention of following public opinion then, as also afterward at critical epochs, as the ground of his claim to be obeyed by the nation at large, if not for the reason that even at that early stage the most potent factor in politics was a class of men who, as students of current politics, constituted, informally but really, a representative commonalty? These men gave expression to the intelligent public opinion of the time, or, rather, through their agitation, created it, so that nothing was dreaded by the authorities so much as their opposition. On the other hand, with their approval and support all things were possible. The Emperor's oath was thus but a frank recognition on his part of the existing state of

things. The new reign, therefore, began not as the autocratic imperial administration of the days of yore, depending solely upon the divine right of kingship, but also with a solemn pledge that it aimed at the inauguration of constitutional government. Indeed, a year after the restoration an Assembly was organized for the discussion of legislative and administrative measures. But the attempt was as yet premature, and the Assembly soon ceased to exist. The laborious stages of preparation had to be gone through before the country was fit for a parliamentary régime.

The first great task of the new Government was administrative centralization. Japan in the middle of the present century was in a condition very similar to that of France in the seventeenth. The country was divided up into some three hundred princedoms, large and small, most of them virtually independent States. Laws, customs, traditions, dialects were distinct in each of these. Frontiers were guarded with great strictness, and commerce was hampered with a hundred artificial restrictions. With no uniform mode of taxation and no legal security for life and property, the rich were in constant dread of money requisitions, and the peasantry weighed down with the sole burden of taxation and frequent calls for *corrée*. The work of centralization accomplished in France by Sully, Richelieu, Mazarin, and Colbert in the course of a century had to be accomplished in Japan in the course of a generation. Thanks to the patriotism of the Mikado and of his great Ministers —men like Kido, Okubo, and Ito—as well as to the lessons of modern Europe, the work was accomplished, in some respects even more satisfactorily than in France, and a parliamentary régime finally ushered in without a bloody revolution.*

In this work of centralization the

* 1869.—Feudalism abolished and all authority resumed into the hands of the Emperor.

1872.—The army organized on the basis of universal conscript duty. The Samurais lose their monopoly of military service.

1873.—The Government undertakes the

Mikado's Government did not sail entirely in calm waters. There were troubles on the right and the left. The centralizing policy was distasteful both to the Conservatives and the Radicals. The former did not like it because they were not yet weaned from their old feudal notions; the latter because they thought the Government did not march fast enough. Several rebellions occurred, culminating in the great Satsuma rebellion, which almost assumed the proportions of a civil war. When, however, it became clear that all these attempts failed to shake the authority of the central Government, the Radicals, led by Count Itagaki, inaugurated a series of political agitations, which, beginning with 1878, grew year after year in scope and volume. Pamphlets were issued, newspapers were started, lectures were given, immense mass meetings were held, memorials with long lists of signatures were presented to the Government, and political parties—Radical, Progressive, and Conservative—grew as spontaneously as mushrooms. The years 1881 and 1882 were very noisy ones, indeed. The foreign observers of the time might have noticed in these occurrences a parallel to events in England when the "Chartist" movement and the Repeal agitation were going on under O'Connell. Only the Japanese agitations were finally successful in achieving the end. In October, 1882, the Emperor issued a rescript

survey of all lands, with the view of regulating the tax on an equitable basis.

1874-1877.—A period of insurrections, due to dissatisfaction with the centralizing policy of the Government.

1878.—Okubo assassinated. Ito takes his place as the guiding spirit in the Government. The Provincial Assemblies, on an electoral basis, convened. From this time their regular meetings take place annually in all Prefectures.

1878-1882.—Period of great political agitations.

1882.—Imperial rescript promising to convene the National Assembly in 1890.

1885.—The Imperial Cabinet and Administration thoroughly reorganized on a modern basis.

1888.—Municipal self-government granted to cities, towns, and villages.

1889.—The promulgation of the Constitution.

promising to inaugurate a Constitutional régime eight years later.

From these observations it will be clear that the social condition of the country was ripe for the introduction of representative institutions, and that without some such solution of the problem, the best interests of the nation would in all probability have been seriously imperilled. It will be seen, also, that the Government did all they could, taking the circumstances of the case into account, in making the necessary preparations. From these reasons it may, perhaps, be *a priori* concluded that the future of Constitutional régime in Japan is one of bright promise. But *a priori* arguments are not much in vogue in these days of experimental science. Let me, therefore, take a glance, before I conclude, at the history of the Imperial Diet, and try to understand the situation after eight years of experiment. What does such a study teach us respecting the future?

The history of the Japanese Parliament, briefly told, is as follows: The first Diet was opened in November, 1890, and the twelfth session in May, 1898. In this brief space of time there have been four dissolutions and five Parliaments.* From the very first the collision between the Government and the Diet has been short and violent. In the case of the first dissolution, in December, 1891, the question turned on the Budget estimate, the Diet insisting on the bold curtailment of items of expenditure. In the second dissolution, in December, 1893, the question turned on the memorial to be presented to the Throne, the Opposition insisting in very strong terms on the necessity of strictly enforcing the terms of treaties with Western Powers, the Diet regard-

ing the Cabinet as too weak-handed in foreign politics. The third dissolution, in June, 1894, was also on the same question. The Cabinet, in these two latter cases, was under the presidency of Marquis Ito (then Count), and was vigorously pushing forward negotiations for treaty revision, through the brilliant diplomacy of Count Mutsu, the Foreign Minister. This strict-enforcement agitation was looked upon by the Government as a piece of anti-foreign agitation—a Jingo movement—and as endangering the success of the treaty-revision negotiations. In fact, the revised treaty with Great Britain was on the latter date well-nigh completed, it being signed in July following by Lord Kimberley and Viscount Aoki. It was at this stage that the scepticism of foreign observers as to the final success of representative institutions in Japan seemed to reach its height, leading many of them to the belief that the Constitution would have to be sooner or later suspended, if Japan was to enjoy a wise and peaceful administration. When the first violent collision took place, they said it was perhaps to be expected since the Government was then under the Premiership of Count Matsukata, and in the hands of second-rate politicians. Marquis Ito and some of the most tried statesmen of the time were out of office, forming a sort of reserve force, to be called out at any grave emergency. But great was the disappointment when it was seen that after Marquis Ito, with some of the most trusted statesmen as his colleagues, had been in office but little over a year, dissolution followed dissolution, and it seemed that even the Father of the Constitution was unable to manage its successful working. What an anonymous contributor in the *Contemporary Review*, writing soon after the war, says on the "Japanese Constitutional Crisis and the War," probably well expresses the sentiment of the more intelligent class of foreign observers. He says:

"In the beginning of July of last year Japan presented the spectacle of a house completely divided against itself. Some of the best friends of the country, and some of

* The regular term of a Parliament is four years in the House of Representatives and seven in the House of Peers. There has hitherto been no Parliament which has completed the regular term of mandate. The present Parliament had already passed three years, and it seemed all but certain that in 1898, for the first time, a Japanese Parliament would be dissolved through the expiration of its regular mandate. But quite unexpectedly the last Parliament was dissolved in its third year.

the most intelligent among her citizens [the italics are mine]—men, too, who had welcomed the advent of representative institutions with enthusiasm—were anxiously and moodily discussing the advisability of the suspension of the Constitution and a reversion to the time-honored *régime* of despotism tempered by assassination, to which the nation had been so long accustomed.”

I must take exception to the part italicized. Most probably the writer's observation on that point was somewhat colored by his own prejudices and misgivings. At any rate, however, there is no question that the Constitutional situation was at that time exceedingly critical. But when the war broke out the situation was completely changed. In the August following the whole nation spoke and acted as if they were one man and had but one mind. In the two sessions of the Diet held during the war the Government was most ably supported by the Diet, and everybody hoped that after the war was over the same good feeling would continue to rule the Diet. On the other hand, it was well known that the Opposition members in the Diet had clearly intimated that their support of the Government was merely temporary, and that after the emergency was over they might be expected to continue their opposition policy. Sure enough, many months before the opening of the ninth session, mutterings of deep discontent, especially with reference to the retrocession of the Liaotung peninsula, began to be widely heard, and it was much feared that the former scenes of fierce opposition and blind obstruction would be renewed. However, as the session approached (December, 1896) rumors were heard of a certain *entente* between the Government and the Liberal party, at that time the largest and the best organized in the country. And in the coming session the Government secured a majority, through the support of the Liberals, for most of its important bills.

Now this *entente* between Marquis Ito and the Liberals was a great step in advance in the constitutional history of the country, and a very bold departure in a new direction on the part of the Marquis. He was known to be an admirer of the German system, and a chief upholder of the policy of Chozan

Naikaku, or the Transcendental Cabinet policy, which meant a Ministry responsible to the Emperor alone. Marquis Ito saw evidently at this stage the impossibility of carrying on the Government without a secure parliamentary support, and Count Itagaki, the Liberal leader, saw in the Marquis a faithful ally, whose character as a great constructive statesman, and whose history as the author of the Constitution, both forbade his ever proving disloyal to the Constitution. The *entente* was cemented in May following by the entrance of Count Itagaki into the Cabinet as the Home Minister. On the other hand, this *entente* led to the formation of the Progressist party by the union of the six Opposition parties, as well as to the union of Count Okuma, the Progressist leader, and Count Matsugata, leader of the Kagoshima statesmen. Their united opposition was now quite effective in harassing the administration. At this stage certain neutral men, particularly Count Inouye, suggested compromise, offering a scheme of a Coalition Cabinet. There were men, too, in the cabinet who favored such a course, and the scheme almost approached realization. But Count Itagaki was firm in opposing such a compromise, saying it was tantamount to the ignoring of party distinction, and as such was a retrogression instead of being a forward step in the constitutional history of the country. He finally tendered his resignation. When Marquis Ito saw that the Count was firm in his determination, he, too, resigned, saying that he felt so deeply obliged to the Liberals for their late parliamentary support that he would not let the Count go out of office alone. Thus fell the Ito Ministry after five years' brilliant service.

The new Cabinet formed in September, 1896, had Count Matsukata for Premier and Treasury Minister; Count Okuma for Foreign Minister; and Admiral Kabayama, the hero of the Yaloo battle, for Home Minister. There were at this time three things that the nation desired. It wanted to be saved from the impending business depression. It wished to see Japanese *Chau-*

vinism installed at the Foreign Office, and the shame of the retrocession of the Liaotung peninsula wiped off. It hoped, lastly, to see a Parliamentary Government inaugurated and all the evils of irresponsible bureaucracy removed. The statesmen now installed in office aspired to satisfy all these desires, and they were expected to work wonders. But, unfortunately, the Cabinet lacked unity. The Satsuma elements and the Okuma elements no more mixed together than oil and water. In their counsels there were always two wills, sometimes three, contending for mastery. The question of the balance of power between these elements was always cropping up in connection with all questions of State policy. Able as some of those statesmen were, it was owing mainly to their intestine quarrels that the Ministry proved a failure. Before a year was out the nation was disappointed. Early in the fall Count Okuma resigned office, saying that he felt like a European physician in consultation over a case with Chinese doctors. Henceforth the ship of State, now in troubled waters, was entirely in the hands of the Kagoshima statesmen and their friends. Some heroic and extraordinary efforts were made to revive the fallen credit of the administration—but all in vain. Count Okuma led away the majority of the Progressist party, and the Government was left with but an insignificant number of supporters. As soon as the Diet met, the spirit of opposition manifested was so strong that the Ministers asked the Emperor to issue an edict for dissolution. It was expected that the Government would at once appeal to the country with some strong programme. But to the astonishment of everybody the Ministry resigned the very next day.

In the midst of the general confusion which followed, Marquis Ito's name was in the mouth of everybody. He was unanimously hailed as the only man to bring order into the political situation. In January following, the new Cabinet was announced with Ito for Premier, Count Inouye for the Treasury, and Marquis Saionji, one of the best cultured, most progressive, and, perhaps,

also most daring of the younger statesmen, for Education Minister. The general election took place in March, and the twelfth session of the Diet was opened on May 19. The session is now in progress and will be short, being the extraordinary session after the dissolution. A Bill on the revision of the electoral laws is now laid before the Diet. It reduces the property qualification of the electors by about two-thirds, making it five yen of land-tax or three yen of income-tax; abolishes it altogether in the case of the candidates for election, and increases the number of representatives to some 470 from 300 as it is now. This Bill, when passed, as it doubtless will be, will have a very far-reaching influence in the progress of the constitutional régime.

How far Marquis Ito feels it expedient to go in the line of *rapprochement* with political parties it is difficult to forecast. There exists doubtless a tacit understanding between him and his former friends the Liberals and the National Unionists. The parties themselves would doubtless wish the relation made more explicit, while he would rather have it remain as it is, at least for the time being. Evidently he does not feel that the condition of political parties warrants him in throwing himself with open arms into their fellowship, and they, on their part, seem to be quite restive and impatient of his reserves. The courtship has now lasted for some years, yet the expected wedding has not yet taken place, and no public announcement has been made even of the engagement.

Yet doubtless there has been considerable constitutional progress since the war. A few things may be set down, in the light of what has been said, as legitimate inferences. In the first place it may be with safety predicted that no Cabinet will henceforth dare to remain in office if after one dissolution of the Diet its unpopularity is confirmed. It may be also inferred that the Clan bureaucracy is now in the last stage of its history, and that its merging itself in the larger unified life of the nation is not very far off. The great contention hitherto of the Opposition

leaders that the Government represented the Clan interests and they the national has now largely lost its ground, and henceforth parliamentary strife will take place on some other ground than that of Clanism *versus* the National Interests. Besides, the great era of industrial expansion into which Japan is fiercely plunging will create problems of a more practical kind, whose urgent claims will increasingly absorb the attention of politicians. Party politics and "heroic" questions will give place to the economic. Necessity and experience both will teach the Japanese the value of compromise and conciliation. Most probably, therefore, the party politics of the coming years will be tempered more and more with reason and moderation.

The great trouble with the political parties of to-day is the lack of discipline and the imperfection of organization. They need much sound training, and they need intelligent leaders. Ex-

cepting Count Okuma, there are but few real party leaders. Yet the signs of improvement are visible on all sides. Many politicians of influence who hitherto have kept out of parties are said to be now thinking of enrolling themselves as members of the different parties. Time is a factor impossible to ignore. We must remember that the Japanese Diet is but eight years old, and no political party is more than twenty years old. Yet in Japan things move with astonishing rapidity. And the change from a Transcendent Cabinet to one in which the Ministers are avowedly or tacitly responsible to the majority in the Diet will take place sooner than many think. At any rate, it does not seem to be wide of the mark to suppose that before another generation passes away Japan will feel as easy and natural under constitutional government as France or Germany does to-day.—*Contemporary Review*.

A LADY'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY GRILLE.

To those perched in the Lady's Gallery of the House of Commons much is visible. From them few secrets, whether of the head or of the heart, can be concealed. Beneath their searching gaze every bench lies open, every Member of the House has to run the gauntlet of their observation, and only one figure (that of the Speaker) is for them a veiled mystery. To their ears his rulings rise with a sound of indistinct and awful muttering, enhancing the sense of power possessed by this unseen deity. Under the gaze of their un pitying eyes are all the elaborate and nervous preparations of the would-be speakers. They see the strained and ungraceful attitudes assumed by those aspiring, despairing, and perspiring to catch the Speaker's eye. The notes lie revealed beneath them as an open letter. They can see whether the speech is written out in full, typed, or even printed; for this last perfection of de-

tail they know where to look on the Government bench of to-day. Theirs it is to overlook the eager scribbling of the rank and file, each mistaken individual possessed with the insane idea that the House wishes to hear his answer to the debatable points at issue. They can tell with precision, even as though the Speaker's mind were revealed to their second sight, which Member will not be called upon to follow in the debate, usually that one whose notes are most voluminous, and whose zeal in taking them has been noted by the Speaker as well as by those in the eyrie, and they know to a nicety whether the Member who rises will make the dry bones live or send the Members through the doors of the House a shuffling, huddled crowd of speech-ridden runaways.

Their eyes have seen what no well-conducted Member has ever looked upon, the House cleared for a division,

the Sergeant-at-Arms standing in the gangway, his face heedfully turned toward the Speaker's chair, watching the exact moment at which to give the signal, and himself unlock the Lobby door.

The doubtful privilege has been theirs to see all the scenes, dignified and undignified, of free fights and suspensions; theirs to hear the words addressed to recalcitrant Members from the Speaker's chair and the Chairman's corner of the table. Theirs to watch the scurrying in of Members, all their school-boy instincts aroused by the rumor that their colleagues are in disgrace and about to be suspended.

And when divisions are pending and fateful, they know all the signs of the night. The bat-like flittings of the Whips from the Front Bench to the Lobbies. The consultations between them and the leaders as to the application of the closure, the investigating expedition to the Lobby, with the negative or affirmative shake of the head on the return. They know the look of prideful peace on the face of the chief Whip when he is conscious of a bloated majority within the walls of the House; and as it streams through the Division Lobbies, at the close of the sitting, if the night is wet, they are privileged to see the graceful jog-trot and canter of the eloping Members, each desirous of securing one of the limited number of hackney carriages awaiting their rising.

But if it is theirs to scan with sacrilegious eye the frailties and foibles of the human legislators beneath them, to view the vainglory and pomposity of the average Member, to agonize with the House when the fool, the dullard, and the bore is in possession of the floor, to shrink with sympathetic and expectant terror when the man "who knows his subject" prepares to address an audience who have not the least desire to benefit by his expert learning; if it is theirs to endure and share with the House in these, its dull afflictions, it is also theirs to note the day when the battle is set in array, the champions are worthy of their cause, and, when the rank and file "locks its ranks"

and greets its leaders with that indescribable sound whose note is only borne on the night when they have a conviction that their side means to fight, that the onslaught will be fierce, and the defence assured and triumphant.

Are these days on the wane? Are the hosts less well marshalled, the leader's trumpets blowing with uncertain sound, their speeches uttered with a stammering tongue? Is that generation of men, whom the House and the country should be looking for on the back benches above and below the gangway as their future leaders, conspicuous by their absence? Is the debating on a lower level, has eloquence departed, is the general taste debased, and the average standard of speaking unusually poor? All these questions are asked and debated in those dark shades behind the brazen grille.

And such questions are necessarily asked where, within the bird's-eye view of an observing generation, such complete changes have revolutionized the Members and all Parliamentary methods.

Within the last twenty years, almost the lowest depth of enfranchisement has been reached. "Set the feet above the brain and swear the brain is in the feet" and "the suffrage of the plough," has, as a rule, chosen for its representatives the dull mediocrity of the middle-classes. Within that period the gag and the twelve o'clock rule have been invented—a bit and trammel warranted to break the courage of the wildest and to tame the fire of the most unbroken colt.

That score of years holds the history of the strongest Party ever returned to Parliament, a Party created and led by the greatest Parliamentary genius the walls of this House of Commons has ever had standing on its floor. It has witnessed this Leader shattering the work of his own stupendous personality by proposals which, on the one hand, rent from him the flower and strength of his cohorts, and, on the other, imported into the Parliamentary debates the threats and predictions of the country of all the horrors of civil war. The generation that knew the House

under the spell of Mr. Gladstone must feel that for them it can never again hold the same interest; no personality can, within their day, so domineer, magnetize, and stimulate the popular assembly. To analyze the component parts of that individuality is not within the scope of this criticism, but that with his departure the House lost, not only a great ornament and power from its debates, but that it lost with him a certain type of debater, and that with his final withdrawal from that arena a distinct class of speaking departed also, cannot be denied.

If we review the changes in the methods of speaking within these twenty years, it will be necessary to divide the speeches into two classes, those which may be classified as second reading speeches, and those purely debating utterances which are prompted by the points raised during the course of the discussion. Nothing has more materially destroyed the first class than the twelve o'clock rule. Before its institution, the great speeches which come under this head were begun after eleven, and with their preamble, their defence, their explanation, and their carefully-considered and never-omitted peroration, they occupied as much or as little time as the speaker thought fit, or as his subject made him either master and enthrall the attention of his audience or try it to its utmost limit of endurance. Time was of no moment to those men of iron. To go to bed before they had seen the sun rise on a Parliamentary night was not to be looked for or even desired. In these days the second reading speeches are as much as possible compressed. The rank and file, who are always ready with the complaint that the whole time for debate is occupied by the Front Benches, are ever present in the minds of the leaders and the Whips. The days devoted to second and third readings are looked upon as the prey of the rank and file. The time is given up to them, and the powers that be think they are as little harmful blowing off their steam on "second readings" as at any other stage of the Bill. The Whips

who are all their lifetime in bondage to the fear of revolt within the ranks of their army, believe that, during these speeches, "the straws" will show "which way the wind blows." There are few more amusing spectacles afforded to the grizzled than those nights, when such a revolt has set in, and the regiment leads, and the leaders compromise, temporize, and—cave in.

Under these conditions it may be looked for with certainty that only two Front Bench men will speak near five o'clock, and their remarks will be rigidly kept within a time limit of about an hour and a half, and from then the leaders will not again intervene till ten o'clock on the last night, when an entirely new set of prefatory remarks have become the fashion. "In the brief half hour left me," "with due regard to the speeches which are to follow," "without trespassing too much on the time still at our disposal," are words as regularly heard between ten and twelve in the Lower House, as is, "at this late hour of the evening," heard in the Upper House between six-thirty and seven-thirty. All this clock-work is fatal to oratorical display in the sense in which it used to be used. It may be said that it is an improvement to have got rid of eloquence in that form, and that business now flies through on greased wheels. It may be so; the point is not whether it is a good thing that the form has died, but to note its death. Only one Member in the present House uses the ancient frame-work, and as certainly as he speaks, so does the Leader of the House draw attention to "the peroration," as an object of ridicule, just as in the day of its use the classical quotation was laughed from its honored position in every prepared oration. It is hard to imagine the present school of politicians using such emotional and rhetorical effects to help forward their argument as were used by Bright, Lowe, and Gladstone. The old order has changed; but not for the benefit of this class of speech. Its form still lingers among the older Peers in the Upper House, but the younger men do not follow the

usage of their ancestors, even if they have not come to the House of Lords from the training of the Commons.

The speaker whose style has most of the old embodied with the new, who represents what may be called the transition period, is Mr. Chamberlain, now undoubtedly the best speaker in this Parliament. His speeches always bear the marks of careful preparation in their form as well as in their substance. No listener but must realize that the Colonial Secretary believes the keen blade of attack and defence is the more effective if drawn from a showy scabbard. The speaking of Mr. Arthur Balfour is, perhaps, the best specimen of the newer style. The enemy can offer him no greater affront than to presume that his speech has cost him a moment's thought or preparation. He openly and notoriously scoffs at all rhetorical or eloquent wrappings. Form is not entirely lacking, because his literary instinct compels him to its use, but the form is often marred by loose hung sentences, delivered with that hesitation which comes of putting the thought for the first time into words, and the whole effect is often neutralized by the sensation that the speaker has not got up the details of his Bill. The merits which prevent the interest of the audience ever flagging, consist in the ingenuity of the main argument, in the skilful handling of the subject in the light of a cold search after the principle involved in the argument, in the tact which is always at command, and, finally, in the supreme knowledge of and use of that attribute, by no means a common one, "a House of Commons manner." Only on rare occasions will any warmth or strong feeling be thrown into these speeches. If his own good faith, or the honor of the faithful Commons be in question, the First Lord will even stoop to a peroration. There are nights when the cow-
ering Whips have reported the Lobby in clamorous revolt, when Mr. Balfour has risen to defend a badly drawn Bill, or demonstrate that a wavering Foreign Policy is a straight and firm one, when not a cheer has greeted his rising, and when he knows his down-sitting will be

the signal for the uprising of a score of those enemies whose faces are never seen—for they stab a Ministry in the back—these are the nights when the frosts of a purely utilitarian style break up. The anger which the regular Opposition can never provoke breaks out, and draws blood from the mutineers; or again such a subject as a Roman Catholic University for Ireland, will produce from him a *credo* and *apologia* such as will subdue, if not convince, and almost persuade the Whips that a Leader may have a faith of his own, and not one subscribed for him by a Government majority. Mr. Asquith must be ranked high among these latter-day speakers, but great as are the merits of his style, transcendently as it shines from the poverty-stricken bench on which he is for the present seated, it scarcely comes within the category of House of Commons speaking. It is a style born and bred in the Courts, and is a rare specimen of forensic skill, coupled with a fine use of the English language. So far as he has yet gone in Parliament it is impossible to forget that the Bill is his Brief, and whether it be of less or greater importance, he speaks with the same conscientious preparation, and identically the same impressive wordfulness. He is alike lacking in the graces of the old, or the elasticity and freedom of the new style.

If, however, this class of speech has on the whole lost in outward adornment, and has fallen in its traditional position and importance, it is not altogether due to the change in the taste for displays of eloquence and "set pieces." Parliament is increasingly looked upon by the Government of the day as the mere weaving machine, through whose bobbins the designs of their hands must pass before the web is woven, and the perfect measure manufactured. The amount of legislation passed already during the life of the present Parliament exceeds that passed in the same time in any previous Parliament. It has already alarmed and disgusted that class of elector who returned the Government to power, hoping that with its advent the destroying angel who was abroad in the political world, would re-

tire from the scene of his labors. But this hope has not been fulfilled, and the abundance of legislation is more likely to increase than to fall off. The effort to get the programme through implies the greatest possible economy in the time at the disposal of the Government, and the Minister who can bring in the Bill belonging to his Department in the smallest compass and with the fewest clauses, is the most esteemed among his colleagues. Besides the exigencies of time, Ministers are kept much closer to their own special departments. This is distinctly to the detriment of the general interest of the debates. Time was, when the best lance was chosen to tilt with the opponent, he was expected to make quite as forcible an appearance as the Minister more immediately responsible for the policy or Bill. Very occasionally this spectacle is still afforded, as when the Colonial Secretary took charge of the Workmen's Compensation Act, and carried it, fighting every line of its clauses, against both sides, through the House. But these are the exceptions, and it would be as strange a sight to hear one of the Law Officers speaking for the Foreign Office, unless on a mere legal technicality, as it would be to hear Mr. Curzon called in to defend Ritualists from the attacks of Sir W. Harcourt. "Keep your own grist to grind your own mill," is a maxim rigidly adhered to by the Leader of the House in his management of his bench of colleagues, and only two of them, apart from the First Lord, may ever be looked for in tracts afield of their own departments, and these are Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. To the audience this of necessity means, that, given the subject, they can pretty accurately forecast the method of the defence, or the trend of the argument, the unexpected and unlooked for seldom arrives.

Where this same "unexpected" might be detected, among the rank and file on either side, it is at present conspicuous for its absence. The debating power of the House, as seen in Committee if it exists in any large measure, at present keeps silence on the Opposition

side. No new reputation has been made, and many who had one in embryo have lost it. It is hard to say what may exist undiscovered on the Government benches. The embargo of silence lies heavy on their Parliamentary existence, they are borne down by their own number, and they have rarely spoken with any force or energy, unless on the occasions when the Government have strained their allegiance to the point of protest. It may be that that moan might never have been made if the regular Opposition ever showed fight, and gave them an opportunity of fleshing their maiden swords in a healthy and natural fight. The shattered and disunited condition of the forces opposed to them, makes it more likely that the answer to any speech made on that side will come quicker from one of themselves than from the legitimate foe. Few of their front-bench men take any regular part in debate. Through the whole Committee stage of the Local Government Bill for Ireland Mr. Morley never once spoke, and the appearances of Sir W. Harcourt have been fitful and ineffective. Sir Charles Dilke's mine of knowledge has long been prospected, and full stock taken of its value. No good thing is found in the Welsh Party, and from Ireland the same plaint comes, ever uttered by the same voices and with the same brogues. It is a Parliament of old reputations, and new men clearly not "born to be kings."

The ship of Parliament rolls heavily in the trough of the wave. The enemy cannot raise a storm to try her sea powers, her pace has never been tried, nor is it possible to say whether, if full steam ahead were necessary, "if her boilers," to use the language of Mr. Allan of Gateshead, "would be fit for their work." Certain it is that whether the Government would or would not benefit by the strain of sharp adversity, it would increase the interest of those who look down, and in such an emergency, an Opposition might (if we still believe in miracles) be created, and a majority stand by its officers, shoulder to shoulder.—*National Review*.

THE EARLY HOMES OF WILLIAM AND GULIELMA PENN.

IT may interest some of those dwellers in the great colony which William Penn founded across the seas, when on a visit to this country, to know that within half an hour's journey of London may be seen several spots closely associated with his name. An expert cyclist, undeterred by the stony uplands of Bucks, could visit in the compass of one summer's day the country-house where he courted his wife, the old farmstead where they were married, the manor where they began that long honeymoon which lasted nearly five years, and, finally, the quiet resting-place at Jordans where he and she and so many of their race sleep the last sleep.

Penn, though only 23 when he visited the home of his future wife, Guli Springett, at Chalfont St. Peters, was already old in experience of the world, and had seen and suffered more than many a man of twice his years. Though he had ceased to have a local connection with the county, the wooded spurs of the Chilterns wore no unfamiliar face, for the Penns of Penn—a village near Beaconsfield, from which they had probably derived their name—had been owners of the soil since the strife of the Roses, and here the memory of his ancestors was liveliest and most exact. With the family then in occupation, he could still claim kinship, though his own immediate branch had long been settled in Wilts.

William Penn,* born October 14th, 1664, was the son of the admiral, so often mentioned, not always without a touch of malice, in the lively pages of Pepys. Pepys owns that he did not love his colleague at the Navy Office, though he thought it "a great and necessary discretion to keep in with him." The jovial, boisterous sailor, an able seaman (he was Rear-Admiral of Ireland at 23, Vice-Admiral of England at 32), a bold tactician, was indeed a

man to be envied in the days of the Commonwealth, when he rose rapidly to distinction, but he was a time-server, careful only to be on the winning side, and even before Cromwell's death, had made secret advances to Charles II.

In the ups and downs of his adventurous life, now in the full sunshine of prosperity, now under a cloud, his family shared. His wife, Margaret Jasper, the daughter of a Dutch merchant, Pepys describes as "fat and handsome, with more wit than her husband." She appears to have been a person of the highest animal spirits, a lover of a practical joke, a romp and a flirt, ready to engage in any enterprise that promised amusement. She and the jovial admiral were well matched. They loved the world and made it their aim to succeed in it even at some sacrifice of principle. Nor need we blame them too severely. 'Twas a difficult age, even for scrupulous spirits, and all but the most steadfast were apt to be entangled in the crossing network of personal and partisan interests.

How came these busy intriguers to have such an eldest-born as William—the man of silence and quiet ways, the champion of peace and liberty of conscience, whose integrity and rectitude stood firm against all obloquy and persecution? Even as a child he seems to have had his dreams and visions. He was at school at Chigwell, in Essex, when his father, suffering one of his temporary eclipses, was imprisoned in the Tower. The family was then living at Wanstead, in the same county, and the little William was hurried home to comfort his mother. We read of him—he was barely eleven—sitting in his small bedroom alone, "suffering from a strange and unaccountable fit of depression" (might not Lady Penn's tears and the household gloom be excuse enough for childish low spirits?), and presently cheered with as unexpected a rush of joy and comfort, a strange radiance that chased away the melancholy mood. But it was not until he was sent to Christchurch College, Ox-

* For sketch of the Penn family see "Historical Biography of William Penn," by Hepworth Dixon.

ford, in 1659, that he was moved to keen interest in the newly-instituted Society of Friends.

That was the year of Cromwell's death, and the shrewd admiral profited by the strong tide of reaction which set in to proclaim himself a Royalist and enjoy the rewards of his secret services to the King, now restored to his own.

But the revulsion of national feeling was neither so complete nor so sudden as it seemed. The Court gave itself over to the wildest, maddest gaiety, but among the common people much of what was good and noble in the temper and aims of Puritanism still remained, and became the purer for the cleansing fires through which it was destined to pass. At Christchurch, William Penn came under the influence of the Dean, Dr. John Owen, the famous non-conformist divine, a preacher of the order of Baxter and Howe, a man of profound piety and great learning.

Later, his attention was caught by the teachings of George Fox, expounded by one Thomas Loe, a poor and disregarded Oxford layman. Already, young as he was, the bent of his mind had showed itself. In eager talk with other fiery and enthusiastic spirits, he had sketched the outlines of a new Utopia, a "kingdom of nowhere," as yet, a dream country where laws should be just, and civil and religious liberty the inalienable right of every dweller in it. In the gospel Loe preached in the careless ears of Oxford, a gospel of equality, brotherhood and freedom, of plain living, of the abolition of all forms and ceremonies that involved untruth or insincerity; of dependence on the indwelling Spirit in man for utterance, his young ardor found the message he had long sought. He, with one or two other students of a like mind, forsook the college chapel for the room where these adventurous souls, who braved arrest for what they held to be the truth, assembled to hear Loe preach and explain the new doctrine.

At first the college authorities seem to have dealt leniently with the culprits, of whom Penn was the ringleader. They were but beardless boys, and older men, who had outlived their enthusi-

asms, could yet remember and forgive. They were admonished, warned, fined, warned again; but when, not unwilling, perhaps, to pose as martyrs in the cause of righteousness, the foolish lads banded themselves together and marched through the streets in open revolt, it was decreed that an example must be made. Penn, who was quite frankly willing to own himself chief instigator, was arrested and expelled from the University.

One can imagine the consternation at home—the admiral's rage and despair, Lady Penn's half-laughing, half-pitying, astonishment. The Penns were then settled in Navy Gardens, in the full swing of prosperity and popularity. There were other young ones growing up—Dick, of whom we do not hear very much, but who has at least apparently not troubled with any inconvenient scruples, and Peg the younger, an "airy" lass, her mother's companion in all sorts of frolics.

A strange plunge into all this racket and whirl—a world of dinners, theatres, of flirtations, rivalries, intrigues, jealousies—from that glowing vision of an epic life to which young William's pulses had beat as he defied duns and deans, asking nothing better than to suffer for conscience' sake. Here, nobody believed in making him or herself uncomfortable for an idea or an ideal. The father, after the first burst of anger, made a jest of son William's new opinions, his sudden taste for plain clothes and plain speech; his "thee's" and "thou's"; his diatribes against unnecessary buttons and laces and the vain custom of hat worship. Peg the younger and Peg the elder coaxed and cajoled him and took him to their routs—a solemn, unwilling young spectator. They tried raillery and laughter; his mother pleaded, perhaps, in secret, amazed and a little aggrieved that a boy of hers should wear so long a face when he might have his fling with other young sparks; but though he stuck with characteristic manfulness to his new views, they did not seem able, these light-hearted folks of his, to be very angry with him. His looks pleaded for him; he was a bonnie lad, upright

and well-made, with fair hair and blue eyes, with winning and gentle ways to mother and sister. He had a fine spirit, too, and a good clear head for business. Even in the middle of the family groans and the light laughter of society, one can see that he was very well liked; the mockery had no spice of malice in it.

The admiral, however, lost patience at last with this stubborn fit of heroics; it affronted him that one of his race should espouse a fallen cause and become the advocate of a religion that had no longer the seal of fashion to recommend it. As a last resource, William was sent abroad to be moulded into a man of the world after the recipe of the day by the widening influences of travel. The remedy seems for a time to have answered very well. Louis XIV. received him graciously, unwilling courtier as he was. He met Dorothy Sidney, Countess of Sunderland, Waller's "Sacharissa," then temporarily sharing her brother Algernon's exile. With Algernon himself, Penn laid the foundations of a friendship which lasted unbroken till Sidney's tragic death on Tower Hill. Two years of study in France and of sight-seeing in Italy and Switzerland, sent him home another from the cubbish young Oxford student who accepted banishment with a kind of resigned complacency. His own people scarcely recognized him; he had the airs and manners of a courtier; the future Quaker doffed his hat to all men then; he had grown in manliness and beauty; in grace and dignity. Pepys, indeed, found him rather too "modish" a fine gentleman in dress and speech, but the home circle welcomed this delightful elder brother with enthusiasm. The courteous suavity which the little Admiralty secretary professed to think affected, had indeed become a part of a nature matured and sweetened by experience of life, a true expression of his feelings toward all men. He never forgot nor laid it aside, even when in treaty with the Redskins of his future home. A passage from one of his letters perhaps best (and very nobly) expresses his own feelings on the subject:

"However differing I am from other men, *circa sacra*, and that world which, respecting men, may be said to begin where this ends, I know no religion which destroys courtesy, civility and kindness."

The months that followed his return home were full of bustle and gaiety. Studying at Lincoln's Inn, escorting his mother and sister to the revelries they loved, Penn seemed to have wholly altered his former opinions and to recall them only to smile at them as boyish follies. The conflict with Holland was then raging, and from the admiral's ship he had his first glimpse of the majesty and glory of war, and to prove, perhaps, how entirely he was restored to his father's heart, he was entrusted with dispatches to the King at Whitehall. But the national triumph, when English guns avenged the insult offered to the flag at Chatham and Tilbury Fort, was short-lived; the shouts of victory were drowned in the cry of anguish that broke forth at the awful visitation of the plague which suddenly ravaged London.

This unparalleled calamity made the deepest impression on young William Penn. The ladies of his family fled from the stricken city, but he appears to have remained in Navy Gardens, a witness to the horrors so graphically described by Evelyn and Pepys. London was a city of the dead and the dying, and the misery and grief he was compelled to see and could not alleviate profoundly graved themselves on his sensitive mind and heart. All his more serious thoughts came trooping back; he condemned himself with needless severity for the careless levity of the last two years which had allowed him to forget his early vows, and a chance encounter with Loe at Cork, where Penn had been sent to look after the family property, renewing old impressions, decided him to cast in his lot for once and all with the Society of Friends. From that decision he never wavered. He paid the penalty of his convictions, not only in the loss of a lucrative post, but in a second exile from home. When he was released from the jail at Cork, where he had been committed by the magistrate for being present at a conventicle, his

father sent for him, and after a stormy interview the admiral, finding that neither entreaties nor threats affected his son's purpose, turned him out of doors.

Though now homeless, he was not condemned, like so many of his fellow-sufferers for conscience' sake, to bitter poverty. His sister Peggy was married by this time to Anthony Lowther (Pepys gives an amusing account of the affair); and his mother, in deep distress, no doubt, to be bereft in so painful a way of her favorite son, secretly supplied him with money. But life in London had lost its interest; he longed for the solace of congenial minds, and found it in the scattered community of Quakers, then living on the borders of Herts and Bucks. Of this small band Isaac Pennington was the most prominent member, and at his house, the Grange, Chalfont St. Peters, Penn was warmly welcomed. Isaac Pennington was a man not only of much culture, but of considerable means. The son of Pennington, the regicide judge who died in the Tower, he had begun life as a Puritan, but shortly after his marriage with Mary, the widow of Sir William Springett of Darling, Sussex, husband and wife joined the Society of Friends, and thenceforward, in spite of the many indignities and hardships they were called on to suffer, their means, counsel, sympathy were liberally given to all the poor and distressed of that persecuted sect.

Travellers by road to Amersham may still, on entering Chalfont St. Peters, see the Grange lying to the left, embosomed in gardens and orchards. The village nestles in a sheltered hollow, a stream intersecting it, and from it one has a view across the green, undulating country of the gray, square tower of Chalfont St. Giles. In this peaceful scene, Gulielma Springett, the only child of Mary Pennington by her first husband, grew up. Isaac Pennington proved the tenderest of stepfathers, as one who shared the home-life at Grange bears testimony. In that most delightfully simple and quaint chronicle, the "History of Thomas Ell-

wood, written by Himself," we have many charming glimpses of the young Guli which help to bring her before us as she was when William Penn first met her. Thomas Ellwood, the son of a country gentleman, with property in Oxfordshire, was one of those who embraced the new doctrines of George Fox, influenced in part by the example of the Penningtons. His father, the elder Thomas, had known Lady Springett while she was still a widow, and as the son tells us: "This friendship devolving from the parents to the children, I became an early and particular play-fellow to her daughter, Gulielma, being admitted as such, to ride with her in her little coach, drawn by her footman about Lincoln's Inn Fields." The acquaintance was renewed from time to time by the elders after Mary Springett's second marriage, but the former playmates do not seem to have met until the Penningtons and Guli Springett had joined the Friends. Thomas Ellwood describes a visit he paid with his father to the family newly settled at Chalfont St. Peters. They rode across country from their home at Crowell, fifteen miles distant.

"But very much surprised we were when, being come thither, we first heard, then found they were become Quakers, a people we had no knowledge of, and a name we had till then scarce heard of." The change from a "free debonair and courtly sort of behavior," to a serious gravity seems to have astonished and amused the young man, whose thoughts had not then turned much on religious matters, and even the handsome dinner on which he lays stress did not compensate in his eyes for the lack of light talk and laughter to spice it. The little Guli, who had shared her coach with him, he found grown into a grave, sedate maiden, and he tells us very naively that though after the meal he made bold to seek her "in the private walks" of the garden where with her maid (who was also a Quaker) she was gathering flowers, her gentle dignity so confounded him that he had not a word to say and could only stammer out an apology for his intrusion and leave her.

On a second visit, however, when Thomas with his father and two sisters spent some days at the Grange, and got some insight into the new teaching, a change came over his views. He was much impressed and attracted, and in a very little while we find him first attending secretly the meetings of the Friends held in various towns and villages, and then openly joining their membership. What this step cost him in "blows, punchings, beatings and imprisonments," is very graphically set forth in his own little history. Like William Penn, he forfeited by it a father's love and esteem, and but for the goodness of Isaac and Mary Pennington would have been cast adrift upon an inhospitable world. This generous couple took the place of the kindred he had lost; they nursed him in illness, supported him during a long imprisonment in Newgate, and sheltered him under their own roof when his father's harshness finally deprived him of a home. He repaid them by a love and devotion he is never weary of expressing. His conversational pen draws a very clear picture of a troubled time, and for that alone the little book were well worth preserving, but there is one point in his narrative when the interest becomes vivid.

His own words shall tell how he came to know one—

"John Milton, a gentleman of great note for learning throughout the learned world, for the accurate pieces he had written on various subjects and occasions. This person, having filled a public station in former times, lived now a private and retired life in London, and having wholly lost his sight always kept a man to read to him, which usually was the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance, whom in kindness he took to improve in his learning. Thus by the mediation of my friend, Isaac Pennington, with Dr. Paget, and of Dr. Paget with John Milton, was I admitted to come to him, not as a servant to him (which at that time he needed not), nor to be in the house with him, but only to have the liberty of coming to his house at certain times when I would, to read to him what books he should appoint me, which was all the favor I desired."

One wonders if he really appreciated the immensity of his privileges? Perhaps it is not easy for us who look back

through the years and see Milton crowned as one of the Immortals to understand how slightly he was regarded by his own generation.

"To be neglected by his contemporaries," says Macaulay, "was the penalty he paid for surpassing them." The two great diarists of his day pass him by—Pepys, the Puritan, in silence; Evelyn, the Royalist, with one contemptuous allusion to him as "the writer for the regicides." Waller, Evelyn's friend and fellow traveller, who wrote verse which was neither deep nor strong, though his own generation set him on a ridiculous pedestal, fitly defines his own limits when he writes: "The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the Fall of Man: if its length be not considered a merit it has no other."

He whose writings enshrine and preserve forever all that is noblest and best in Puritanism was living in poverty, obscurity and neglect, hated and shunned save by a faithful few when Ellwood went to him for those daily readings in Jewin Street, and if the younger man could not measure the greatness of his master we are glad to think that his respect and affection were some solace to the lonely poet. With that little touch of self-appreciation which makes his narrative so natural, Ellwood takes care to note that Milton had conceived so good an opinion of him as to find his conversation acceptable. The studies were interrupted by one of Ellwood's frequent imprisonments, and as he later accepted the post of tutor to Isaac and Mary Pennington's young children, he had no opportunity of renewing them; but the friendship thus begun was continued, and at the outbreak of the plague, Ellwood was commissioned to find a refuge for his quondam master in the pure air of Bucks.

He engaged for the London household a "pretty box" at Chalfont St. Giles, but was unable to wait on the travellers, having been shortly before arrested under the Conventicle Act, and consigned to Aylesbury Jail. The Penningtons, we cannot doubt, hastened to welcome the visitors in the

room of their friend. Milton was accompanied by his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, and probably by his daughter Deborah. The cottage which was their home for nearly a year still stands at the end of the village, with an uninterrupted view now as then of the gay little garden and green fields, to which the red-roofed houses and the high, wooded slopes serve as a background. In outward aspect it was probably much as it is now; the porch is lacking, but otherwise there is no apparent difference in the little dwelling; the sun-steeped bricks, the old timbers, the latticed windows are unchanged witnesses to the significant events that befell here, the contacts and the partings of life. It was happily rescued some twelve years since from the neglect into which it had fallen, and is now the property of the nation, a shrine surely little less sacred than that to which all the world travels at Stratford-on-Avon.

Many interesting and valuable articles commemorative of its one-time tenant have been presented to the trustees, who purpose to use the cottage as a local museum; in the small, low-browed living-room, to the right hand as one enters, are some old seats and simple articles of furniture, such as it may well have contained when Milton used it, so that we can the more vividly picture that great figure, poet, statesman, martyr, as he has been presented to us, "clad in black . . . his fair, brown hair falling as of old over a calm, serene face, that still retained much of its former beauty, his cheeks delicately colored, his clear gray eyes showing no trace of their blindness."*

Let us dwell upon this vision reverently, for in this humble home, after years of sadness and of silence, the "hallowed fire" touched his lips at last, and he gave to the world at once his greatest gift and the sublimest proof of his genius in his "Paradise Lost."

Too few of his own nation find their way to the village thus honored: from America come many worshippers: on a

summer's day *The Merlin's Cave Inn* is thronged with these bright voyagers from over the seas. Here, for them, the centuries have stood still; the quaint, half-timbered houses clustering round the village green and the pond: the lych-gate leading to the gray-towered church make up a picture which faithfully reproduces the past. For many of them, no doubt, there is an added charm in the thought that here the lady of William Penn's desires grew into grace and beauty, as she walked these familiar ways as yet untouched by love. In her innocent gaiety and sweet gravity, she must have been a maiden after Milton's heart, too little happy as he was in his own rebellious daughters. Perhaps she read to him in the Latin tongue, in which we know she was well grounded. As a Quakeress, bound to renounce all vain accomplishments, she could not minister to his love of music though she shared it, but her young compassion and reverence must needs have been stirred by the patient dignity with which he bore his blindness, and in a hundred pretty ways, be sure, she sought to soothe and cheer him.

Not long after the visitors, flying from the pestilence, had settled in the cottage, a great trouble befell the family at Grange. Isaac Pennington was arrested for some breach of the law which bore so unjustly on Nonconformists and lodged in jail, while his wife and children were compelled to fly from their home. They took refuge in the farm of Botrells, a house which still exists, though enlarged and much altered. It is in the parish of Chalfont St. Giles, and is reached by a steep lane that branches off from the village near the church. One cannot doubt that this trouble must have drawn the poet—so well versed in sorrow—nearer to the afflicted family; on the arm of the eager and bustling Ellwood, he must often have climbed the hill to visit and sympathize with the lonely woman. Mary Pennington's kind heart did not allow her in her own distress to forget a neighbor and a stranger; many times must she have stepped this way to pay her duty to Mistress Elizabeth Milton and Mistress Deborah, Guli at her side,

* Green's "Short History of the English People."

and Ellwood, upon whom the care of the household devolved, escorting both, with due sense of the importance of his office. How near and real it all seems; it presses very close upon one, this by-gone time, as one lingers in the unchanged summer world; it brings the distance almost to one's side, like something recently felt and experienced.

It will surprise no one to learn that Ellwood, sharing as he did the family perils as well as the intervals of family peace and happiness, fell in love with the daughter of the house, who was its light and life. Quaker by choice though he was, making willing renunciation of life's graces (even that "Montero cap" of which we hear so much was given up at last as too vain an adornment for a sober head), he had the heart of a man within his breast, and could scarce be expected to remain in philosophic detachment, unmoved by so many charms. Guli's girlish frankness, her lively intelligence and quick spiritual sympathy drove the smart but deeper. She was pretty, too, as she was good and clever; "completely come-ly," he says in his old-fashioned way.

As tutor to her little step-brothers and sister, for seven long years he and Guli shared the same roof, meeting, talking, walking in the gardens and orchard, riding together often in the gray, pensive dusk which Guli seems to have loved. He was her cavalier when she went to Bristol to visit a former maid married and settled there, and on more, than one expedition to Sussex where her relatives, the Springetts, lived. What so natural as that he should fall in love, and overlooking all disparity of rank and worldly means dream of a happiness which should surmount all obstacles? But the little man had a tender conscience and he listened to its voice. To Guli's parents he owed all that he possessed. His honor forbade him to betray their trust in him. He set himself to conquer his passion and so bore himself "with a free and respectful carriage" toward her that she never guessed his secret. To the last day of her life the friendship began in childhood remained unbroken. Before William Penn became a constant visit-

or to the Grange, Ellwood, after due deliberation and solemn consultation with his friends, offered his name, his temperate affections, and his extremely small portion of worldly goods to one Mary Ellis, a Friend, well known in the little community for her virtues and solid qualities. Nothing can be more amusingly matter-of-fact or prosaic than his own account of this extremely sober courtship, but the marriage, which took place in 1669, seems to have filled his moderate expectations and to have been happy.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon writes as if William Penn had been at Chalfont during Milton's stay there; but as we have seen, Penn was at his father's house in London at the outbreak of the plague, and was afterward dispatched to Ireland to look after the family property, so that he and Guli could have no shared memories of the great poet. He seems to have paid only one hurried visit to town on the occasion of his sister's marriage, returning to Cork almost at once, being, indeed, in little mood for wedding festivities, and remaining there until summoned by his displeased father. It was as an exile, driven forth from his rightful home, that he first appeared at Grange, and the gentle and melancholy young man with the halo of renunciation about his handsome head may well have made a deep impression on the girl whose sympathies were ardently on the side of the persecuted. Penn's self-sacrifice seemed very real at the time, for he could not know that, in the hour of dying, his father would relent and leave him rich.

On his second visit to Grange he was still more of a hero, set apart, it might well seem; called to a great mission—for in the interval he had suffered a long imprisonment in the Tower, for writing a controversial pamphlet and publishing it without a license. His father, the Admiral, had lain behind those grim walls before him (though in defence of no religious scruple), and had broken down under the restraint and confinement, but William Penn's serene, calm spirit remained unruffled under all the questionings, examinations and tests to which he was subjected.

Perhaps a little natural vein of obstinacy—one had almost said of complacency—helped to sustain him, yet even those who remained unconvinced by his arguments were forced to admire his unshaken constancy. He found compensation for his narrow lot in writing his best work—"No Cross, No Crown," "a defence of the poor, despised Quakers," which shares, though in lesser degree, the popularity of the one immortal prison book, "The Pilgrim's Progress."

"No Cross is a serious cross to me," said the poor Admiral, who had given up in weary bewilderment the attempt either to reason with or to understand his son. His days were darkening down in gloom and disappointment; his popularity was gone; he had enemies who lost no chance of wounding him; he had struggled in vain to enforce his claims on the King; weary and sad at heart he sank to death not long after his son's release. William hastened to his side, and in that closing hour when nothing matters so much as love, the reconciliation was complete.

The canny Thomas Ellwood, while he speaks of Guli's many lovers, lovers of all sorts and conditions, has scarcely anything to say of the one for whom her heart was reserved. Perhaps he was able to foreshadow the future on Penn's first visit to Chalfont St. Peters, and suffered a human throb of jealousy in seeing another secure the prize he had dared to covet; at least he tells us nothing of the love-making which must have been idyllic in its sweet country setting, though it was checkered by the now too familiar controversies and imprisonments. Perhaps it was on account of some such dispensation befalling the stepfather (he was confined, we know, in Reading Jail in that year) that the wedding did not take place in the bride's home, but at a farmhouse on the Herts border, some little distance away.

If the eager golfers, who alight in scores on any fine day at Chorley Wood Station, were to glance on leaving the platform to the crest of the wooded ridge on the right, they might be able to discern a gleam of red between the leafy screen of trees. There, tottering

to their fall, stand the ruins of King's Farm, a most interesting fifteenth-century homestead. Some courage is needed to breast the rugged slope, for the road in its stoniness seems to have strayed across the boundaries of Bucks, but once surmounted, one is well repaid. On the day on which we made the pilgrimage the wind-swept common lay spread far beneath us, shining under a July sun, and when we had rested ourselves with its broad expanse, fringed with wood and meadow, and melting into a blue haze at the horizon, we turned to glance at the buttressed walls of the great barn, rent and cracked with the pressure of time, and year by year slipping downward to the dust. In an outbuilding we found the wife of a laborer, who now occupies the house, baking bread in a primitive stone oven which she had heated with twigs, the smoke escaping through a wide fissure in the roof. She guessed our errand, for now and then an enthusiastic spirit finds its way up these heights, and showed us willingly over the large and once pleasant dwelling-place, now, alas, fallen into hopeless decay. She could neither read nor write, and had but a dim and hazy conception of the interesting traditions that clung to her home, naïvely observing that she would willingly dispense with these for the sake of a roof that would keep out the rain.

The living-room where William Penn and Guli Springett were married is large, the low ceiling supported by great oaken beams, the floor unevenly flagged. Two latticed windows light it, and at the open hearth were once recessed chimney seats, now supplied with doors and used as cupboards. Even in its forlorn and neglected age, enough is left to recall the prosperous, picturesque homestead of 1670. It is two-storied, with three entrances and a double staircase, and the many barns and outbuildings bespeak a bygone prosperity and abundance. When the orchard trees, now gnarled and twisted out of all shape, and many of them lying level with the soil, were young and fruitful, and the little garden well tended, there can have been few pleasanter homes than

this house set on a hill with all the wooded country spread about its feet.

Perhaps, after they had "taken" each other in presence of the Friends, Penn may have led his wife to the edge of the ridge and looked with her toward the dip in the undulating country where Rickmansworth, betrayed only by the smoke of its chimneys, lay, not having then straggled up the hill or dreamed, indeed, of a station or a station hotel. For in that little country town the young couple were to begin their married life and to spend five wholly happy and peaceful years.

Basing House, the substantial mansion which Penn's ample fortune allowed him to take, still stands, in its main features little altered since that date. A jealous wall shuts house and sloping garden from view of the passerby, but the present occupant, Mr. R. W. Henderson, is most courteously willing to show both to any interested visitor. Of the old dwelling the entrance hall and principal suite of reception rooms are intact, and the owner treasures a capacious and comfortable easy chair which belonged to those early days of housekeeping when Penn brought Guli here as mistress.

In his happy marriage, Penn seems for a time to have rested from polemics, finding entertainment in this altogether novel and delightful domestic life. Once, indeed, we hear of him engaging in a controversy with Richard Baxter, the author of "*The Saint's Rest*." Baxter, who had been preaching in the parish church, appears to have been the aggressor. His own account of it best describes the matter:*

"The country about Rickmansworth abounding with Quakers, because William Penn, their captain, dwelleth there, I was desirous that the poor people should for once hear what was to be said for their recovery. Which, coming to Mr. Penn's ears, he was forward to a meeting where we continued speaking to two rooms full of people, fasting, from ten till five; one lord, two knights and four conformable ministers besides others being present, some

all the time, some part. The success gave me great cause to believe that it was not altogether labor lost."

Mark with what an innocent relish he takes note of the "lord" and the "two knights!" The country folk must needs have had a keen appetite for theological argument to listen patiently through a seven hours' discussion! Penn was as eager as his rival to claim the victory for his side, but the bewildered audience probably went home hungry and unenlightened.

But if he rarely responded to the trumpet call in those happy honeymoon years, Penn and his wife were ever diligent in attending the services of their community, riding about the country to join this or that little group, and speaking when the spirit moved them. The nearest place of meeting was at Chorley Wood, at the other side of the common from the station and King's Farm. The distance from Basing House is a little over two miles, and here along the country road with the lovely wooded slopes dipping down to the right, alluring in the early fervors of spring or aglow with the tints of autumn, Penn and Guli must have ridden on many a peaceful Sunday. The place of assembly was a room in the private house of a Friend named Wilson. It has long passed out of the connection, but is still occupied. It stands but a very little way back from the road which skirts the common, and may be easily identified by its position opposite the parish church. Here, too, there was a graveyard where many Friends were buried; this one-time God's acre is now a pleasant, shaded garden, with no trace left of those nameless burial mounds, though two vaults are said to exist, concealed beneath a group of evergreens.

But the time has come for us to bid farewell to the great philanthropist and his devoted wife. The happiest people, like the happiest nations, have no history, and during their life at Rickmansworth William and Guli Penn lived retired from the world, busy with many unobtrusive and kindly charities; succoring, exhorting, preaching, drawn together in ever-closer companionship and sympathy. Here their eldest son,

* Orme's '*Life and Times of Baxter*'.

Springett, was born, and here, too, Penn's great scheme to promote the happiness of mankind took shape and grew in urgency. It was the better to develop it in fresh scenes where he should be less liable to interruption, and to secure the help of his friend of Paris days, Algernon Sidney, that he at last decided to leave Rickmansworth for Worminghurst in Sussex, where he bought an estate.

His connection with Bucks and Herts and with it perhaps the happiest portion of an eager, over-full life was ended; he came back no more, unless it might be on flying visits to the brethren, until he was borne through the familiar country to lie by the side of Gulie and the children who went before him, in the little orchard at Jordans.

It touches our hearts with an ineffable sympathy that he should come back wearifully and willingly, his work over, the earth in him so glad to rest on mother earth here in this quiet shelter, far removed from the haunts of men, where year by year the seasons come and go, and the woods put on their garment of green, and turn to flame and gold and toss bare branches under the wintry sky, and there is no other sound but the wind whispering or sighing through them to break the silence. Even as we stood there last, looking down upon that

row of modest headstones with the soft summer rain falling steadily upon the narrow enclosure, where the fruit trees have died under the mighty shadow of the oaks and beeches, the impression we carried with us was one of an abiding and most enviable peace.

Jordans lies two miles to the west of Chalfont St. Giles in a deep dene, the road descending to it steeply. In 1671 the land was conveyed in trust to Thomas Ellwood to be used as a burial place of Friends, and Ellwood, when his own day came, was carried there to rest by his comrades Pennington and Penn. There was probably a building erected at some convenient spot near at hand, for allusion is made in contemporary writings to the gatherings and preachings at Jordans. The present meeting-house, adjoining the little graveyard, is as plain and austere as the simple tastes of Penn could have desired; there is but one object of interest within its walls—an engraving from the painting depicting Penn's Treaty with the Indians, the original of which hangs in the Town Hall of Philadelphia, but in the commemoration services held here twice a year the spirit of his work is kept alive, and the representatives of two great nations, met together, draw closer the old ties in honoring his name.

—*Temple Bar.*

IN YEARS OF STORM AND STRESS.

POLITICAL PRISON LIFE BEFORE 1848.

BY KARL BLIND.

In summer, 1847, shortly before the mighty storm and upheaval which shook the whole Continent, there was already strong political sheet-lightning in southern and western Germany. There had been risings in Italy, then a mere "geographical expression," as Metternich cynically said; even insurrections for obtaining a constitution in chain-bound Naples. In Switzerland the Sonderbund troubles began, which

ended in the overthrow of that Jesuit League by the arms of the Confederation. In France, the corrupt system of Louis Philippe's government showed Hippocratic signs of a coming dissolution.

A year before, I had had to go through a press trial before the Court of Justice at Mannheim. It was on account of an article denouncing the harsh treatment of a private soldier

who had presumed upon becoming a convert to the religious community founded by Johannes Ronge under the name of "German Catholicism." This mild new sect, for which so moderate a man as Professor Gervinus had entered the lists, was held to be crypto-revolutionary. The article had passed the lynx-eyes of the censor. Yet, after all, I was hauled up before the stern judges.

From this prosecution I issued unscathed, thanks to the eloquence of Friedrich Hecker, then one of the best juriseconsults and leader of the advanced Liberal group in the Baden House of Commons. Perhaps a kind of secret sympathy of the judges with freer aspirations had something to do with the sentence of not guilty. I, too, spoke in my own defence. The proceedings were strictly secret. A strange feeling overcame me when, in the large hall amply furnished with seats for an audience, we stood quite alone before the Court. It was as if one had to face a Tribunal of the Inquisition or a *Vehm-Gericht*. Strangely did the walls echo our voices, with hollow sound in the vacant room. The charge was one of incitement to sedition. A condemnation would have meant a good many years of the most severe imprisonment.

When the judges withdrew for deliberation, Hecker, who was of a somewhat impulsive temperament, could not restrain himself from stealing up the steps of the stage on which the judges had sat, and listening at the key-hole. With radiant face he, after a short while, gave me to understand by signs that we had won the case. Scarcely had he stepped down again on his toes, when the Court solemnly rustled in and proclaimed the sentence of not guilty. Immediately the Crown Prosecutor entered his appeal to the High Court, which then sat in the Grand-ducal Castle. But there, too, the first sentence was, after some time, upheld. All this looked like a promise of better days coming.

This prosecution had been begun against me when I was still a student at Heidelberg University. There I had been active in political affairs, during communal and parliamentary elections,

in friendly connection with the leading Liberals of the town and their respected and widely known head—the Burgo-master Winter. Among undergraduates, citizens, workmen, and peasants, as well as in the gymnastic associations, I had sought to work for national freedom and unity. For this same object I had been a frequent contributor to the press in Baden, Bavaria, and Prussia. The result was that, together with three associates at the University, who were similarly, though less strongly, compromised, I received in 1846 the *consilium abeundi*. In other words, I was rusticated.

The Senate of the University, it is true, was against this measure which had been taken by the Curator. In that dreary period of oppression, this body of professors had the courage of declaring that "political activity was every citizen's right; therefore also every student's." But the Home Secretary, to whom the matter was submitted, stood by the Curator. When a further appeal was addressed to the whole State Ministry or Cabinet, Government confirmed the virtual decree of expulsion. So we had to say good-bye to our *Alma Mater* on the banks of the Neckar and her entrancingly charming surroundings. For my part, I was additionally punished by the withdrawal of a scholarship which had been conferred upon me at Karlsruhe, when leaving for Heidelberg, at the suggestion of the College of Professors. It was a scholarship much aimed at by several school-fellows; but, desirable as it was, it had been granted to me, quite unsought and unexpected.

Being forced to leave, we were triumphantly taken out by many prominent citizens in open carriages, when a banquet was given to us before the gates of the town. I then went to the University of Bonn, where several student friends from Heidelberg also took up their abode; among them the later Baden Minister of Finances, Moritz Ellstätter, and a dear associate, Busch, a Mecklenburger, who soon was to become to me a deliverer from a most serious danger. The details of this case once more throw a curious light on the state

of things in the strange days before 1848.

There was then no German right of citizenship; only a right of residence in some particular State—and what kind of a right! National unity merely existed in so far as all the princely Governments combined in carrying out measures of persecution against any opponent of theirs, wherever found. Thus the moderate Nestor of German Constitutionalists, Adam von Itzstein, and his friend Hecker, both members of the Baden House of Commons, had been expelled from Berlin, simply because they had gone there for a visit. No wonder, the inquiry concerning the Press trial instituted against me was continued at Bonn before the University Court, to which students were amenable. The examination was a severe one; all the more so because I had resumed my literary activity there. Though done anonymously, it was pretty well known to the authorities by postal espionage. Moreover, I had given fresh offence, because, among undergraduates of the Rhenish city also, I tried to promote our views; whereas the rector, in his inaugural address, had cynically told us that he would not mind our pursuing a life of pleasures, but that we must steer clear of anything bringing us into conflict with the authorities on political grounds. The indignation I felt on listening to this counsel it would be difficult to describe.

To the sharp questions put to me before the University Court, I, no doubt, gave equally sharp answers, or perhaps even a little more so, as I did not acknowledge the legitimacy of such an investigation on Prussian soil. Little did I suspect what this would lead to. One day, evidently for the purpose of fatally enmeshing me, I was to be implicated in an affair which might have cost me my head. In a hideous nocturnal street scrimmage between soldiers and students belonging to so-called "Corps," a hussar had been stabbed and killed. Before the University Court, a *Pedell*, or minor proctor, a wretched fellow who must have been primed, asserted that he had recognized me as the guilty person. Now, on that

same night I had been quietly in my bed. As a matter of fact, I had never had anything to do with acts of common brutality, and no complaint had ever arisen against my mode of life at the University. When I indignantly declared the assertion of the *Pedell* to be a lie, he, with finger threateningly pointed at me, repeated his mendacious statement on his oath. Such means of getting at a politically marked man by a somewhat roundabout way, were then not infrequent.

After my friend Busch had heard of this, he, without saying a word—for this was his taciturn northern manner, which only now and then was interrupted by a sudden outbreak of almost passionately warm sentiment—quietly went to the University Court, declaring on his oath that I had never stirred from home on that evening. His rooms and mine, facing the University building, were connected by inner doors. This circumstance saved me.

After my studies were over at Bonn, I once more went south, to my native town, Mannheim. In spite of the decree of expulsion, I repeatedly visited Heidleberg in secret, in order to make speeches there before citizens and students in the large hall of a hotel whose proprietor belonged to our party. I used disguise on those occasions. Once, I remember, I put on the garb and the cap of a butcher, which I had borrowed. But it was just in this masquerade, which apparently suited me ill, that I was recognized, arrested, and brought before the authorities. After being detained only a very few moments, I was, however, released, after having declared that my University time was over.

One of those clandestine speeches or lectures, which was secretly printed as a pamphlet and largely circulated, referred to the opening of the "United Diets" at Berlin by Frederick William IV.—a worse than mediæval caricature of a Parliament. In granting it, the king himself had said, in his peculiar phraseology, that, "between our Lord God in Heaven and the country, no written piece of paper (meaning a Constitution) shall be allowed to intrude."

Had the authorship of the pamphlet, which dealt rather strongly with these utterances, been found out, a colossal trial for high treason would certainly have been the result. When such lectures were given, the window-shutters were closed, and men so posted as to watch the approaches, in order that lights might be quickly extinguished in case of need, and those present be enabled to group themselves innocently in various rooms. However, the police never had an inkling of what was going on.

At Mannheim I made the acquaintance of her who, a little later, in revolutionary time, became my wife, after her first husband's death. In August, 1847, I paid a visit to Friederike in the lovely Dürkheim, in Rhenish Bavaria, where she had gone for the summer. The clandestine propagandism of pamphlets was at that time in full swing. Many flysheets were smuggled into Germany from Switzerland and Alsace: writings and songs by Heinzen, Herwegh, Freiligrath, and others.

As I said good-bye at Mannheim to an acquaintance who was manager in a publishing firm, he fetched from behind a shelf a little packet of such forbidden things, presenting them as a friendly gift. His name was Prince; but his political leanings were quite the other way. The leaflet, printed on the thinnest paper for hidden transport, was Heinzen's "The German Famine and The German Princes." It contained an appeal to the working classes in town and country, among whom there was fearful distress in 1847—so much so that many "bread and potato riots" occurred all over the country. I took some of these pamphlets with me and travelled to Dürkheim.

It so happened that the eccentric Ludwig I. of Bavaria, then hated throughout Germany for his despotic ways, and satirized for his impossible poetry and his scandalous connection with Lola Montez, the "Spanish dancer" (she was in reality of different national origin), was mentioned in the little pamphlet. A chance which could

not have been thought out better, or rather in more improbable manner, for a theatrical play, would so have it that the king came to the very same hotel where we were staying. It was the "Vier Jahreszeiten" ("Four Seasons"), famed for its pleasant hostess, the Beautiful Anna, as she was universally called. The guests in the hotel were shown the splendidly furnished bedroom, where his Majesty was to take his rest. But what his Majesty, standing late one night on the first landing, shouted down as his desire or command, cannot be mentioned here. It would seem too improbable, though it is strictly true.

These were glorious August days, and we wanted to enjoy them. A hot sun shone when we made a trip, with Friederike's children and their governess, to Neustadt on the Haardt—a little town known for the advanced views of its inhabitants, which were then shared by the large majority of the people of Rhenish Bavaria. I had been there shortly before, during a great gathering of gymnastic associations, and striven among them to spread our principles of national freedom and union and of social progress. Having made a few good acquaintances among the citizens, I was glad to go to Neustadt once more on a visit.

As we drove along on the parched road, amid clouds of white dust, a journeyman, with heavy valise on his back, came running by the side of the carriage, begging for a *Zehrpennig* or *viaticum*. By the trades' rules then prevailing, a handcraftsman was expected to make a number of travelling rounds ere he could set up as a master with the guild's approval of a piece of workmanship he had to lay before it. To ask for alms on his way was then an accepted custom, far more honored in the observance than in the breach. Such doles were not even looked upon as alms—as little as in olden, even in somewhat recent, times the claim of the wandering student was when he came to any scholar's house, openly saying: "*Pauper studiosus petit viaticum.*"

We felt great pity for the poor perspiring fellow. Friederike at once took out a piece of silver, and being struck by a sudden thought of combining charity with the propaganda of patriotic ideas, wrapped it in the tiny pamphlet she had with her. She naturally imagined that it was well calculated to speak to the mind and the heart of a suffering working man—that class being then quite at the mercy of an overbearing police. It is true, I had doubts as to whether it was advisable thus to trust, on the spur of the moment, an utterly unknown person, and I was going to say so. But there was scarcely time left for a word of warning, for Friederike had been so quick in throwing the money to the poor fellow that the whole was over in a moment.

She rose in the carriage to look back, whether he had picked up the coin, and what he would do with the paper.

"Yes!" she exclaimed joyously; "he has opened the leaflet, and now he is reading it!"

I sat opposite to her, and could not see. Presently, the clouds of dust made the man himself nearly invisible.

When we arrived at Neustadt we alighted at an inn. After awhile we were waited upon in an unlooked-for manner. A police official, accompanied by gendarmes, declared he had to arrest us. It came out that the wretch of a journeyman had run in hot haste to Neustadt, to denounce us as guilty of high treason and *lèse-Majesté*, and to pocket the pay for it. If I remember aright, the sum legally fixed for such informer's service was a good one for a workman—just thirty gulden or pieces of silver.

In the pamphlet not only the King of Bavaria was spoken of, whom so strange a fatality had led to the hotel of the "Four Seasons." But misfortune so willed it that the fellow whom we had wished to help in his distress had formerly been in the service of the Bavarian police! Truly, a complication which could not have been invented more dramatically.

After a short examination, we were separately eaged in prison. The chil-

dren were sent back with the governess to Dürkheim, and afterward to Mannheim. They were Mathilde, who later became distinguished in England as a poetess, and Ferdinand, who in 1866, on the eve of what Prince Bismarck himself in later years described as "a fratricidal war," died a tragic death at Berlin.

High treason and *lèse-Majesté* combined formed a terrible outlook. For the latter crime alone, Dr. Eisenmann, a medical man of note, and editor of the *Bairische Volksblatt*, had been condemned to lifelong hard labor, and compelled, in addition, under this very king Ludwig of Bavaria, to make an apology on his knees before the portrait of his Majesty! Such was the cruel law then in force.

I was distracted by apprehensions for Friederike. At the same time I was tormented by a thought of the danger threatening the renowned leader of the Liberal Constitutional party, Herr von Itzstein, from whom I had a letter of a very hazardous kind on me, concealed between the cloth and the lining of my waistcoat. The letter referred to the daughter of the burgomaster, Tschech, who had made an attempt upon the life of King Frederick William IV. of Prussia.

According to the barbarous Prussian law of that time, the regicide was to be dragged to the place of execution on a cowhide, while his next blood-relations, although utterly guiltless, were to be placed under police supervision in a kind of duress. After Tschech had been beheaded, his innocent daughter was kept a virtual prisoner in the manse of a clergyman. At last she succeeded in making her escape, and appeared at Mannheim, wholly destitute of means. She knew no one there. She only knew the names of Itzstein and Hecker, who, years before, had been expelled from Berlin. Ringing the bell at Itzstein's house, she intended asking for some aid in her terrible position as a starving fugitive, in order to be enabled to reach Switzerland. Itzstein was away on his estate at Hallgarten in the Rheingau. In her despair, the helpless girl went to Hecker's

house, where she received some sustenance. The question then was, how to provide further for her in her exile.

It was a risky affair for Herr von Itzstein—who in the Baden House of Deputies always maintained a cautious attitude, and, in spite of his friendship with Hecker, the Democratic spokesman, seldom failed, as a leader of the united Opposition, to make his bow, so to say, before his Royal Highness the Grand Duke—to take part in the collection of pecuniary means for the daughter of a would-be regicide. Itzstein, therefore, entrusted the matter to a discreet friend. He also wrote a letter which, handed to me served as a full power for gathering subscriptions.

Thus all things had conspired to produce an inextricable network of snares. Nay, in the hotel, where King Ludwig had so unexpectedly arrived, I had left a number of the compromising leaflets, though so well concealed that I could hope they would not be found. In fact, they were not discovered; perchance through the quick action of the owners of the "Four Seasons." The treacherous journeyman was, however, a dangerous witness; and now the discovery of Itzstein's letter was threatening. What could be done to get rid of what I secretly carried on me in my waistcoat?

The cell in which I was locked up at Neustadt was furnished scantly enough. It was evidently intended for common criminals or vagabonds. No one, at this time of the day, would believe in the possibility of its arrangements. There was a straw mattress on the floor, which, on lying down on in the evening, I found to be swarming with little worms. Over it, a blanket and nothing more. Instead of a chair and a table, a so-called *Holzbock*, that is, a jack or sawing-trestle, on which one had to sit as well as to put and take a meal.

No sooner was I in the cell than I took Itzstein's letter from the little slit of my waistcoat, tore off his signature and some of the chief compromising passages, and for safety's sake actually chewed and ate some parts of them. It was difficult swallowing, indeed—a most horrid sensation. The remainder I began to tear in pieces,

and, after having chewed some of them too, made pellets, which I popped out through the cross-bars.

Suddenly there was a noise in the corridor. I heard steps, and what seemed to be the clanking of a bundle of heavy keys. Quickly I threw the torn pieces of paper into the slop pail.

The administrator, or head warder, of the prison (I do not know what his real position or title was) proved a very kind man. Instead of sending a meal into my cell in the evening, he asked me, through the turnkey, to come up to his own room to sup with his family. In the conversation he avoided everything that might have seemed to bear upon our case. Friederike, I learned later, had also had to pass the night on a straw mattress, though with somewhat better surroundings.

Next morning I was conveyed on foot, handcuffed, under the escort of a gendarme on horseback. Another gendarme on foot followed behind, with fixed bayonet on his gun. It was one of the loveliest mornings. The sun shone brilliantly, and there were still traces of dew on the grass. The horseman, no doubt, had been added with a view of preventing all danger of a rescue. After some time, when we were well in the open country, he turned back, and the gendarme on foot alone accompanied me.

At a village he led me into an inn. To my astonishment, after having put his gun into a corner of the room, he went out for about five minutes or more, leaving me alone. The hostess, who, in his absence, came in to place some wine for him on the table, looked with the fullest friendliness upon me, and spoke a few kind words. Like wildfire, it had been bruited about under what charge we had been arrested; and this, among the free-minded people of the Palatinate, was rather a claim to hearty sympathy.

The hostess went out, and I was still alone. The thought struck me that here was a chance of escape. How if I were to seize the gun, and to make a run for the next turning of a street, going into the first peasant's house, and asking for shelter by explaining to him that I was a political prisoner? My

hands were so manacled that the slight chain which connected the shackles left me some free play of movement. At any rate, even if I were refused shelter and caught again, my position could scarcely be much worse than before.

The idea had no sooner entered my mind than I dismissed it forthwith. I could not fly, leaving Friederike in the grasp of the jailers. Even the obvious thought that her counsel, when it came to the trial, might use the circumstance of my flight for designating me as the only guilty one, and thus facilitate her release, could not overcome my repugnance to seeking safety for myself.

Presently the gendarme returned. So we went on until we reached another place, where I was put, during the night, into one of the worst holes imaginable. It was scarcely larger than the compartment of a stable. The low, narrow cell was wholly taken up by a slanting piece of board, on which, at night, two men might lie close together. No chair; no table. Only a large earthen pot—not for washing purposes. That was all. No possibility of ventilation. I lay down on the filthy straw mattress in my clothes, and awoke with a racking headache.

In the morning I was led further on, handcuffed, to the House of Correction at Frankenthal; which Friederike had reached, in the meanwhile, by carriage. But we could not see each other.

At Frankenthal the handcuffs were taken off. I was placed in a cell where I found a man charged with murder and another with theft. The murderer had been a German soldier in the Greek army. He was accused—so he said—of having killed his wife. This ex-trooper of King Otto (a brother of the reigning King of Bavaria) was a fine-looking, dark-eyed man, with crisp black hair, of rather prepossessing, almost noble, features, though deeply pock-marked. He had a winning voice and manners, but was much oppressed by melancholy. The thief, a peasant, with slightly reddish fair hair and watery gray-blue eyes, had a remarkably large head of a somewhat prehistoric shape, a stealthy tread, and was very humorously inclined.

For these two prisoners there were palliasses on the ground. I had a bedstead, but the bed was so infested with vermin that every evening I had first to sit up for a long time to try making a *raffia* of them. My complaint was of no use, even though a Commission of Inspection once visited the cell. Into the almost incredibly horrible lack of sanitary arrangements of the prison I will not enter. Be it enough to say that the stench from a place just outside was so overpowering, in that hot summer, that I wondered every day my health did not give way.

Again, as at Neustadt, the Director of the Prison—this time a gentleman of good presence and intellectual culture—proved very kind, although those hideous barbarities were tolerated under his eyes. Such contrasts were then frequent. First of all he took me to his official room, asking me whether I would like to beguile the time by casting up some accounts for him. No doubt this suited his own convenience. Yet I was right glad to get out, for a while, of the cell in which I was mated with common criminals. In accordance with the regulations, I was further permitted to have food brought to me at my own expense from the Director's table. Moreover, he himself often went with me for about half-an-hour, or an hour, into the courtyard, when no other prisoners took exercise, conversing with me on topics of general interest. Now and then he even left me alone there, trusting to my word of honor that I would not make an attempt at an escape. The walls of the prison were surprisingly low.

But oh! the horror of those nights!

One day when the thief had been called away before the inquiring judge, the man who was accused of murder said to me in a mysterious undertone that he knew who I was, and that I did not belong to their own criminal class; so he would trust me as a gentleman with his dread secret. He then indicated, partly by words, partly by gestures, that he had really done the deed by means of a dagger poisoned at the point. He had to deny it, in order to save his neck. He also hinted at a

cause of jealousy which had made him do it.

Now, when night came and I tossed about on my couch, driven to distraction by the vermin, I often heard that unhappy man suddenly uttering, in his dreams, heartrending cries of terror, and groaning with distress and despair. He then started up with ghastly, distorted mien, as I could sometimes see when the pale moon shone through the window. This terrible scene was often repeated.

During the day, the thief, who enjoyed a sound sleep, generally tried to be amusing. He said his own wife had given him the nickname of *Zuchthaus-Besen* (Prison-Broom—that is jailbird) on account of his having so often done time. He continually spoke about amatory subjects—which he called “the poor man’s sugar-bread”—but rather in the manner of the natural man than in a lascivious sense. He seemed to know the prison, in which there was a wing also for women, out and out. What he told us about their unmentionable practices in preparing the food for the prisoners, made me right glad to be allowed to have my meals from the Director’s table.

Books on Jurisprudence and on Political Economy which I had sent for from home I was permitted to study, and also to read a novel like Bulwer Lytton’s “Last Days of Pompeii.” I vividly remember the pleasure this latter work gave me in a German translation. But the sad thoughts about Friederike never ceased to distract me. How would she be able to pass through the searching inquiry of the examining judge? And if she confessed all, what frightful fate would befall us both!

Under so tyrannical a Government and under such inhuman laws, no one in his senses expected that a political prisoner would help in twisting the rope or sharpening the axe for his own neck. Friederike’s family relations had offered bail for her to the amount of 20,000 gulden—a very large sum in those days; but the offer was refused. When she asked, among the books she wished to have sent her from her house at Mannheim, for Feuerbach’s works, the

judge indignantly exclaimed: “What? You mean to study your own case?”

He was thinking of Feuerbach, the famed authority on criminal jurisprudence. This Feuerbach the elder had taken a lively interest in the case of Kaspar Hauser, whom he believed to have been the real heir-presumptive of the Baden dynasty, spirited away and brought up in seclusion as a semi-idiot for the purpose of making room for another claimant to the throne. The works which Friederike wanted were, however, those of Ludwig Feuerbach, the philosopher, one of whose books, “The Essence of Christianity,” has been translated by George Eliot. Philosophical and astronomical works were already then favorite studies of Friederike. She knew the great thinker also personally. He was the son of that same famed lawyer whose descendants all distinguished themselves in the learned or in the artistic world.

The examination of prisoners was wholly conducted in secret, and the cross-questions put to them often amounted to a positive intellectual torture. Sudden surprises of a theatrical kind were favorite means. In the midst of one of those inquisitorial procedures, the judge once abruptly took a green baize cloth from what I had believed to be a small side table. Instead of that, I saw a pane of glass unveiled, fixed with swinging hinges on a trestle. On the glass, the bits of Herr von Itzstein’s letter were pasted, which I had thrown at Neustadt into the slop pail! The glass, being reversible, enabled one to read both sides of the shreds of paper.

I was thus to be taken unawares, and to be driven into a confession of the authorship of the letter. But rather than betray Itzstein, I would have undergone lifelong imprisonment or worse. The examining judge did not get anything from me by his stroke of cleverness. The torn fragments of the letter were fortunately so few, and their connection had become so undecipherable, that it was impossible to make them into an incriminating piece.

On another day I was suddenly confronted with Friederike. The pressure

put upon her during the secret proceedings was such that at last she had been forced into a confession. She could not but repeat her avowal in my presence. I then took the whole responsibility upon myself. With a quieter mind, though well conscious of the position I now was in, I awaited the consequences.

We had been confronted but a few minutes. I was then led back to my prison-mates, the murderer and the thief. The low, narrow cell, which I inhabited with them, had its outlook upon a small kitchen-garden and orchard. An apple-tree stood close to the wall, which was not very high. Often the thought struck me that friendly rescuers might easily, during a dark night, get upon that wall with a ladder, or even by standing upon each other's shoulders, and then use the tree for descending into the garden. If a file, or a watch-spring, perhaps hidden in the cover of a book, could be sent in, and a stealthy hint be given me by a visitor as to its hiding-place, a probably successful attempt at breaking through the cross-bars might be made; the cell being on the first floor. As to Friederike, her release was now easily to be foreseen. Indeed, it came shortly afterward.

Remarkably enough, I often thought, in the mood I was then in, of a trusty and bold University friend, young Schlöffel, the son of a prominent Silesian patriot and later member of the German National Assembly, and himself of the most advanced views. He, I imagined, might possibly occupy himself with such a venture. When at night there was a strange cracking noise in the branches of the apple-tree, I sometimes rapidly rose in the expectation of friendly help having come. None who has not gone through such experiences can imagine the strong hold which the idea of escape has, off and on, upon the mind of the captive, and how suddenly hope then grows—to be followed, perhaps, as quickly by deep despair. Between such musings, the plan of continuing a secret propaganda by pamphlets, if I were to escape, occupied me all the time. As Hans Sachs sings: "The heart of man is like unto a mill."

At Frankenthal, there appeared to be no watch kept, day or night, on that side of the prison. Young Schlöffel, however did not appear. Yet my thought of him was like a presentiment of what happened a little more than a year and a half afterward. Then he actually came at the head of a body of rescuers, in the midst of a new revolution, in which the people and the army made common cause for upholding, against perfidious princes, the constitution framed by the German Parliament. On that occasion, I, together with Gustav von Struve and Adalbert von Bornstedt, were freed, in the very nick of time; Struve and myself having, in the gray dawn of morning, been fetched from the casemates of Rastatt, where we had been kept eight months, to be transported to the Federal fortress of Mainz. Had we been brought there, our fate would have been sealed.

The sentimental, nay, even the humorous element, which is seldom wanting in tragic events, also played its part in two cases at Frankenthal. The Director's daughter, a good, sweet girl, when gathering vegetables or flowers in the garden, each time made a little nosegay, and, looking kindly through the bars of my cell, silently placed it on the window sill for me, as a token of sympathy. The turnkey, knowing well who brought these floral gifts, never questioned me about them. Nor did the Director, when I took such a bouquet with me into the courtyard. The cell of Friederike, I must here explain, was on the second story. It had its outlook upon the courtyard and upon an opposite building in which officials resided. That building had a gallery with creepers and other foliage round it, which in that autumn had turned into splendid purple-red and golden colors.

As the Director had latterly let me walk about in the court-yard by myself, quite alone, I once espied such an opportunity. Seeing Friederike look down from her window, I put a few lines of encouragement, which I had written, into the nosegay, and threw it up toward her window. Before doing so, I gave her to understand by signs that I conveyed a message.

She caught the flowers, read the message, and rapidly secreted the paper, when in rushed a turnkey. He, after all, had seen, unobserved by me, that I had thrown a bouquet. Still, he was unaware of its concealed contents. Though fumbling about it, he did not find anything.

From that day the supervision of my walks in the courtyard was stricter. Occasionally, I had to be there with the common criminals, when a warden of specially grim and malicious aspect kept watch, in whom hatred of the human kind was written in every lineament of the face.

Early in November, after a more than two months' imprisonment, Friederike was released; the case against her being judicially dismissed. I was then put into another cell, this time with a young peasant who was charged with some minor offence. It was the cell from which Dr. Siebenpfeiffer, a distinguished patriotic leader in the thirties, had escaped in 1833. He had been accused of high treason on account of his participation in the great mass meeting at Hambach, but declared not guilty by the jury at Landau. Nevertheless he was kept in prison under pretence of his having committed some other political offence against officials. Under that charge he was condemned by judges nominated by the government, before a Tribunal of Correctional Police, to two years' imprisonment! Such were the devices then of tyrannical kingship. Dr. Siebenpfeiffer made his escape, however, through the chimney. He reached Switzerland safely, where he received an appointment as Professor at the University of Berne. The chimney was thereupon so altered that escape through it became impossible.

In conversation with the Director I was told now that my case would, no doubt, come before the Assizes at Zweibrücken. I mentally prepared myself for that eventuality, being resolved upon speaking before the jury in such manner as to place the Royal Government, and all German kingship, in the position of the rightfully accused

as enemies of the freedom and union of the German nation. Such attack, I fancied, would be the best defence; and perchance I would carry the jury with me.

Great was my astonishment when one morning I was informed that the Chamber of Accusation had dismissed my case, too. I scarcely trusted my ears. I could only explain it, partly from strong sympathy with Liberal aspirations among the judicial body itself; partly—and most probably, in a higher degree—from a fear of Government lest the trial at Zweibrücken should, as in the case of Dr. Siebenpfeiffer and Dr. Wirth, end in a verdict of not guilty. Such an issue would certainly have been a public scandal—that is to say, for the authority of Government. A revolutionary spirit was already vaguely abroad; and such a scandal had to be avoided by all means.

Thus, strangely enough, I also became free in November. Having made a present of a book of poetry to the Director's amiable daughter, with a dedication, and given a substantial gratification to a warden who had proved very kind, I took a carriage and drove to Mannheim, where I arrived late at night at my father's house.

Great was the astonishment there when I so unexpectedly appeared. I then learned that, after I had been arrested in the Palatinate, an order had been given in Baden to search his house. So ridiculously severe was the search that linen lying in a bucking tub was turned out, in order to see whether revolutionary pamphlets and such like things were not concealed in it. A very likely place indeed. Shortly before leaving Mannheim for Dürkheim, I had, however, deposited all my belongings and manuscripts in the rooms of the friend who had given me Heinzen's pamphlets. This the police did not know.

Thinking of the possibility of a renewed domiciliary visit, I, in a fit of anger, destroyed all my manuscripts in the flames of the stove. Among them were a great number of poems of my

school and University days. Many years afterward, in the seventies, I learned from one of my best University friends, the poet Ludwig Eichrodt, who occupied the post of a judge under the Grand Ducal Government, that he had preserved some of those early productions, and published several of them, without my knowledge, in his *Hortus Deliciarum* and in the *Lahrer Kommerzbuch* for students. Others he gave, later on, in an anthology, entitled *Gold*. The responsibility for all this I must leave to him.

The three months' imprisonment had by no means cooled my zeal. An address to the Swiss Diet, as a congratulation for the victorious overthrow of the Sonderbund, was drawn up by me, and sent to Berne with numerous signatures. At the request of the editor of the *Mannheimer Abendzeitung*, the influential organ of the popular party, I went to Karlsruhe, where the Chambers were about to meet, there to edit a "Parliamentary Gazette" as a supplement, and to write commentaries on the course of affairs. In this

way I became acquainted with all the chief leaders of the Opposition.

Soon I was to learn that a new sword of Damocles had been suspended over my head. An inquest was instituted against me on account of a speech I had made in summer, before the arrest, in Rhenish Bavaria, at Heppenheim, during a festival of gymnastic associations. I had spoken there in an intimate circle, recommending our secret pamphlet propaganda, for which a small league of men had latterly met, at stated times, in the very town where the Federal Diet of Germany sat—namely, at Frankfort-on-the-Main. That league was wholly composed of trusty friends, true as steel. At Heppenheim the circle had been widened a little; and there, manifestly, a traitor and informer had slipped in. However, the outbreak of the Revolution in March, 1848, quashed this new prosecution for high treason. And now events followed with the rapidity of thunder and lightning, which presently cast the old state of things into the dust.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

LOURDES.

BY A. FRASER ROBERTSON.

IT was my lot to find myself, in the early spring of the year, in the south of France, close to one of the finest parts of the Pyrenees, and attracted by the curious fascination that draws people to places of pilgrimage, I paid one day a visit to Lourdes. There is a magic about places of reputed miracle even to people of the nineteenth century, and it is with this that the little town nestling at the base of the Pyrenees is invested.

A small town of some six thousand five hundred inhabitants, it is only within comparatively recent years that Lourdes has been known to the world. It depends for its interest on no historical association, on no commerce or manufactures, but simply and purely on the fact that, as late as 1858, a simple peasant girl alleged that she had been more than once visited by the Virgin. The story

goes that she had been engaged in her humble daily toil of gathering sticks when the Divine Mother had appeared to her, urging her to build a shrine for worship on the spot of her appearance. The vision was repeated, and news of the visions spread. They were soon the talk of the village. The peasants of the district were impressed. Their simple souls, inclined already to that superstition that haunts the vicinity of mountains and places where the light of education has not entered, fell an easy prey to the reports, and then to the representations of the priests. And these were not slow to recognize that here was virgin soil for the sowing of their seed.

How much they themselves believed in the alleged visions, and how far they set themselves to pervert the peasants' simplicity, it is difficult to say. They doubtless knew how thin a border-

line separates superstition from belief in the supernatural. However that might be, tinder is not more easily ignited than were the peasants' unsophisticated minds by the reports of Bernadette Soubirous' vision.

The results were farther reaching than even the priests could have foreseen. Out of Bernadette's visions has arisen Lourdes as it now is—new Lourdes, large, bustling, modern—a famous place of pilgrimage for all France and for countries yet farther afield.

Our progress southward was slow enough. We seemed to wind through the valley, not verdant yet in its spring dress, but none the less picturesque by force of its contrast of vivid colors. Here and there we passed quaint, straggling, wayside villages: Betharam and St. Pé, little out-of-the-world spots, whose bare, brown trees stood out in skeleton-like nakedness. The Pyrenees loomed more near as we advanced, seeming to approach almost to their base; their snow-capped peaks in some places almost merging with the sky, stood out in strong relief to their bare black sides. The Gave, with its turbid waters green and swollen, wound along the valley at our feet. There was a sharply defined contrast all around in the landscape—winter's blackness contending, as it were, with the approach of budding spring—that was not without a beauty of its own.

On reaching Lourdes we turned out of the station, to find the town, divided into two, lying beneath us. On our right was new Lourdes, called into being, as it were, at the voice of Bernadette, risen Phoenix-like from the ashes of the old—white, dazzling, jarringly modern, with its churches and convents and hotels, insignia of nineteenth-century life and progress. On our left lay old Lourdes, primitive Lourdes, with its gray subdued tones and colors, and towering above all its ancient castle, now ruined, but with that frown that ruins often retain long after their glory has departed. Standing sentinel-wise on a natural eminence, it recalled the days when it had held the key to all the val-

ley, and its splendid fortifications had resisted the attacks of the English as far back as the Middle Ages. It stands now, ivy-covered, but beneath the green mantle, gaunt and crippled, somewhat pathetic in its dethronement.

We crossed the Gave and took the way to the miraculous grotto. A squalid enough road, but to our minds hallowed by reason of the incarnate hopes and fears that had trod that way before. For every year thousands of pilgrims, some in hope, some in fear, all bowed down by plague and disease and sickness, have traversed this way, knowing that at the end lay their fate's decision.

At first the grotto was dwarfed and lost sight of as we entered the large open square, laid out in parterres, to be gay by-and-by with colored flowers, and railed in by decorative iron railings, the entrance to the magnificent churches that have been reared on the site of Bernadette's childish vision. In the square is a statue of the Virgin royally crowned in gold, and one of St. Michael. But we passed these cursorily, for the grotto held for us supreme interest. As we turned to the right of the church we came upon it in a rock beside the river.

It was a scene so unexpected as to be at first sight almost disappointing. One had pictured a lonely pool, a Bethesda, to whose rocky sides the halt, the maimed, the blind should come, waiting for the healing of the waters. But the Bethesda pool had been dissected and twisted and distorted, like some natural thing trained to artificial ways, till it was almost beyond recognition. There was, it is true, as at the first, the natural cave or grotto in the side of the rock. That had not been altered or destroyed, but its blackness and darkness were illumined in a manner that reminded one of some scene from fairy-land. In the centre of the space below, covered with a white pavement, a very pyramid of roses reared itself, the artificial pink blossoms converging to a point. On all sides of this mound of roses gleamed forth candles; candles dazzling white, of all sizes and shapes and thicknesses, whose brightness light-

ed vividly the blackness of the rocky background and the gorgeous coloring of the pink blossoms. An iron railing with an open gate enclosed the grotto, above which were the words: "On est prié de garder le silence."

Prie-Dieu chairs stood here and there inside the enclosure, and just outside the railing were ranged a number of chairs and benches. Looking tranquilly down from a natural alcove in the rock was a statue of the Virgin, the gracious "Lady of Lourdes," as the little peasant girl is supposed to have seen her, clad all in white, with a blue scarf round her waist and a rosary attached. Wreathed about the head in large letters of silver were the words, "Je suis l'Immaculée Conception."

Candles burned at the feet of the Virgin, lighting up offerings in the shape of flowers—magnificent structures of hothouse exotics, skeletons of humbler bouquets, simple bunches of common flowers, shrunken, withered, speaking pathetically of the donors. In the distance a basket of papers and letters held acknowledgments of cures effected by the Blessed Virgin, or contained substantial recognition in the shape of money.

Before the railings kneeled a class of children chanting the Litany. There was the illuminated grotto, its black, rocky, resonant sides contrasting sharply with the dazzling whiteness of the Virgin's robes. Behind us flowed the Gave, full and green and deep. To our right stretched an avenue of leafless poplars, slenderly silhouetted against the gray sky, and converging to a point in the distance. In our ears was the sound of trickling water as it issued from the miraculous spring at our feet, and the hum of infant voices as they rose and struck and echoed from the black vaulted roof of the grotto in the monotony of their childish petitions.

"*Sainte Marie, mère de Jésus, priez pour nous, pauvres pécheurs.*" The words rose and fell with a rhythmic murmur, the effect being little short of overpowering in the stillness and surroundings. What it must be in times of pilgrimage, the combined voice of the multitude of men and women and

children, wretched, diseased, plague-stricken, their hearts sore, while their lips sing, it is not easy to conceive.

Above the spring were the words, "Allez boire à la fontaine et y laver. 25 Février, 1858."

After the chanting, each child stepped down to the spring and received water in a cup, first making the sign of the cross on his or her little forehead with one wet finger dipped in the cup, and then drinking of the healing water.

Fringing the front of the grotto's roof, and mantling its stony sides, were, even at this early season, luxuriant trails of ivy, and suspended beneath these were innumerable tokens to remind us of the sick and the suffering who had found healing in the miraculous waters. There were wooden crutches, leg-rests, sticks and staffs, and arm-splints, gray with the accumulated dust of years, whose owners had presumably come halt and maimed, and left sound of body and rejoicing.

Into the pavement—an innovation since the days of the simple surroundings when Bernadette saw her childish vision—is let a square, indicating the exact spot where the Virgin is supposed to have appeared to the child, in these words—

Place où priait
Bernadette
le 11 Février
1858.

And again, in another square, are graven these words—

Ancien cour du canal.

Although there was no regular pilgrimage at that season of the year—no crowd, as in summer, of wretched sufferers, praying and pleading, cast into the depths of despair by the Virgin's silence, or transported into ecstasy by some token of her favor—no maimed, fevered, pestilential multitude from far and near, attracted irresistibly by hope—there were yet not wanting pathetic enough worshippers. People kneeled and stood around; some at the feet of the statue, as if to gain inspiration from it, looking up into the face of the inanimate figure with a very

pathos of appeal in their expressions; some close to the stone, smooth and worn with the kisses of the pilgrims.

Inside the railings kneeled several nuns, dressed according to their different orders, some in black dresses, some in blue, with large, picturesque white lappets framing their faces.

A few yards to the left of the grotto we came upon the miraculous baths, or healing pools. No simple pool this, where the sufferer might wash in the hope of being clean, but several and separate stone tanks, partitioned off into cubicles, and supplied by pipes from the main spring. We entered from an outer room, and found each piscine curtained off with a linen curtain, the water in the tanks intensely clear and sparkling, the atmosphere conveying an indescribable chill even to one clothed as we were for winter. What the effect of such rigor on the diseased and suffering must be, one shuddered to think. So dangerous is it for some diseases, that a special notice over each piscine warns sufferers from these that they bathe at their own risk. Two women were bathing in an adjoining cubicle, and we heard distinctly their groans and prayers as they besought, "Our Lady of Lourdes" for healing, washing not without "strong crying and tears." Save for these, the place was quiet enough, but in summer, in the time of regular pilgrimage, the scene is changed. A crowding, jostling, diseased multitude fills the place, and the water conducted through pipes into these piscines, or pools, is changed only twice a day. It is horrible to think of the diseased and plague-stricken taking turns in the water, vivified and pestilent as it must be.

Deeply interesting as the place is, there is yet much to jar on one's sense of what is right and fit, as if something sacred had been rudely intruded upon. There is the dazzling white of the pavement, the taps ordered and arranged, the diverted course of the Gave, to allow of the gleaming promenade in front of the grotto, the brilliant buildings towering above us, shops in the distance, one bearing over its entrance in large letters, "Frère de Ber-

nadette Soubirous," and a shop almost on the spot where bouquets, candles, statuettes of the Virgin, are made objects of barter, and a disgrace to the place.

We turned from the grotto and ascended the broad steps to the entrances of the churches. There are no less than three literally superposed on the rock, and completely dwarfing the grotto, really magnificent in structure. By force of contrast, the picture rises before us of the simple originator of these vast buildings ending her life in the seclusion of a convent, all unwitting in her innocent retirement that she was leaving lasting memorials of herself.

We entered the basilica, which is built above the grotto, and found it literally ablaze with ornamentation and *reconnaissances* from pilgrims, who thus declared themselves to have been cured by the gracious "Lady of Lourdes." It was consecrated in 1876, bishops and archbishops assisting at the ceremony. The interior consists simply of a nave and side chapels, but the decorations on the walls are brilliant and dazzling. There are, among the more elaborate tokens, banners in silk and banners in satin, with ornate designs worked upon them. There are medallions, crossed swords, tablets, hearts in silver and gold, models of ships, and among the humbler offerings, frames with wreaths of artificial flowers, sprays of orange-blossom being pathetically prominent.

On one of the walls of the entrances to the Church of the Rosary was a modelled foot, and beneath, the words in French—

Cured, and may I use it to Thy glory.

Another testified to the cure of a hand.

It was with a sense of relief that we turned our eyes from the gleaming churches and rested them on the green hill just above us. It was a Calvary hill. It was like turning from something earthly, smothered in the world's pomps and trappings, to something spiritually pure. Ascending from the base, and defined against the gray sky, I counted no fewer than nine Calvaries.

On one of these, the outline clearly defined, hung a figure of the Christ. Rude wooden crosses they were, dotting the hill at intervals of a few yards. It was to us infinitely touching to picture pilgrims, diseased and disabled, doing penance here, some ascending the hill on bended knees, all imbued in a dim way with the notion that, through personal suffering, the Divine Mother might be propitiated. Impressive, indeed, must be the spectacle of the procession slowly ascending the hill and winding down the other side, chanting as they go.

As to actual and authentic cures the conflict of ideas is somewhat overwhelming. About us, on the one hand, were congregated the evidence and testimonies of innumerable cures. On the other, our own senses, trained to the mode of thought of the nineteenth century, refused to credit the miraculous—refused to believe that diseases had been instantaneously cured, poisoned blood purified, maimed limbs restored to health and soundness. It is true that doctors asserting cases to be incurable were liable to err in their statements, so that what time and nature in due course effected might come to be credited to the miraculous properties of the spring. Then, again, it is natural enough to believe that hysterical affections should yield to the combination of hope and mental stimulus. Faith-healing has had wonders coupled with its name before ever Lourdes sprang into being.

Be that as it may, men, ever prone to believe what they wish to believe, cling to the fact of cures effected. For what will a man not give in exchange for his body? Why should they not be among the fortunate ones? Why should the Virgin not see fit to single them from the multitude seeking her favor? And so they go, year by year, buoyed up by hope, and the pilgrimages of to-day are as crowded as were those of ten and twenty years ago.

That the fathers of the grotto, and the priests and Lourdes generally, have made capital out of Bernadette, the place itself bears witness at every step. It is, so to speak, constructed upon the peasant girl. But it has departed from its first purity and simplicity. It has become twisted and distorted, and artificial, even as the grotto pool has been perverted from its original course. By a strange perversion there have arisen out of the simplicity and purity of Bernadette's faith, traffic and rivalry and competition, earthliness and worldliness, and the general degradation of men's higher natures.

As for Bernadette, she had no wish to share their gains. Probably those divine visions were to her too holy, too sacred, to make mere matters of merchandise. Her humble soul shrank from the notoriety, the publicity, with which the world threatened to overwhelm her. She left the fathers to reap their harvest, and retired to a convent, where she ended her days in seclusion in 1880.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

BEDTIME.

BY VIDA BRISS.

SHE kneels and folds her baby hands,
And gayly babbling lisps her prayer.
What if she laughs? God understands
The joyous heart that knows no care.

Her prayer is like a new-fledged bird
That cannot flutter to its tree;
But God will lift it, having heard,
Up to the nest where it would be.

—*Sunday Magazine*.